

BOTTOM DREAM / MCYT ONESHOTS

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Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death , Rape/Non-Con
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BOTTOM DREAM / MCYT ONESHOTS

by [NekoS42](#)

Summary

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I DONT SHIP CONTENT CREATORS THEMSELVES JUST THEIR IN GAME
CHARACTERS/PERSONAS

Request anything. I will write it as long as it is within my boundaries. But have some pretty
FAR STRETCHED boundaries so request anyways. I'll most likely say yes

Notes

Enjoy:)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

DREAMBUR

Handcuffed to a Mad Man

*|Choking Kink|Bottom Dream|Top Wilbur|Pain Kink|Safeword|Consensual Sex|Safety action|
Blood Kink|*

Wilbur and Niki, friends. Dream and George, friends with a dash of gay. One was straight, the other was gay. Homisexual? Yes. But of course there was a limit. Anywhobacktotheplot. These 4 friends were to take part in a "couple's" competition to see who worked together the best. Of course the host just threw this game together well aware they were all just friends but the idea would help him gain some clout. Niki made sure to announce that she and Wil were definitely not dating to the chat.

Dream, mainly with the help of George, agreed to this. He was supposed to be helping fix some damage to buildings on the SMP. But hell, he guesses he could use a break. The other day he had a nice battle with Technoblade, just offering the Blood God some free pvp training. Dream may still be healing from the many injuries gained from the man, but he was looking for a reason to escape from responsibilities. Dream fixed his mask, making so only his lips and chin could be seen. He grabbed his axe, bow, one arrow (since his bow has infinity), and anything else he may need for today. Loading it all into his inventory before leaving the community house with a sigh. Despite freeloading here, he still claims to not be homeless. Technoblade has entered the cha-

Dream meets up with George at the Prime Church, then Wilbur and Niki walk up to them. "Dreeeaaamm! Googgyy! Hello frieends!" Wilbur says in his soft and cheerful voice laced with a tinge of insanity. The man was hardly ever stable. Wilbur had that closed eyed crooked smile.

"Hey Wilbur, Niki." George greeted.

Dream only nodded and yawned. His eyes traveled to everyone else's belongings. On their bodies, the other 3 had nothing. Dream stood with his netherite boots and an axe strapped on his back, sheepishly scratched his neck. "Dream, you know we're going to that game thing right?" Niki asked tilting her head to the side.

"Oh... yeah I knew I just-"

"This idiot here made some sort of deal with Technoblade the other day that if he can jump Dream and catch him off guard and win a pvp then he gets some sort of prize." George answered, cutting off dream, whilst rolling his eyes.

"Oh how fun! Wish you the best of luck Dreamie boy." Wilbur teased with a smirk.

Dream seemingly scoffed and brushed off Wilbur's tease, crossing his arms in the process, but under that mask he blushed and averted his eyes to look down. "Shut up Wi-" Dream spun around, axe in his hand in an instant and shield in the other, blocking Technoblade's incoming sword. "Gotta try harder then that BACON!!"

"Oh how original, Dream." Techno grinned while jumping back. The two exchanged glares and grins then leapt at each other with rods flying and arrows shooting, the occasional taunt and insult thrown each others way.

Then the Twitch game host had finally sent each person an invite, which pinged in their phones. George rolled his eyes. "Dream! I'm leaving without you!" He called out before accepting the invite and glitching out of view, a ray of blue left behind to slowly fade.

Niki giggled and opened the invite. "He's gonna be a while Wil, should we leave?" Wil smiled at her and tapped her shoulder.

"You go on a head. I wanna wait and see who wins." Wilbur said cheerfully, another closed eye smile radiating from his lips.

Niki only nodded and glitched away as well, leaving a ray of pastel pink in her leave. Dream got the upper hand for a second, having made Techno block his arrow instead of his axe and now stands above him. Dream grinned smugly down at the Blood God, the eyes of his mask meeting with the eyes of the taller mans pig mask. Techno wouldn't have it, grabbing Dream's ankle and raising his leg to push him back. Dream topples over, letting out a yelp higher then his normal voice. Techno grabbed his leg, holding it down and also holding down Dreams write that holds his axe. One knee kept the other leg from maneuvering away and the sword to Dreams neck keeps him from moving at all. They panted, then Dream let out a tired chuckle.

Blood started seeping from his left bicep, a wound reopened. "So, Dreamie boy, are ya gonna keep fighting? Or are we calling this my win." Techno gave the smaller man the same smug grin. Before Dream answered, Wilbur cleared his throat making Techno look up to where he stood. Wilbur pressed his boot to Technos face and with a smile, shoved Techno off of Dream. "WHAT THE FUCK WILBUR YOU BASTARD YOURE LUCKY YOU GET PROTECTION FROM PHILZA OR ELSE ID KICK YOUR ASS!!!"

Wilbur hurriedly picked up Dream bridle style and chuckled nervously, running away, an insane smile on his face. "Dream please send me a party invite-" Wilbur said cheerfully despite running from an enraged pig man in fear.

"Why?! And put me down!" Dream argued.

"We have no time Dream now send me a goddamn invite before we die!" Wilbur laughed hysterically.

Dream did as told and sent the invite, hearing Wilbur's phone ping in his back pocket. "Okay!"

"Be a dear and accept the invite please! Then accept the invite to the game show!"

Dream then understood why Wilbur is asking him to do these things. So they can teleport at the same time to the show. Wilbur stopped for a second to put Dream on his shoulder, ass near Wilbur's face and torso facing the still enraged Blood God. "HURRY UP A BIT OKAY?!" Wilbur yelled while realizing how much closer Techno was now.

Dream's mask hid the mad blush on his face while he grabbed Wilbur's phone and accepted the party invite, then scrolled through notifications to accept the game show invite. Techno used his trident to speed up then pearled right next to them. He jumped as soon as he landed and just as his sword almost met with Dream's chest, the two vanished with a ray of brown and green swirls left behind. Techno threw his shield down and took his anger out, accidentally, on a passing fox. Fundy froze as he watched the fox squeal and die in a puff of white particles. Techno laughed nervously and used his trident to quickly leave.

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Wilbur and Dream showed up in a cloud of glitches at the game show. Wilbur panting heavily, that crazed smile still on his face and Dream now in his arms bridle style yet again, his hood was pulled over his face and he tugged harshly at the ties to hide even more of his face. George and Niki sat there confused, the show host cackling, and the chat going crazy with the shippers spamming "WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN THEM" and lenny faces and the gay pride flag. The more sane portion of the chat just spammed "LOLS" and "LMAOS".

"What DID happen between you two?" George chuckled."

"We uh... angered the Blood God." Wilbur laughed.

"Put me down..." Dream said, still tugging at his strings.

"But Dreamie your injuuurreedd~" Wilbur teased, making Dream blush even more. Dream let go of his strings and smacked Wilbur on the head, elbowing his gut, escaping his arms, and then pinning him to the ground. Axe to his neck, and his ass literally on his stomach. Wilbur was laughing too hard to breath at this point as the now enraged Dream pressed the axe into his skin. The host of the show held a black peice of board infront of them.

"DREAM YOUR FUCKING BLEEDING YOU DONT KNOW IF PEOPLE DONT LIKE BLOOD IN CHAT DREAM WHAT THE FUCK?!?"

Dream stood up and took off his green hoodie that had blood on it. "Forgot about it sorry." He said half-assedly.

Wilbur stayed on the ground and finished his laugh. "Oh I love Dream, quite the hot mess he is eh?" He cackled.

George choked on water, Niki giggled into her sleeve and the chat went wild. The host put up the slow mode whole shaking his head.

"What in the actual hell." George laughed.



After things calmed down and the game actually carried on, the long few hours of scenarios put the pairs in a test of team work. At the end, Niki and Wilbur won by a long shot. Dream and George mainly had trouble due to George making empty threats and insults and Dream suddenly gaining a need to stab someone. The two were laughing together sure but hell George was fearing for his life when Dream screamed "COME'ERE GEORGE". Wilbur occasionally shot a jealous look at George whenever the two got touchy with fighting or Dream wanting hugs.

"Alright! So it seems that Niki and Wilbur won! Now you two get 1000 each of whatever currency you use and get to choose a punishment for the two."

Wilbur lit up at the idea. "Can I choose Dream's first?" He said while raising his hand. The host nodded and Wilbur walked a couple steps to Dream, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Dream, you have to spend 24 hours hand-cuffed to me." Wilbur smiled innocently, yet crazily, head tilted.

The fanfiction writers in the chat went crazy. "What? No-hehe-no no no." Dream stumbled over words and laughter.

"Alright! Wilbur and Dream must spend 24 hours chained together. Every hour, Wilbur must send a picture of the two of you cuffed together to me. If you do not want then I will not post them but I will have to post 3 pictures for the beginning, middle and end so that the fans know this isn't fake."

Wilbur nodded and his smile fell to a devilish smirk and his eyes gleamed with insanity. "Oh what fun for us, Dreamie boy~". Wilbur's long fingers slid from Dream's shoulder to his neck, his thumb massaging his small Adam's apple and index finger tracing his nape. Dream's ears blushed red but only Wilbur was close enough to notice. The live stream ended and the four went back to the SMP. Wilbur and Dream waved bye to Niki and George, George of course making fun of Dream, and the two left. Wilbur held Dream's wrist as they made their way to Wilbur's home..

"Wilbur can't we come some sort of agreement? Yknow like-like I-i don't know like- maybe- what about- uh 4 netherite and a name tag and we can just call this off, just be hand cuffed only for the picture every hour and let me go for the rest??" Dream tried to bargain stuttering like crazy while being pulled along, then shoved into the cozy looking home.

Wilbur shoved Dream into his room, onto the bed, and leaving him there to fear the taller unstable man. Wilbur fished through his nightstand to find a pair of hand cuffs with black fluff. "Oh Dream~" Wilbur sort of groaned Dream's name, now towering him and trapping the shorter man on the bed. "Get the idea pleeeaaassee? Don't you realize this is just an excuse to get you in my bed Darling~?"

Dream's lips quivered and he turned to try and crawl away, but failed when Wilbur pushed him down with a large hand on the curve of his back. Dream shivered when he felt the rough action, the presence of Wilbur's hand on the sensitive area of his back was made too obvious since the taller man stroked circles on the juncture connecting his back and his ass. "Fuck~ Dreeeeaaamm~ the fact that you are here, squirming beneath me, afraid of me~ mmh Dream~" Wilbur groaned darkly into the blondes ear, a blush on his face and a crazy heated look in his eyes. Dream felt the hand cuffs wrap around his right wrist, and Wilbur's cold hands slowly removing the green hoodie Dream had on.

Dream's face lie on the bed, uncomfortably pressing against the hard mask strapped to his face. "W-Wil wait-" Wilbur grabbed Dream's hips, making him grind up against Wilbur's clothed erection. Dream shivered, his ass clenching while he developed his own boner. "Wilbur~..." Dream moaned out unintentionally.

That went straight to Wilbur's dick, the sound resonated in his ears and practically gave the man a nosebleed. With a groan, he continued grinding against Dream's ass, one large hand moving down to his preys dick and palming him through tight jeans. He unzipped them, using his other hand to pull them down barely past his ass. Dreams boxer shorts were incredibly tight on him, but the way the hems of the shorts fit perfectly around his well built thighs, made his ass seem more plump. Wilbur lifted the clothing around Dreams thigh, taking a peek at his ass. He bit his lip and fondled the shorter man's dick through his boxer shorts. Dream muffled his voice by biting his lip, hazy eyes looking at the headboard.

He could hear Wilbur's belt coming undone, then felt something warm and heavy tap his thigh. "W-wil is that-" He felt it slide up his thigh and under his boxers, touching his ass bare. It twitched. "Fuck-~...." Dream swore softly and exhaled a breath he had been holding in. Wilbur licked his lips and thrust his hips slowly, his tip poking right at Dream's entrance, his other hand continued to tease Dream's erection. The warmth in Dream's pelvis was unbearable. It burned at his mind and made it harder and harder to hold back the voice in his throat.

"Dream, your hips are shaking~ Are you close~?" Wilbur groped Dream's ass HARD, then slapped the left side of it, pulling his cheeks apart then slapping again. "Oh it's so hot, your ass jiggles when I slap it. Too bad your hoodie hides it, I would love to see it jiggle in battle~" Wilbur jerked Dream off through his boxers, loving the way the short male yelped whenever he delivered another slap.

Wilbur leaned down to Dream's ear, groaning into it and nibbling on the sensitive shell of it while still jerking him off and grinding his cock against the entrance. "I wanna fuck you so bad right now, Dreamie boy~" Wilbur groaned against his ear, smirking when Dream's ears blushed red.

Wilbur jerked him harder, slapping his ass a couple times with a great amount of force, closing his eyes and humming to the loud yelps and gasps he earned from the blonde. "Darling~" Wilbur growled deeply into Dream's ear, his tip poked slightly into Dream's entrance, causing a burn to spark in his lower region. Dream let out a high long moan, his body convulsed and his toes curled as he came in his boxers. Wilbur sighed in satisfaction as he heard the beautiful sound erupt from Dream's throat. He flipped the smaller man over, loving how wrecked Dream's body looked. His chest heaved with every breath, he shivered with every other. His mask was pushed up just enough to see his parted lips, leaking saliva from the corner.

"Oh yeah, I forgot to send the host a picture." Wilbur reached for his phone, opening the camera and holding the phone over Dream's head, aiming their bodies. Wilbur smirked at the camera. "Look up Dreamie." He said, and when Dream looked up at the camera, he snapped the picture. He took a second to look at the picture. Dream's legs were around Wilbur's hips, his arms out and Wilbur hovering over him. Dream's ass covered Wilbur's bare cock, so it wasn't shown in the picture. But in the picture you could clearly see that both of their shirts were pushed up. Wilbur sent the picture to the host through text, saying "Just some playful wrestling."

Wilbur then tossed his phone to the side. "Now Dream, let's see your beautiful face." The taller

man grabbed Dream's mask and pulled it off, Dream too much in a daze to whine about it. Light freckles dusted on tannish skin, blonde bangs stuck on beads of sweat on his forehead. Lips parted, quivering with every shallow breath. His eyes locked with Wilbur's. They were bright and green, hazy and just a little dilated. Wilbur's expression fell and he narrowed his eyes at the bottom that lie under him. He lunged forward, smashing his lips into Dream's, who automatically kissed back, arms around his neck. Wilbur groaned against his lips, shoving his tongue into the warmth of the others mouth and claiming dominance right away. Dream moaned into the kiss and grinded up against Wilbur's pelvis.

Wilbur was no longer smiling, his eyebrows furrowed as he glared lustfully into Dream's eyes. The taller man had penetrated Dream's entrance with long fingers, attacking his prostate almost right away. He found it so quickly by chance, then again, Dream's body was always sensitive anywhere Wilbur touched him. Dream couldn't help but fall apart to the man's touch, like Clay in his cold fingers, molding his body how he pleases, making him submit to the softest of touches in the rightest of places. Wilbur used whatever semen that Dream had came and slicked up his dick with it. He was impatient, but despite the animalistic desire to pound the bottom into his silk sheets, he had to make sure Dream was over all okay. "Dream..." Wilbur groaned, "say blue if you want me to stop... or kick my waist okay..?" Wilbur almost laughed at his lame usage of safe words and safe actions. If he was completely honest with himself, he's never felt the need to protect someone like this before.

After Dream nodded, Wilbur shoved the first inch of his cock into Dream's entrance, the bottom yelped in surprised and hissed at the sting that he somehow liked. Wilbur licked his lips at the moans that Dream sang, then rammed the rest of his length in all at once. Dream threw his head back, drawing out a pained cry that he couldn't control. It hurt a lot. He couldn't say it didn't. But fuck his mind was so hazy that he could only see stars above him and Wilbur's heads. Wilbur wiped the small tears from Dreams eyelids, leaning back and admiring the way the shorter man's rims squeezed and let go of Wilbur's cock in a slow pattern. He was getting used to the feeling. Wilbur saw droplets of blood leak from around Dream's hole, slowly forming into more and more beads then streaming down the curve of the Floridian's ass.

Wilbur sighed in satisfaction at the sight of it, rubbing and spreading the blood around Dream's entrance and the base of his own length. He shivered, and got an idea. From under his pillow, he reached over and wrapped his digits around a switchblade, flicking it open and holding it to Dream's chest. The blonde looked afraid, at the same time interested. Wilbur dragged the blade slow against Dream's collarbone, and watched as he squirmed and whimpered. Wilbur drew his hips back until just his tip was inside of the blondes walls, then snapped forward, hard and aimed directly to his prostate. Dream's whimper became a moan and a soft gasp that left his trembling lips. Wilbur continued his actions, gripping Dream's waist with one hand and leaving another long thin cut ride below his nipple bud.

Wilbur leaned down and suckled on the cut as well as the bud, shivering to the taste of blood that painted his tongue. He sped up, moaning softly when feeling Dream tighten up, his hands in Wilbur's hair, tugging uncontrollably. "Wil...~! Aah.. W-Wilbur~! Faster...p-please..~!" Dream moaned, his voice highering when Wilbur sped up and now held Dream's waist with both hands, snapping his hips harder, and groaning to the sound of Dream's pleas. He let go of Dream's nipple with a soft pop, licking his lips to remove leftover blood before attacking Dream's neck. Dream threw his head back when feeling a hard bite pierce through his skin. His toes curled and tears kept seeping from green eyes, he saw white for a second when his body convulsed and he came with a loud moan, swearing under his breath.

"Good to know you're feeling good Dreamie, but I'm nowhere near finished~" Wilbur growled as he grabbed both of Dream's wrists and pinned them above his head, lifting one leg and putting it onto his shoulder. He propped himself up more and found a new angle, pounding into Dream's ass faster and harder than before. He panted and groaned with every thrust, smirking with a sadistic type of lust in his eyes as he watched Dream squirm beneath him, looking absolutely wrecked already. The bottom avoided looking into Wilbur's eyes, but didn't even try to hold back his moans. Wilbur leaned down and whispered into his ear, "Call me Daddy, please~ babyboy~" he bit the shell of his ear before leaving a dark hickie on Dream's jaw line.

Dream hesitated, nothing but loud moans and gasps left his mouth. His face burned with a mad blush when trying to get himself to say it. Wilbur chuckled darkly and grunted when hitting the shorter man's prostate hard, rubbing against it. "Say it." He demanded, tearing more skin with another bite to the neck. He licked at the raging red mark. Dream clenched his teeth and whimpered to Wilbur's tone.

"D...daddy...~" he said softly, chills traveled up his spine and made him whimper. Wilbur continued his harsh thrusts into Dream's prostate, moaning to the sound of Dream's abnormally small voice, it was so different compared to how he usually sounds. And Wilbur prayed silently that he would be the only one to ever hear it.

"Louder~" Wilbur demanded yet again, his accent yanked at Dream's heartstrings. Right as he was about to say it, Wilbur abused his prostate even more and forced it out of him.

"Daddy~!" Dream almost screamed, tightening up again and wrapping his legs tight around Wilbur's waist.

"FUCK you tighten up sooo much~!" Wilbur moaned, his thrusts became sloppy as he desperately chased after his orgasm, letting go of Dream's wrists and holding his waist in an iron grip. He crammed his cock deep into Dream's walls, pushing into the colon and releasing his seed inside. He shivered and chuckled softly when the warm feeling of release traveled down his dick. Dream came right after, streams of white painting his stomach. Long welts were left on Wilbur's back from Dream scratching so hard.. His hair and Wilbur's was incredibly messy at this point, more so than usual. He gave Dream a moment to relax, kissing him hungrily and biting at his swollen lips. Their tongues danced in each others warm mouths. The taste of blood still lingered on Wilbur's tongue.

When Dream's tears stopped. Wilbur flipped him around onto his stomach and slowly resumed to thrust his hips at a gentle pace. Dream huffed and moaned quietly to the feeling of his prostate being softly grinded against. He was overly sensitive at this point, his body stood on edge and shivered uncontrollably. It hurt so good to Dream. Wilbur licked and sucked gently at every bite he left on his neck, then sped up just a bit. His pace was steady, but he snapped his hips still to push hard against that bundle of nerves deep in Dream's ass. "Dream...~ babyboy~... you've done so well, such a good boy for me..~" Wilbur praised, Dream's muscles relaxed and tensed in a pattern, moaning to the praise and whispering "Daddy" and "Wilbur" under his shaky breaths.

Wilbur gazed at the Floridian's sweat covered nape, seeing how there were no marks. He wanted to leave one more, so he bent down and bit hard enough to yet again draw more blood. Dream gripped the sheets hard and tears welled in his eyes. "P-ain.. no...~" He mumbled and softly kicked Wilbur's hip. Wilbur let go right away and loosened his grip on Dream's waist. He gazed at the bottom apologetically and nodded.

"Im sorry, are you okay~?" He cooed in a soft voice pausing his thrusts for a moment so Dream can respond.

Dream nodded and started to turn in Wilbur's arms. He wrapped his arms around the taller man's neck and kissed him lovingly. Wilbur returned the loving gesture and softly French kissed the blonde male beneath him. He massaged the hand prints he left on Dream's hips and relaxed against him, but not too much so that he wasn't too heavy on Dream. When they parted, their foreheads pressed together and they breathed in each other's presence. "Can I move?" Wilbur asked softly.

Dream nodded and let out a breathy moan as Wilbur started to slowly thrust again. He didn't go as deep as before, groaning against the others lips when Dream tightened again.

Dream whimpered "Wilbur~" softly and kept his eyes closed. The brunette smiled and mumbled more praises. He licked at the cuts he left on Dream's body, soothing the red tint that they each had. Dream's moans got higher and he tightened up again, feeling that warmth in his pelvis gather up and release over their chests. Wilbur whispered a small "good boy" before finishing off himself. He came partially inside, then pulled out and released the rest on the blondes thigh. Dream took a moment to catch his breath before nuzzling into Wilbur's neck, leaving a light hickie there before laying back flat against the bed. Wilbur smiled at the adorable action, then sat up to grab a box of tissues he had on the nightstand.

He cleaned them both up and tossed the used tissues into the waste can by the bed, already half filled with tissues used from other lonely nights. Dream moved to the side of the bed against the wall, snuggling into the soft blanket Wilbur draped over him, and Wilbur continued to clean up their mess. He pulled on some boxers and got up to get a couple of waters. He handed one to Dream upon return and opened a window to let some cool air flow in and filter put the stuffy warm air that was inside. He pulled a first aid kit from under his bed and pulled the blanket off of Dream just enough to see the cuts. Dream whined dissaprovingly, but Wilbur kept him from covering up again and had him hydrate some more.

He treated the cuts properly, placing band-aids where they were needed and ointment on the bruises. He did the same for himself on the welts Dream left him. When finished, Wilbur took Dream's empty water bottle and spooned him in the blanket. Dream's skin was comfortably warm against his own, it soothed him to have another person in his bed, nuzzled against his chest, and sleeping soundly side by side. He hugged the blonde and created his brows. "Please stay with me..." he whispered mainly to himself, but directed towards the sleeping Dream.

But before the two even started their night, Dream had already planned on it.

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Hope you enjoyed today's chapter .

Share×kudos×comment

DREAMNOBLADE

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A Deal for His Time

| Aggressive sex | SAFEWORDS!! | master kink | Public sex | Power bottom Dream | Aggressive bottom Dream | Edging | Teasing | cockwarming | praise kink

Skies dusted in pink and orange, the sun casting golden shadows across the snow tundra plains; morning has awakened. Philza, having just spent his first night in his new house, awoke feeling energized and content. With a look around his room, he nodded with satisfaction, giving himself a mental pat on the back for doing a good job on his build. As he walked outside, he could hear zombies burning, not a pleasant sound, but he likes the fact that he won't have to deal with them. He heard a gurgle under his porch, and sighed heavily. "Oh really dude..." he groaned as he grabbed his sword and walked down to his little pond.

With a couple crits, the drowned collapsed and disappeared, leaving a gold ingot and rotten flesh. Now enjoying the silence and fresh air, Philza went back onto his porch attached to Technoblade's house, and watched as the sun rose more and more. "I wonder where Techno's gone off to now." He thought aloud. An arrow pierced the fence right next to him, then another landed near his doorway. Followed by the sound of Technoblade chuckling and saying "Come here Dreeaamm" in an annoyed voice, laced with the intent to kill. Philza groaned to himself and rolled his eyes, a hand on his face as he watched Dream run from the mighty Blood God, a half eaten gapple in his hand.

Once given a chance to finish his gapple, Dream turned around and shot an arrow, quickly gripping his axe and dashing towards Technoblade as he blocked the well aimed shot. Before he could dodge in time, Dream had swung his axe around and right into Techno's netherite shoulder piece. The force shoved the hybrid aside, but didn't injure him too much, allowing Dream to have a split second to drop himself to the ground and trip the taller man. Techno grinned at the blonde's actions, at the same time admiring his agility. The way Dream's dark grey jeans tightened around his thighs when he lowered himself to the ground, the way his back arched when avoiding Techno's axe, the shit eating grin that slipped from behind the white, smiling mask.

Dream wasn't wearing armor today, having on him just his bow and axe, both of them enchanted. Funny story it is, how Dream was caught off guard and humiliated, how Techno challenged him. *Dream was building his sad little dirt and oak house in the middle of nowhere. Dream had gotten tired from building it, laying down a bed and hesitating before removing his armor. He put each peice into his ender chest, his weapons into his inventory, and layed down with only the warmth of the torch beside him and his hoodie. Technoblade had been spying on him the whole time, making smart remarks and insults towards the "green boi". When he saw his name tag stop moving, he snuck closer to house, and mined a single dirt block right on the opposite wall of Dream's bed.*

He waited, making sure that the blonde was actually asleep before breaking a second block and taking a few steps towards his enemy. Dream's mask fell from his face, making Techno flinch and take a step back. But he froze when the sight of Dream's face kept his eyes glued in place. Lips parted, eyes wide, Techno took a moment to take in every detail of Dream's face. He didn't realize it when he took a step closer, then another, then kneeled; his cloak bundling on the ground beside his feet. Dream stirred slightly to the sound of a sword lightly tapping the ground, but remained unconscious. The voices screamed in his head, telling him to kill the smp leader, telling him to ravage him, to tear his clothes from his lean body and-

Techno shook his head and backed away, gripping his hair and shaking his head to remove the voices for a second. They quieted down, allowing him to breath and sit up straight. When he regained his proper and dangerous demeanor, he clashed his sword onto the enderchest, a loud thud sounding through the air and startling the blonde. He sat up quickly, ready to grab his axe, but Techno kicked his hand away and pointed the sword to his neck. Dream clenched his teeth and glared darkly at the pink haired hybrid. "Does the homeless little leader need a home THAT badly?"

Dream couldn't help but blush from embarrassment, realizing his mask was off when the draft cooled his face. He looked around for it and went to grab it, but Techno crushed Dream's hand beneath his boot, picking up the mask and holding it away from the blonde. He lifted his foot, satisfied with the look of pain on Dream's face, and chuckled.

"Give me back my mask, Technoblade." Dream snared, rubbing the boot indents in his hand, he was ready to stand up from his bed, but yet again, Techno stopped him mid-way. A hand on his chest, Dream was shoved down flat onto the bed, Technoblade above him with the tip of his sword digging into the pillow beside Dream's head, and his knee off between the his legs. "Would you let me the fuck up? If you couldn't already tell, I'm a bit pissed off by one, you waking me up, two, taking my fucking mask, and three, calling me homeless."

"How about..." Techno lowered himself until his forearm met the bed and his face was mere inches away from Dream's, "No." He said sternly, now pushing some of his weight onto Dream, their chests touching.

"You're heavy! Get off me you fuckin pig!!" Dream pushed Techno by his shoulders, but couldn't get the hybrid to move. Techno pouted.

"Aye I might be a hybrid but I ain't full pig, Dreamie." One of Techno's floppy pig ears twitched, the other drooped as if he was sad. Dream cringed at the nickname, groaning in frustration as he tried yet again to shove Technoblade away. He always wore netherite armor, making him even heavier. But to be able to move freely with such armor, you must be pretty strong. Technoblade

was exactly that. And so was Dream, but Dream had a smaller body frame then Techno did, meaning his armor was crafted to fit him according to his body type. Which meant less materials used. Techno being the opposite; large build equals more material needed equals heavier armor. Techno let even more of his weight sink onto Dream, the SMP leader struggling to breath right.

Dream didn't exactly give up, he just stopped squirming, cause that's what seems to be what Technoblade wanted from him. He huffs, then inhales as much as he can. All he got was the strong musk of Technoblade's scent. It was deep, and intimidating, a strong scent that somewhat had an earthy feel to it. He also had that slight scent of blood lingering on him, which he always had whenever they fought in close combat. But he was never so close as to be able to smell Techno's actual scent; other then one night alone with the man- (but he was too drunk to really catch his scent anyways). The scent of his enemy somehow calmed Dream, if it wasn't for netherite armor digging into his ribcage, he would've fallen asleep by now. Techno grinned, baring a pair of sharp tusk like teeth, the rest of his teeth were also pretty sharp to begin with.

"Awe you stopped squirming, I like seeing you squirm~" Techno teased, pressing his knee up against Dream's crotch.

"Oh my fuckin GOD TECHNO. It was ONE time! And we were both drunk." Dream scooted away the best he could from Techno's knee.

"Well, YOU were drunk. I was the responsible adult for that day since Philza was building his house."

Dream locked eyes with the hybrid for a moment, a disappointed and somewhat disgusted look on his face. "You mean to tell me you were SOBER?!"

"Yes, yes I was. And I remember you beneath me, gasping for breath, lips parted and willing. Y'know you've got a nice ass right?" Techno avoided a slap in the face, then another hand tried swatting at his smirking mug. Dream's face was absolutely red at this point, his legs kicking at the netherite armor on Techno's shins.

"Don't talk about my ass!!" Dream let his limbs lay limp again. "God I'm such an idiot. Carelessly letting myself get drunk, letting YOU of all people see my face and me in general in a vulnerable state."

"Oh I didn't see your face until now."

"Wha?"

"Yeah I left your mask on when we did it. Kinda wanted to excite myself and let the anticipation rise for a bit longer. Anything for the plot, am I right?"

"What is this? Some sort of story? Book? Movie? Whatever the fuck." Dream lay still as Techno sat up and let him breath, but he was still a bit too close.

"Nah. But seeing it now," Techno bit his lip and held Dream's chin, admiring his features even more now that he's awake. Dream couldn't help but feel insecure for a moment. "Seeing you now just makes me wanna ravish you like I did before. Though I will admit. I was holding back a lot."

"Oh whoopdie doo. How can I EVER thank you for holding back, but still fucking me." Dream said with a roll of his eyes.

"You can start by letting me do it again." Techno rubbed Dream's bottom lip.

And that's when Dream had enough of him. He lifted his legs, wrapping them around Techno's shoulders and shoving him to the side. They rolled off the bed, Technoblade's back hitting the ground and Dream sitting right on his chest, thighs trapping Techno's face. Dream had the upper hand sure, having thrown off the pig hybrid, but he still couldn't manage to tear that smirk from his face. "Ohohohoooooh~ Dreeaamm. You caught me by surprise for a moment. I'd call this a total loss if your thighs weren't hugging my face right now."

Techno turned his head to bite Dream's inner thigh through his jeans, making the blonde heat up and his face go red. Grabbing Techno's sword, Dream held the tip of it to his enemies neck. "What's with you and the flirting? You never did it before."

"That was before I got a taste." Techno put his hands up, as if surrendering. "Heh, now I see what makes my Orphan Obliterator so intimidating. Especially when a cutie such as you is the one holding it." Dream rolled his eyes at the flirt. "Wanna hold my other sword as well?"

"What other swor- oh my fuckin god Techno..." Dream mumbled the last part, lowering the sword to shake his head and pinch the bridge of his nose.

Technoblade took the chance to grab Dream's waist and push him off his chest, sitting up just to push Dream back down. This time Dream didn't put up a fight. "You know you like it."

"I like it when you shut up."

"I like it when you moan."

"I'd LOVE it if you'd die."

"Technoblade never dies sweetie."

"Fuck you."

"Here and now? Well damn Dream at least take me to dinner first."

Dream damn near slapped the man, but kept his twitching hand down at his side. "How about a duel instead?"

"Hmm." Techno's ears lifted at this idea. "Sounds interesting."

"If I win, you do as I say for 24 hours. If you win, you get to do whatever you want with me for 24 hours."

"Intriguing." Techno thought for a moment. Then smirked deviously, one large calloused hand groping Dream's ass. "Let me think." He groped again. "Thinking." He groped harder, Dream's face going red. "Thinkiinngg."

"Techno let go of my ass before I take it back..." Dream demanded, trying his best not to stutter.

"I need to squeeze something in order to think. Shut up." Techno pretended to keep thinking. He already planned on accepting, he just wanted to piss off Dream even more. He rubbed the blondes ass, pressing their lower regions together. He watched with wanting eyes as Dream squirmed and let out the smallest of moans. The taller of the two leaned down and bit onto Dream's throat, humming to the small taste of blood. Leaving a couple of soothing licks to the bite, he sits back up, satisfied with his work. Dream lay there, a hand covering half his face and clothed disheveled. Techno didn't even do much and Dream already looked so fucking gone. "After a sample, I have decided to agree to your terms."

Dream looked away and clicked his tongue. "Sly bastard..."

Techno stood up, letting Dream get up as well, grabbing his sword and leaning on the enderchest. Dream stood in front of him. "Uh... my armor is in the enderchest."

"10." Techno leaned back, chin tilted up.

"Techno come on."

"9." The hybrid stabbed his sword into the ground, hands crossed on the handle of it, he looked at Dream as if he were his prey. "8."

"Techno I need my armor!" Dream chuckled, grabbing Techno's wrist, trying to pull him off.

"7." Techno didn't even shift in his seat, firmly planted on the enderchest, licking his lip while Dream tried to push him off. "6."

"Oh my fuckin god Techno!! That's not fair!" Dream wheezed a little, starting to back up.

"5."

Dream mumbled a few curses under his breath while opening his inventory, now with his bow on his back, axe in hand, gapples where he could easily access them. "4.... 3...." He picked up his mask, putting it on.

Dream gulped down a strength potion, then took off running. "2."

Bow aimed towards the exit, Dream stayed crouched and out of view in the tree line. Techno popped open an invisibility potion, tossing it back and throwing the empty bottle. "1." He said as he stepped out of the house. Dream was confused at first, looking around for Techno in case he used a different route. Then he saw a footprint in the snow.

"Fuck." He said under his breath, looking around for the particles. He spotted them, literally 10 blocks away, seemingly headed towards him. Dream shot the arrow, just for it to be chopped in half. Then the sword was visible, then the shield. Techno dashed towards him, Dream ran to him, dropped down and slid under Techno avoiding his sword and running as fast as he could to an open area.

And that's where we are currently. Dream brought down his axe, Techno rolling to the side, grabbing Dream's ankle and pulling him down. Technoblade held him down, his calves holding down Dream's legs. "Oh did I just win?" Techno chuckled.

Dream didn't want to go down like this, he refused to. With a smirk, he wrapped his arms around Techno's neck, pulling him down enough to graze their lips together. "Techno, what're you gonna do to me Techno?" Dream breathed, lifting his hips slightly to press against Techno's crotch.

"Techno~"

The taller man felt his chest tighten, his face heat up, he relished in the blonde's embrace. Dream could feel Techno lowering his guard. He lifted his leg, kneeling Techno and shoving him down, now straddling his waist, Dream held his axe to Techno's neck, purposely grinding his ass against Techno's clothed dick. The taller of the two groaned, wanting badly to make the blonde ride him right then and there. "Give up, Techno."

"Mm. Not a chance." Techno practically growled, grabbing Dream's waist and grinding up against his ass. Dream's hands almost dropped the axe, shaking, biting his lip. "Come on Dream~ fight

me~."

"Fuck, Techno~..." Dream's legs grew weak. He panted softly, back arching just a bit.

"Let me win, Dream~" Techno growled, holding Dream's waist, moving him up and down on his boner.

"Tech-n-no.... noooo~ you can't....w-win..~" Dream moaned, his axe slipped from his hands, falling onto the ground, he gripped Techno's shirt, mouth agape.

Techno watched as Dream fell apart above him, the sudden need to tease him became strong. Just a little wouldn't hurt. Techno stopped suddenly, Dream looking at him with a pout, his body still shook. "Wh-why..."

"Does this mean you lose?" Techno grinned. Dream looked away, nibbling on the inside of his cheek. The hybrid sat up, Dream rolling off of him. "If you want me. Come and get me babyboy~"

Techno started walking away, ducking his head slightly to walk on the lilypads under the porch. Dream stood up and huffed. "Oh fuck no." Dream grabbed his axe, putting it away in his inventory. He ran after Techno, who took off running up the stairs. Dream grabbed his cape, attempting to pull him back. But Techno turned and grabbed Dream by his shoulder, slamming him against the wall beside the door. "Fuuucckk~ Techno..."

Technoblade picked up Dream, wrapping his legs around his own waist. Dream held onto Techno's shoulders, moaning as Techno groped his ass and grinded against him in long hard motions. "Just tell me you lose Dream, tell me that you surrender to me."

Techno lowered his head to Dream's neck, leaving open mouth kisses on his slightly moist skin and bites around his throat, gentle at first. Dream fiddled with the straps and clasps on Techno's armor, undoing them slowly, letting the armor fall off the larger built man and onto the wooden floor, a loud thunk sound emitted from them. Techno allowed it for now, giving Dream time to muster up the guts to surrender. Once Techno's upper body was free of armor, Dream let his hands push past his button up dress shirt, roll down his abs. Then back up to his shoulders, cupping his neck, slowly pulling him down. Techno felt his heart flutter, a pinching feeling in the core of his stomach, his breathing felt more ragged, and so did Dream's.

Dream was nervous barely now that he took the time to slow down and actually realize that he is in fact with this hybrid man, skin touching, bodies hot in the midst of the cold biome. All that covered them from the rest of the world was Techno's large cape, keeping their warmth trapped inside. Dream kept their lips apart, feeling Techno's breath on his lips, eyes half closed. Techno's hands gripped at Dream's thighs unintentionally. His eyes locked onto Dream's lips, tensions growing until it was unbearable. Their eyes met, locked, and they both blushed. But it was the look in Dream's eyes that made Techno push the blondes head against the wall, aggressively kissing him, melting as their lips yearned for one another's.

Dream felt his heart clench and drop to the pit of his stomach, suddenly it was hard to breath. He held onto Technoblade as if his life depended on it, as if whenever he let go, he would fall to the pits of hell and never see him again. Fuck it hurt. Technoblade groaned, feeling Dream pull slightly on his hair, legs tightening around his waist, his body shook everytime they pulled away just to find a new angle and connect their lips again. He felt Dream's lips part, and bit his bottom lip, pulling it, then letting go. "Look at me, Dream." He said in a smooth deep voice.

Dream shuddered at the sound, then opened his eyes, looking up at Techno's red ones, panting softly, he nibbled at his lip. "Fuck..." he mumbled.

"What'll it be Dream?" Techno's eyes narrowed, he felt so much taller than him at this moment, yet he was just a few inches taller. He prayed for Dream's response to be what he wished it to be.

Dream looked at Techno's left eye, then to his right, then down little, just for Techno to lift his head right up again with a hand clenched in his hair. "I...I-I..." Techno's gaze made him nervous, made him want to drop to his knees and praise him, made him want to submit to his every demand. He never knew he could feel like such a bitch. "...I surren-der..." He whispered, a breath caught in his throat, making him fuck up his statement.

"Louder, I have to hear you clearly, baby." Techno cooed, the tips of his fingers sliding down Dream's nape.

Dream shivered. "I surrender." He said clearly, but his voice was small and shaky. Techno was satisfied with that, a grin curling his lips, sharp teeth and talons showing.

"Good boy." He said quietly, stroking the blonde's lip. He pulled his lip down a little, then slipped it in his tongue. Dream practically moaned as soon as their lips closed around each other's tongues, now full on making out. Techno ground his boner right up against Dream's ass, one hand sliding beneath his jeans and boxers. Dream tried to take the smallest bit of control in this situation, tugging harder onto Techno's hair, making the taller man moan. He smirked, holding Techno's face still as he took over the kiss, exploring Techno's mouth and sucking on his tongue. "Hnnn... F-...fuck...~" he moaned when Dream pulled away to catch his breath.

Dream undid his and Technoblade's pants, palming him, pulling down the hem of his boxers. Techno smirked. "Moving fast huh?" He said as Dream pulled out his dick and stroked it. He didn't respond. "Cat got your tongue? Or did my skills silence you too much~?" Dream smirked, hand wrapped around Technoblade's dick, pumping it slowly, thumb swiping across the tip, index dragging along the vein. Techno shivered.

"Can you get your tongue? Or did my skills silence you too much~?" Dream teased, smugly grinning at Techno's response, which was a soft breathy groan.

"You're playing a dangerous game here Dream." Techno said sternly, teeth clenched, an eyebrow quirked up. Dream gasped when the taller man dropped his legs, pushing his entire body against him, holding him against the wall, then yanked down his jeans. Dream lost his cocky smile once Techno got to his breaking point. Teeth on his neck, one large hand jerking him off vigorously, Techno planned to absolutely destroy Dream. Make him a mess, force him on his knees, have him begging by the second. All he needed was a safe word and he'll do as he pleases.

"Techno w-w-ait~!" Dream moaned, tugging softly at the hybrid's shirt, he breathed out a moan, head back against the wall. He could see his breath in puffs of mist. Techno sucked hard on a tender area of Dream's neck, right where his collarbone dipped and his neck met with his shoulders. That one spot tormented Dream, making him whimper. Techno parted from that spot just to lean back into it and bite. His teeth barely sank in, his other hand pushed Dream's hoodie out of the way, teasing his nipple. Techno slowly bit down harder, and harder, making the pain nice and slow for Dream. The younger man trembled, thighs wanting to clench together, grip tightening around Techno's shirt, tears warmed his eyes. "T-echo...b-blade...~ aahhnn...~"

Just as the skin broke, Techno let go a bit, teeth resting on the partially open skin, he slowed his hand around Dream's dick, merely stroking the tip the same way Dream did. Then he sped back up, swiping his index finger along the slit, then jerked him off again, digging his teeth deeper in until blood poured. Dream hissed at the pain, gasping in pain and pleasure. His hips stuttered, hands not knowing where to go, head thrown back. He let out a long whiny moan, then Techno let go again. Dream practically cried due to the lack of friction, a soft sob in his voice. "P-pl...please...~" he

breathed.

"Please what?" Techno said sternly, pressing his thumb into Dream's nipple and giving a soft lick to the bite.

"Let me... c-cum... please let me cum..." Dream spoke shyly, eyes half lidded. Techno smiled and kissed the blonde sweetly, making him moan more. He then resumed jerking him off, French kissing Dream lovingly, pinching and rubbing his nipple. Dream cried into Techno's lips, the smallest tear falling from his eyes. He came finally, the hot pit in his pelvis had released. Techno jerked him a couple more times to fully ride out his orgasm, then kissed his cheek.

"Good baby boy~" He praised into Dream's ear, kissing the area connecting his ear and jaw. Dream turned his head to capture Techno's lips again, this time taking the kiss nice and slow as the hybrid gathered his semen in his hand, then smeared it around Dream's entrance, poking a couple fingers in, feeling around for that special bundle of nerves. Dream, sensitive from having just come, moaned against Techno's lips. Gently, Technoblade lifted Dream's left thigh and had him wrap it around his waist. He massaged his bottom's thigh like it was a prized possession, rubbing soothing circles against his skin. Dream took in every single touch that Techno offered, his fingers inside of him, his strong rough hands holding his smooth thigh. He squeaked when Techno's fingers hit that spot deep inside.

The pink haired man smiled and slid his fingers out, replacing them with three, speedily thrusting his fingers in and out, grazing Dream's prostate each time he thrust them back in. Dream's eyebrows creased, tightening around Techno's fingers, pulling him closer with his leg. "Fuck, again~!" Dream moaned out, pressing his forehead against Technoblade's. "H-holy shiiitt~" He gasped, Techno smirking as he pulled his fingers out again. "B-bastard...~ put them back~"

"Patience love~ you'll have something much thicker and longer soon enough~" Techno assured, slicking up his dick.

Dream chuckled lazily. "Confident in your 'sword' Mr.Blade?"

"Wanna take another look baby?"

Dream looked, nodded, tilted his head to the side. "Decent enough." He said sarcastically.

Techno smirked deviously. This motherfucker still likes to be a little shit even now. "Decent eh?" He scoffed.

"Yeah, decent." Dream repeated.

"Mm." Techno hummed, giving Dream a moments laughter before ramming his entire length into Dream, causing him to choke on a surprised gasp, hitting his head on the wall.

"Fuckin hell~! Technoblade~!" Dream moaned, straining his voice to sound normal.

"Not so cocky now are ya? Gonna shut up? Are ya gonna praise me now Dream?" Techno growled into Dream's ear, making a shiver crawl up his spine. Techno waited for Dream to adjust, meanwhile wrapping an arm around his waist and holding his thigh still. Dream held on tightly, head on the hybrid's shoulder, legs tight around his hips, arms around his shoulders.

"Fuck... you're big..~" Dream moaned near Techno's ear, making it twitch. He noted that down in his head for later. Techno chuckled heartily.

"Glad to hear it baby." Techno groaned as he felt Dream relax. He closed his eyes, sighing to the

warmth around his cock, taking a deep breath and really feeling every small shiver Dream had.

"Shit...~" He swore quietly, Dream tightened to the mere sound of his voice. "Dream... we n-need a safeword..."

Dream would laugh if there wasn't a dick up his ass. "Kinda l-late no?"

"I've never done this... really.. I mean I'm not a virgin but like- I mean I never done it recently but- I mean it's been a while- I mean I just wanna-"

"Techno."

"Y-yes?"

"Shut up." Dream chuckled and sat up. Techno's face was bright red, eyes meeting Dream's. A spark hit both of them in the hearts. Yet none could tell what it was. "Spark..."

"Huh?"

"Uh- sp-spark! Uhm... that's the safeword now...!" Dream said, flustered.

"Alright." Techno smiled, then kisses Dream lovingly, Dream returning the kiss and leaning in more, hearing it up a bit. Techno pressed him against the wall more, pulling out almost all the way before thrusting back in. Dream tightened up a little, almost biting Techno's tongue. The taller of the two started with a smooth steady pace, shallowly thrusting in. Dream felt restless, he knew Techno was doing this on purpose, avoiding his prostate, driving him insane. Techno sped up gradually, becoming more aggressive as they continued. Then, as if something switched inside, Techno started pounding into the smaller built man, his grip tightening around his waist and thigh, panting from the kiss and glaring down at Dream's trembling lips. He didn't mean to glare, but it turned the blonde on nevertheless.

"Aahnn~! F-fuckin..hell Techno~!!" Dream moaned, throwing his head back again, nails resting on the hybrids broad back. Techno thrust in all the way, hitting Dream's prostate dead on, attacking it every single time he drilled his way back in. Dream let his nails dig into Techno's back, leaving scratches through his dress shirt, drooling to the pleasure in his body. Techno leaned his back a little, an animalistic feeling in his core awakening, making him growl and his eyes narrow even more and teeth clench hard. He grabbed Dream's arms, sliding up to his wrists, then held them above his head, standing taller than before, looking over Dream as he became a mess beneath him. Dream thrashed his head around, wanting so bad to move around, his nerves acting up and forcing him to convulse.

Techno grinned, watching as Dream's eyes rolled back, tongue hanging partially out, he clenched hard around Techno's pulsating dick. He sped up, making their skin slap everytime Techno bottomed out, abusing the blondes prostate. Dream came with a loud moan forced from his throat, his entire body quivering. Techno didn't stop, pushing Dream into overstimulation. He only moaned to the sound of Dream's cry, keeping Dream's clenched fists pinned up against the wall. He saw tears in Dream's eyes, kissed them away, then lowered himself a bit more to bite and suck at Dream's neck aggressively. "Dream... What am I? Am I your master~? Do I CONTROL you, Dream~?" Techno smirked, watching as Dream tried to stop his lips from quivering, small sobs coming from his mouth, moans overriding his words. "Come on baby, say it~!"

Dream whimpered and looked up at Techno. "Y-yes...~!" He moaned, another cry leaving his lips. Techno stopped for barely a couple seconds, snapping his hips forward, making Dream become needier.

"Yes what, Dream~?"

"Y-yes...m-mmm~!!" Dream couldn't finish, feeling yet another feeling in his core develop. Techno was close as well, his heart was racing, his mind was blank, all he could see was Dream's beautiful freckled face. Tears stained his cheeks, begging emerald eyes, lips too busy moaning and crying to speak. He couldn't get enough of it. He didn't even fucking care that they were outside. There was steam practically coming from their hot bodies.

"Come on babyboy~ you can say it can't you? You can say just two measly words for me can't you Dream?" Techno sang. His lips rubbed against Dream's.

"Hell...~! Kiss me... Techno~!!" Dream begged, leaning forward a bit, but Techno pulled away.

"Say it." He demanded, stopping his movements. Dream panted, whimpering out a small word.

"Say. It." Techno said strictly, pulling out and ramming back in just once. Dream yelped, his wrists now being held together in front of him, Techno's one large hand holding them tight.

"Yes... m-master~!" Dream finally said, struggling to keep his legs around Techno's waist.

"Very good~" Techno groaned, now ramming back into Dream's prostate, earning more wonderful moans from Dream's mouth. He noticed Dream's legs shaking heavily, knowing it was getting harder for him to hold himself up. "Just a little longer baby~ you're doing so good~ so good for me Dream~" he praised softly into Dream's ear. Techno moaned, feeling himself right on the edge of cumming. "Want it inside baby? Deep inside, where only I can reach~??"

Dream nodded, sobbing out soft yes's and nodding frantically. "H-aahh...~ god...dammit Dream~!" Techno moaned, releasing his seed deep into Dream's ass, the blonde following right after. Giving a couple more thrusts, Techno rode out his orgasm as well as Dream's, kissing him gently. "Shit, you feel so good around me."

Dream sat up and let his thoughts gather again, now able to process properly. He smiled lazily and scoffed. "Who would've known I was a good fuck."

"You radiate with bottom energy, Bitch boy."

"Hah." Dream slid his hand around Techno's neck once he let go of his wrists, kissing him briefly. "Mm... I wanna go again."

"Fuck, you have so much stamina."

"That was just one round!" Dream exclaimed, body shivering from the cold.

"Mm." Techno hoisted Dream up some more, carrying him inside. "Round two it is then." He smiled.

Meanwhile, Philza just sipped at his tea, his mug shaking in his hands, he might as well be mentally scared by now. Did they completely forget he was standing right here on his side of the fucking porch? Oh no wait, they were too caught up in their own sexual tension to care. And boy was that tension high as fuck. Phil sighed, lips pursed together, processing, processing, then just dumped the rest of his tea out onto the snow, then just dropped the whole damn cup. Watching it shatter.

Ranboo came running up to him, a smile on his face. "Hey Phil!!" He greeted.

"Hey Ranboo." Phil said lazily.

"You okay Phil? You look... distressed??" Ranboo began walking up the stairs. "Oh, armor."

"Yeah, it's Techno's." Phil picked up the armor and Dream's jeans, his boxers stuck inside of them, holding the items like they were some sort of diseased items, then dropped it on a chest inside his house. "He's uh... "taming" Dream at the moment." He said with emphasis on "taming". Ranboo looked confused for a moment, until he heard a moan come from Techno's door.

"Was that-"

"Yes."

"You sure cause-"

"Yes."

"So it is-"

"Yes."

"And they are-"

"Yes."

"Alright. Okay. Got it uuhhhmmmm.... wanna go uuhh.... see my hotel? I guess???" Ranboo awkwardly swayed on his heels.

"Let's just go." Phil said, grabbing his stuff quickly and leaving with Ranboo towards the portal.

As they left, the loud moans continued. Dream had his chest and stomach pressed right against the dining table, his ass in the air and on knee lifted onto the table beside him. Techno stood with his upper body leaned back, edging Dream with slow then fast thrusts into him, thumbing his rim and slipping a finger in against his cock. "So stretched out~" Techno cooed, speeding up again then slowing down, having no problem with the pace change. Dream's toes curled, back arched, his hoodie was still on his sweat covered body, making him whine.

"W-want it.. off...~" Dream moaned, tugging his hoodie.

"Mm you'll have to wait baby~" Techno said in a sing-song tone. Dream groaned in discomfort and took it off anyways, looking over his shoulder and at Techno with a sly smirk. "Oh reaaallly now? You wanna play this game?"

"What game, huh Techno? What game could you possibly be referring to~?" Dream teased, rolling his eyes and propping up his upper body with his hands flat on the table and his back arched even more now. He moved the hair out of his face, panting softly, eyes locked with Techno's. "All you're gonna do is fuck me harder, Master Techno~"

Techno clenched his teeth and growled low under his breath, smacking his hand hard across Dream's ass, making the bottom moan brattily. "Oh harder Master Blade~!" He moaned with a smirk.

Techno pulled Dream's hips down more, making him go deeper, then gripped the base of his dick HARD. Dream's eyes widened, mouth open, a strangled moan leaving him. He lowered his head down as Techno pounded into his ass, balls deep into him everytime he buried himself deeper in. "What about that huh? All I can do is fuck you harder? Really now. Use your imagination, bad boy." Techno leaned forward, pulling one of Dream's arms back, "How about I tie you down onto

my bed, stuffed full with a vibrator on high, unable to move, a cock ring tight around your base, practically screaming with pleasure, needy for release. Or would you rather it'd be my cock torturing you?"

Dream couldn't help but to moan at his dark words, trembling with overstimulation and finding it harder to breathe the more he felt like he was going to cum. Techno held his base firmly, denying him of his release. Dream whined and felt himself being shoved closer and closer to his release, but never achieved it due to the Blood God punishing him. "Techno-"

"Ah? That's not what you should be calling me right now baby~" Techno blew onto Dream's ear, pressing his lower back down more.

"M-aster...~ pleeeassee...h-aa-aahhnn... please..~!" Dream started to cry again, forehead resting against the table's cold surface. "Please let me come, mas-ster~!"

Techno moaned, speeding up and leaving a dark hickey on Dream's nape. "You can cum just like this babyboy~"

"N-ooo.... p-pwease..~" Dream bit his lip hard, hips trembling, eyes going cross, Dream felt himself cum, but nothing came out of his still hardened dick.

"You're so pretty when you dry-orgasm~" Techno said, adding a moan at the end.

He pulled out, turning Dream around and kissing him gently, wiping more tears from his eyes. Dream returned the kiss and pulled Techno down more by the back of his neck. "Fuuckkk I feel so sensitive right now..." he stated, another shiver up his spine when meeting Techno's stare.

"Wanna go for round three?"

"Oh now look who has stamina." Dream chuckled.

"But you're so seggisy I just wanna eat youuuu~" Techno rubbed his still hard dick against Dream's gaping entrance. "Can I have one last taste for today~? Pleeeeaasssee baby boy~?"

"Fine." Dream crossed his arms, still smirking. "But I get to ride you this time."

"Get your ass upstairs fast enough and you can." Techno stood upright, watching as Dream beamed with excitement and ran up to Techno's room. He laughed a little, following after Dream but walking instead. He slipped off his cape, leaving it on an arm chair, then removed his trousers fully, leaving them on the ground as well as his shirt.

Dream sat on the bed, on his knees, legs open, pouting slightly. "But I love that shirt on you."

"Well because of your damn nails I have to get another one." Techno said while crawling onto the bed, tangling his fingers in Dream's hair and kissing him. Dream automatically took control of the kiss, sitting up and pushing Techno down, straddling his waist while keeping their lips connected. Techno held the blonde's hips loosely, fondling his ass, looking up at Dream as if he were some sort of goddess. Dream grinned at Techno's gaze, reaching back and grabbing his cock, jerking it a couple times, then sliding down to the hilt. He took it with ease, considering the fact that they've done it 2 times now. "Well aren't you the talented little angel."

"Do ya need glasses already? The fuck kind of angel am I?" Dream snickered.

"True. Only a bratty little demon could belong to a Blood God such as me." Techno said with an amused grin, shuddering to the warmth that surrounded his cock again.

"Got that right~" Dream moaned while leaning back, hands on Techno's thighs as he rode him slowly. Once getting used to it, he sped up, picking himself up and dropping himself down roughly onto Techno's cock. "S-so fucking big~!" He moaned, tilting his head back.

"Aah...~ Dream~ you're so pretty, especially from this view~" Techno praised, one hand sliding up Dream's stomach. Feeling as his own tip poked up against Dream's stomach, making an obvious bulge show inside of Dream's belly. "Fuuucckk~ that's hot~" He moaned.

"Master~! M-master Techno~! Fuck it feels good~...!" Dream hissed, speeding up as much as he could, taking Techno in as much as his body let him. He started to twitch, knees growing weak. His thighs were burning from the strain, having been bent for a while now with barely any breaks between. He whimpered a little, tears forming again, an uncomfortable pain made him lose focus.

Techno noticed the change in Dream's body language, rubbing at his hips gently. "Dream, are you okay?" He asked in a soft voice.

"Nnh~... S-...sp-...spa..rk..." Dream barely managed to say, but Techno heard enough of it to sit up and pull Dream gently off of him, laying him down and holding his hand.

"Whats wrong Dream?" He asked with genuine worry in his voice.

"L-leg cramp..." Dream said softly, calming down to Techno's touch. The hybrid rubbed and massaged Dream's thighs, leaning down and kissing them gently, as well as kissing Dream's hand. "Techno..."

"Hm?" The other looked at him.

"If this is just a one time thing... then why are you being so caring...?" Dream looked away from him.

Techno smiled faintly. "Maybe I'm just hoping it won't be a one time thing."

"M-maybe...?" Dream looked a little hopeful. He doesn't even know why. "As in just... like sex friends..?"

"No, no, Dream." Techno brought Dream closer, stroking his chin with his thumb and moving the hair from his forehead. "Much more than that." Techno felt those words slide off his tongue with such ease, something in the voices in his mind told him that this was right, told him that he was saying what was the truth, what he really wanted. They were quietly and calmly telling him what to say. "The voices are.... very calm around you. They seem to like you, but then there's this violent voice as well that wants to hurt you... but I, having gone so long now being able to control them, know that I would never hurt you with any ill intent. Not anymore."

Dream almost felt like crying. "S-stop with this sappy shit.." he whispered through tears. Techno just smiled and wiped them away again. "What if I said I wanted to be with you..."

"Then I'd say yes, and never let you go."

"Never?"

"Never. And if I do, it would be whenever the fuck I die. But remember Dream, Technoblade never dies." Techno said the last part smugly, earning a gentle laugh from Dream. They connected their lips, making out with each other calmly and whole-heartedly, eyes closed, listening intently to the other breathing. They synchronized in movement by now.

Dream pulled away briefly. "Can we... finish...? Kinda don't feel satisfied quite yet."

Techno smiled and kissed his jaw. "Of course." He said before slowly and gently sliding back into Dream's ass, listening to the soft moan that Dream let out. Techno rocked his hips steadily, being gentle when pressing his tip against Dream's prostate, eliciting a sharp breathy moan everytime he felt it. Techno continued to rub his thighs, leaving soft butterfly kisses all over Dream's neck and chest. Dream sat up just a little to bite Techno's ear, right on the shell of it. "Mmmnnngg~!" Techno moaned before unexpectedly cumming inside. He shivered and glared slightly at Dream face red from embarrassment. "I didn't-"

"BAAHAAHAHAAA" Dream started laughing heavily, his laugh turning into a long wheeze. "You-! Y-you-!"

"No-"

"You came be-before me-!! hahaahahHAHHAHAA!!" Dream wheezed again, a hand over his eyes. While Techno really did love seeing Dream laugh, he felt like getting his pride back. So he did. When Dream stopped wheezing, he started to move a bit more roughly. "Wh-! Fuckin-Techno- w-waaiitt~! Fuck~!" Dream half laughed half moaned, Techno holding him with both arms wrapped around his waist, keeping him from moving away. "Tech-Techno...b-blaaddee~!! Aahh~!"

Dream came in no time, then had the audacity to softly chuckle after he came down from his high. Techno deadpanned and rolled over, back to Dream. "Fine then be that way."

"Hehehe wwhhooooootttt is Technoblade, the mighty Blood God being a little pouty pig?" Dream teased, climbing onto Techno's side and laying there.

"No." Techno looked away. Dream pulled his face towards him, claiming his mouth with a gentle French kiss. Techno couldn't help but accept it, hands on Dream's waist, pulling him in to a cuddle. "Fuck you."

"You already did."

"There's always tomorrow."

"Another duel?"

"Well technically since you surrendered I have 24 hours to do what I please. I was originally planning on fucking you like I did now, taking up like 2 or 3 hours, then sleeping, then a bit of a cockwarm in the morning. Then spend the day with you." Techno said bluntly, smiling slightly at the end as if he just said something totally innocent.

Dream shrugged and kissed Techno on the forehead. "Im not complaining."

"Then shut up and let me spoon you."

Dream chuckled at that, finding it adorable, and turned so that his back to Technoblade. They fell asleep soundly, their breathing synchronizing.

◦~●~◦~●~◦◇◦~●~◦~●~◦

The next morning, the two did as they planned, a short gentle cockwarm, then headed downstairs to eat. Phil as always, cooked up a meal with Ranboo outside clearing out remaining mobs and any dumbass drowned that snuck into the pond. Dream wore one of Techno's dress shirts, and his own

boxers, sitting at the table. Of course, his white smile mask was on. "Morning. It's been a while Phil."

"I suppose it has been. Unless you happen to remember me being outside when you and my son had your "fight"." Phil responded, not facing him. Ranboo walked in, a small enderman noise escaped him when seeing Dream there. Not only cause he was there, but because of what he was wearing as well.

"Oh fuck, you heard that?" Dream asked, hands on the table, ears turning red.

"More like saw. I was standing outside for the first round. Don't worry, I didn't look. I was just having some tea." Phil turned around to put food on the plates, giving Dream a skeptical look.

Dream put his head down, embarrassed beyond belief. Techno came down finally, kissing Dream on the head before sitting beside him. "Morning Phil, morning Ranboo." He said, Ranboo took a seat across from Dream.

"Morning." Ranboo smiled, deciding to ignore the fact that he also heard them.

"Son, maybe the next time you wanna fuck someone outside you should make sure your father isn't standing there. I really don't wanna hear you asserting dominance." Phil quirked an eyebrow, giving that father look to Technoblade. But he was rather amused with how he and Dream reacted.

"Oh God you heard that?" Techno blushed very faintly then rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, uuuhhhh.... you learn something everyday?"

Phil deadpanned, Ranboo choked on air. Dream just kept his head down but laughed as quietly as he could. "I don't wanna learn my sons kinks. So no."

The rest of the day carried on fairly normal. At least by Dream SMP standards.

◦~●~◦~●~◦◇◦~●~◦~●~◦

Chapter End Notes

Very smutty chapter!
I'm rather proud of this one. I was
Mainly testing myself, seeing
How long I can go writing multiple
Sex scenes and still make them
Fairly different and keep them
Entertaining, I need to practice over using
Some words I use to describe the sex scenes.
I get it can be rather boring reading the same
Phrases over and over again. So I try me best
To use other variations

I HOPE THIS ONE WAS GOOD!!

I meant to finish this link 3 days ago but I lag
And other shit has been a bitch to deal with
So please don't expect fast updates
I try my best :(

Share×kudos×comment

JSHLEAM

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sex Friends Only

Vanilla sex | biting kink

L'manberg President Jshlatt and Dream. Casually drinking away in a secluded house away from the political cage of L'manberg. They dared each other stupid things, sharing opinions and stories of past battles. Jshlatt saw Techno in the distance, nudging Dream. "I dare you to shoot him."

Dream took on the dare instantly, opening the window and drawing back an arrow. He shot it, fire flailing around the tip, and landing right on Technoblade's cape. His armor kept it from hurting him,, but his cape started to catch on fire. Techno screamed a very guttural scream, throwing off his cape into the snow and stomping on it. You could faintly hear his "I JUST FUCKING WASHED THIS THING!!" in the distance as he looked around for the person who attacked him. But Dream had already blown out the lantern and ducked under the window. Him and Jshlatt holding in their laughter. When Dream peaked out the window, Techno had already walked off.

Shlatt, upon getting up from where he hid, slipped on a beer bottle and tackled Dream to the ground. The two sat in darkness, eyes connected and breathing synchronizing. Shlatt's drunken thoughts had filled his head, and his body happily complied. He lowered himself until his pelvis rubbed against Dream's, a hand on his hip and a smirk on his lips. Dream caught on to what he was doing, chuckling nervously. "Horny bastard..." He scoffed under his breath.

"Mm." Jshlatt stayed still, staring at Dream's mask, trying to meet his actual gaze. Then an idea struck him. "Let's be sex friend's." He said casually. As if it was something you just say to someone in a normal conversation. Dream froze, disbelief in his eyes that Shlatt couldn't see.

"The fuck? Heh- no." Dream wanted to laugh it off.

"Pleeeaseee." Shlatt said, grinding a little against Dream. "I'll share more state secrets with you~"

Now that was something Dream could agree to. "Ugh.... FINE. But you HAVE to promise me that you won't think of actually becoming lovers."

"What? No. When the hell did I say that." Shlatt tilted his head, confusion written on his face.

"I don't know, sometimes people gain feelings for their sex friends over time."

"I think you've been reading too much manga."

"Probably." Dream shrugged and moved a little, but was stilled by Shlatt's hand still on his waist.

"Why the hell are you rubbing my abdomen so much?" Dream said, honestly liking the feeling of Shlatt's larger, colder, and rough hand against his smooth skin.

"I mean, when you're not in armor I can see those fucking curves so well. And they look delicious as fuck." Shlatt massaged Dream's waist, slipping a hand under his hoodie to feel the softness of his tannish skin. Dream never let a man touch him THAT easily. He loved to play hard to get, and now that he had Shlatt's attention, he wanted to be desired even more. Dream punched Shlatt hard in the gut, shoving him aside and getting up to leave. He pretended to be distressed, but behind his mask, he was grinning like an idiot. Shlatt was right on his tail, shoving Dream into the door, holding the knob closed. With his other hand, he groped the blonde's ass, grinding his half-erect dick against it. It had been a week or two since Dream had last done this, his body craved the attention.

"You smell so nice Dreamie~" Shlatt groaned as he dug his nose into Dream's neck, pulling his hoodie away from his shoulder. Shlatt licked along his nape, leaving a bite on the area connecting his shoulder to his neck.

"Don't call me that..." Dream said shakily. Shlatt grabbed him by the shoulders, turning him around and shoving him HARD against the wall. "Ah~ fuck..." Dream moaned unintentionally, looking up at Shlatt with lust in his eyes. As soon as Shlatt saw his expression, Dream looked away.

"Ohooo~ Does Dreamie love it when I'm rough? Does Dreamie wanna be manhandled like a fucking toy?" Shlatt bent down for a moment to grab Dream's legs, lifting him up and placing him in a new position against the wall. Shlatt pressed his body against Dream's, grabbing his mask and throwing it across the room. Shlatt's smirk grew when he saw how fucking adorable Dream's turned-on expression was..

"I think I'm gonna love wrecking the fuck outta you." Dream's legs over his shoulders, a smug grin on his face, having finally tamed the SMP leader. He felt powerful having the shorter man against the wall, mask forced away from his freckled face and a raging blush dusting his cheeks. Dream had no choice but sit there and glare at the tyrant, his legs held up kept still. He knew he could probably just maneuver his way out of Shlatt's grip, he knew that he could easily use his flexibility to worm his way to his axe. But he didn't. Emerald green eyes locked with brown ones, sexual tension thick in the air of the room. It was suffocating, intoxicating, and it hurt to be so quiet for so long. Dream squirmed a little, trying to get comfortable against the cold wall that dug into his spine. The movement caused seemingly unwanted friction between their crotches. Dream froze when feeling the L'Manberg president's erection begin to grow, poking right against the curve of his ass. "I feel like you're doing this on purpose Dreamie baby."

"Don't fucking call me that." Dream rasped, glaring at Shlatt with the intent to kill. The taller man bit his lip and smirked, thrusting his hips forward, rubbing against Dream's clothed ass. The blonde struggled even more, half-assed attempts to escape. He was moreso trying to find a comfortable position against the wall so that it wasn't hurting his back as much as it was. The more Shlatt kept the friction in their dicks going, the hotter Dream felt, and the bigger he felt his own boner grow. If only he could close his legs to hide it, but this nuisance of a president was between them, squeezing his thighs as if they were a stress ball. Shlatt only chuckled when he looked down at the tent in Dream's jeans, drawing back his hips and snapping forward again.

A moan was forced from Dream's throat, his head hit the wall softly, and his legs trembled. He

wanted to hide his face more than anything, he glanced at his mask on the floor "Oh does little Dreamie wanna hide his face? Even though I caught a glimpse of it just a moment ago?"

Dream couldn't call him a liar. He knew it was true. But why did he feel so embarrassed? The two weren't dating, far from it. They just shared a similar passion for late nights, and destructive behavior. Sex friends. And only sex friends. They swore to it just a few moments ago. Jshlatt pulled at the hem of Dream's jeans, pulling them off until one leg hung on Dream's ankle. Shlatt's suit was wrinkled on the edges, having been pushed up by Dream's legs. At this point, in the midst of the heat, it was rather uncomfortable to be wearing a suit at the moment. He let Dream's legs slide down to his forearms, now carrying the blonde to his bed. Dream once again had the chance to escape, but again decided not to. He constantly battered back and forth between running away and staying.

Once he was tossed onto the bed, Dream sat up on his elbows, just to be pushed back down with a heavy hand right below his neck. Jshlatt lifted a knee, grinding it against Dream's erection while undoing the buttons to his suit with one hand. Long fingers slid along Dream's throat, feeling the vibration of his moans through his lightly tanned skin. Dream leaned his head back, legs trembling and hands gripping at the sheets, he could hear Shlatt yanking off his suit and felt his warm hand leave his neck to quickly undo the buttons to his dress shirt; he kept it on though. Dream's chest heaved and he could feel the moistness of his skin grow hotter under his hoodie, he squirmed and whined softly to the uncomfortable feeling. Shlatt lifted the SMP leader's hoodie, loving the way Dream automatically lifted his arms to make it easier to take it off. The change in Dream's body language made it obvious he was now more than willing to proceed. Left in just his boxer shorts, Dream's skin cooled down to the light draft in the room, still being lightly stimulated by Shlatt's knee grinding down, harder than before, onto his boner. Shlatt undid his belt, unbuttoned the clasp, and pulled his boxers down just enough to let his dick free from the partially damp cloth.

Dream took a moment to calculate his size, nervous now that he sees it in all its glory. He knew it would hurt, he kind of wanted to chicken out. But being a huge masochist, Dream wanted to feel it. Dream took it upon himself to remove his last article of clothing, moving up a little to take it off. Shlatt stared at Dream's naked body. Fascinated by the freckles lightly dusting his abdomen. Lightly carved abs, hips curved tenderly, scars littered generously across his canvas of a body. A brave body indeed, durable, experienced in many fields. The L'manberg president always admired Dream's body in battle. He loved the way Dream's body curved when avoiding projectiles or weapons thrown at him. He loved when the SMP leader was covered in blood, a psychotic smile on his face as he threatened others. Shlatt could call it a drug, Dream himself being the bad part of it, while his body and actions were what made his mind go hazy.

Shlatt enjoyed the way Dream shook when he gripped his thigh and lifted it over his shoulder getting a good view of his ass. It wasn't so much the fact that Shlatt could see him bare naked that made Dream wanna hide, it was more so how the L'manberg President stared at him, always just at his body, always seeing just the outside and never the inside. He couldn't really blame Shlatt for not wanting to see what was inside of his mind. What was behind that face that hid behind a smiling mask. Dream pushed the thought aside and paid more attention to what Shlatt had moved on to. The sudden intrusion of 3 fingers in his ass made Dream flinch and suck in a sharp breath. It hurt, as much as it felt great. Eyes closed, teeth clenched, Dream felt Shlatt bend down to leave bite marks and deep hickies all over his neck, over writing old ones left behind by other men that made the same 'deal'. These marks were barely visible anymore, but Jshlatt couldn't help but feel somewhat protective.

Dream felt Shlatt's fingers scissor him open, gently at first, before starting to thrust in and out at a quick, steady pace. Shlatt found all of Dream's sensitive spots in an instant, and planned to discover everything that Dream loved during sex. Shlatt was in a trance, the world around them was

nonexistent. All that was, was Dream's small "please" and the moans of his name filling his ears. Small gasps, a whimper caught in between a moan and a startled breath. He sighed in satisfaction when he finally pushed Dream into submission. Dream's legs started to shake, his hips convulsed and his breathing became more shallow, the heat in his pelvis grew stronger and stronger, but his release never came. Shlatt pulled his fingers out when he sensed that Dream was close, being the slick bastard that he is. Dream whined at his loss, a pout on his quivering lips until he felt Shlatt's dick right at his rims.

With one thrust, Shlatt shoved his entire length in, groaning at the tight fit. Dream held his breath, tears warming in his eyes and a yelp leave his mouth. Dream's arms slung around Shlatt's chest, hands on his back with his nails pressing lightly into his skin. Shlatt could feel the blonde want to move away, but he held his hips in place, shuddering at the feeling of Dream's walls tightening and loosening in a stuttering pattern. He was adjusting to the size, calming his breathing at the same time. When Shlatt felt Dream's nerves relax, he pulled out almost all the way before thrusting back in, groaning as he found a good pace to work with. He didn't waste anytime, aiming straight to Dream's prostate and hitting it forcefully with every thrust, making Dream arch his back and curl his toes.

Dream tried to gulp down the moans, but failed when Shlatt sped up his movements and started pounding the shorter male into the sheets. Dream was half expecting Shlatt to be gentle, a big mistake. He no longer had the strength to be able to hold back his moans, letting himself feel every touch that Shlatt peppered onto his skin. "Sh-Shlatt~! Fuckin- b-bite me~..." Shlatt chuckled at his request, but complied either way. Light kisses to his neck, harsh bites to his jaw, another hickie near his nipple, Dream was practically sobbing with euphoria. Moaning Shlatt's name loudly and dragging his nails down his spine. Shlatt felt Dream tighten as he came with a high yelp and a broken cry of his name, the pretty sound of it all pushing him near his edge.

Shlatt felt it soon enough, the bundle of heat in his groin, and the oversensitivity sending chills up his spine. Sweat gathered at his brow, some rolled down his neck; he bit down hard enough to break the skin on Dream's collarbone. He came with a low groan into Dream's ear, panting softly as he came down from his high. The two lay in silence, panting softly, Dream left to cockwarm for a good few minutes until Shlatt pulled out. Dream could feel semen leaking from his hole and onto the bed, soiling them for the hundreth time this week. Shlatt sat up, barely now realizing the welt's on his back from Dream scratching so damn hard. It didn't hurt much, only when sweat on his back rolled onto the open skin did it sting slightly more. Shlatt was planning on being more violent with him, but he got to lost in the heat of the moment. He just wanted to relish in the moment. Dream kept his head tilted to the side, staring off into space, avoiding Shlatt's eyes right after sex.

But they did cuddle after, now with a big fluffy blanket covering them. Dream kept his eyes closed, but he could feel Shlatt's stares, they bore holes into his head. Shlatt was staring at Dream's no longer quivering lips. Just a pretty decoration. Just something to look at. Never something to kiss, never something he can keep for himself. Never something that anyone could ever claim.

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Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed.
For more crack ships just request them
Also, please give me ideas for kinks

I try and use different ones for each
chapter

I know the ship name "Jshleam" is fuckin
Dyslexic as hell but I couldn't think of
A better one
If anyone has a better ship name
Then please tell me it

Share×kudos×comment

SAPWASFOUND

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

My Baby, My Love

Soft smut | Floofy | Self Conscious Dweam | Lil bit o' chub Dweam | Shorter Dweam

Tired, panting, covered in cuts and bruises, three men lie on the ground of a medium sized arena after a long day of training and topping it off with a public 2v1 duel. Practically the entire smp watched the fight, placing bets, of course, mainly on Dream. Karl, being a simp, placed bets on Sapnap, and Niki put bets on each of them just to be nice. "You better gift me those subs, George, Sapnap." Dream laughed out while panting. His armor just added to the weight on his chest, and his mask hindered his breathing. Sapnap stood up first, nodding and rolling his eyes while sighing out a "yeah sure". George just too a long and annoyed groan before starting to stand up as well.

"You're so annoying!" He whined while taking Sappnaps outstretched hand, helping him to his feet. Dream only laughed more to the remark and opened his inventory, putting his sword away and grabbing a steak, which he happily feasted on to fill his remaining hearts and hunger bar. He waited until his hearts restored to swipe away the holographic screen and lay his arm over his mask, taking another deep breath.

George offered him a hand, which he took, and stood up with his shoulders slumped. "You guys just suck."

"Oh shut UP dude." Sapnap shoved Dream's shoulder, just enough to throw off the slightly shorter mans stance. Dream just chuckled and walked out of the arena, being greeted by the other SMP members playfully fighting over bets.

"Dreeeeaaamm! Congratulations on the win!" BadBoyHalo said in a sing-song tone, a large smile on his shadow-covered face, white eyes beaming.

"Thank you." Dream responded lightly. An arm was swung heavily over his shoulder, making him slightly lose his balance again.

"Gotta be pretty fit to pull off some of those moves." Fundy joked, grabbing his money from a sniffling Tubbo. "And Dream is pretty flexible and agile, probably why he appears to be thinner."

George noticed a small flinch in Dream's shoulders. "Techno's a pretty formidable opponent and he is fit yet he has a bigger build. And still pretty agile so I don't think size matters." George said in an attempt to lighten the subject.

"That may be but Technoblade is also a pretty heavy fighter. His attacks are mainly on the heavy and brute side while Dream's attacks are lighter and more precise, that's what makes them both on near equal levels." Puffy added.

"Still beat him though. With like 100K on the line." Techno just HAD to add, arms crossed and pig mask firm on his face.

Sapnap stood beside Dream, who lowered his head and put it lightly on the brunettes shoulder. Sapnap noticed his foul mood and put an arm around him, firmly gripping Dream's upper arm and rubbing it in gentle strokes. "Hey why don't we all go for a drink?"

"What about us 'kids'?" Tommy asks, standing with Ranboo and Tubbo.

"Juice." Fundy shrugged.

"I WANT SODA." Tubbo yelled cheerfully whilst raising his arm into the air.

Ranboo looked down at him. "You get too hyper, and I'm the one that has to deal with it on the way to Snowchester."

"But- soda-" Tubbo pouted.

"...Fine." Ranboo rolled his eyes, a small annoyed enderman sound joined by a sigh.

"YAY-"

"Hey, what's wrong with Dream?" BBH asked Sapnap, grabbing the attention of Puffy and a few others, the majority started walking to McPuffy's, Tommy of course advertising his hotel on the way there.

"He's just tired, y'know, from trying so hard against us." George responded while half faking a chuckle as to keep the others from asking more questions. Sapnap kept his arm around Dream, turning him away from them.

"You guys go ahead, we're gonna treat his wounds and our own." Sapnap said with his back to everyone, already walking away and guiding Dream to their home. George waved and bid them goodbye, catching up with his other two lovers. It was no secret that the three of them were together, not like they ever tried to hide it. More like they all made it a bit too obvious at times. When they got home, Dream pulled away from Sapnap's hold and trudged to the bathroom, head down, arms over his stomach. He slammed the door shut to the bathroom and locked it, sighing. George and Sapnap knew this routine. Dream would stand in front of the mirror looking at his half naked body, judging himself, hating himself. They knew him all too well and weren't going to let him do this to himself any longer. Especially since they discovered something about their boyfriend recently. Sapnap was the first to knock on the door, he was always more daring and more confident than George when it came to protecting or comforting someone. Not that George couldn't or didn't want to, he just wasn't the best at it. There was no response from Dream, as always. So Sapnap knocked again but harder. No response. He sighed and pressed his forehead against the door. "Dream please open the door."

Dream shook his head although they couldn't see it. George was the next one to knock. "Dream come on, we know what you're doing, what you're telling yourself again. Please open the door so we can help."

Dream shook his head again and tears started to stream down his face. He refused to look in the mirror, to look into his own eyes, to see his own ugly face. He hated his body and looked at it as if it weren't supposed to be there. He shook his head and cried more, holding them in but the whimpers echoed in the bathroom and reached the boys on the other side of the door. Sapnap grabbed the pin he kept in his pocket and picked the lock of the door. When he pushed it open, Dream flinched and hugged himself, crying and muttering "No" and "don't come near me." Sapnap of course ignored him and grabbed Dream firmly by the wrist, pulling him in front of the mirror. "Sapnap maybe you shouldn't-"

"Look at the mirror Dream." Sapnap demanded in a soft tone. Dream shook his head and looked down. Sapnap held his head up with a hand under his chin. "Look at the mirror." Dream whimpered and looked, automatically insulting himself when his eyes met with his reflection.

"You. Are beautiful. You are amazing. And you are mine and George's boyfriend. We will not let our lover suffer alone. And we will never let you cry by yourself in a dangerous place for someone with an unstable mind."

"Sapnap I wouldn't-" Dream began.

"How can I be so sure." Sapnap cut him off and kept the blonde still. "I love you more than anything else in this whole goddamn world. And if you think I will ever leave you alone with your thoughts then you are wrong. I'm not gonna stand by and watch, I'm gonna help you. Cause I know DAMN well that you need me and George." It was at this point that Dream stopped fighting against Sapnap's hold and rested against him. George came closer and put a hand on Dream's cheek, pulling him gently so he could see his face. Dream wanted to break down in their hold, he felt safe enough that he was willing to be completely open with them. George could see that Dream was holding back tears, so he leaned in and kissed him gently. Dream melted into the kiss and let his tears fall. "We love you Dream. You and the body in which you came with. We wouldn't have you any other way. As long as it's 100% you." Sapnap turned so that Dream's front was facing George and his back was to Sapnap's chest. He slid his hands down Dream's sides, pinching lightly at the puffier areas of his stomach and kissing his shoulder. Dream squirmed and pulled away from George's kiss.

"No.." He started just to be interrupted.

"We love this body of yours Dream. I love how soft your skin is, how soft your stomach is, how cute it is." Sapnap mumbled against his skin, feeling more around his hips and sides, massaging and groping, and loving every curve or roll that Dream had beautifully displayed. George kissed away the tears and smiled.

"I love your little chubby cheeks." He said while cupping each side of Dream's face and kissing along his jaw to his lips then to his cheeks. "I love your smile and your laugh." He leaned down more to leave light kisses to the other side of Dream's neck. "I love your body and your yourself. Everything you come with, the good and the bad." He stood up again to make eye contact with the sniffling blonde. "You're so beautiful Dream." Sapnap nodded and bit down onto Dream's shoulder blade, then left hickies along his nape. Dream's breathing hitched in his throat when Sapnap grinded lightly against his ass.

"I love these thighs, when they leap, when they walk, run..." Sapnap smirked and nibbled at Dream's ear. "When they tremble the morning after and you try to walk, when they convulse right before you release, when they tighten around my head whenever I eat you out~" Sapnap chuckled when he felt a shiver run up Dream's spine. George bent down to grab Dream's legs and move them to wrap around his waist, Sapnap supporting his back so that he doesn't fall. "I love the way they look, spread open or wrapped around one of our waists." He rubbed the inner part of Dream's thighs and lightly palmed him through thin jeans.

George slowly undid Dream's zipper and slid the jeans off, leaving them hanging on one ankle. Dream moaned softly as Sapnap teased his nipples, one hand twisting the bud gently while the other slipped under his boxers and jerked him off. George let his hand roam under the boxers and to Dream's ass, fondling him before slowly slipping two fingers into his entrance. "He's still a bit open from earlier this morning."

"Good to know~" Sapnap kept jerking Dream off, loving the hesitant moans and gasps that left his plush lips. Dream whimpered to his touch, and jolted when George thrust his fingers in and out of him. Sapnap sped up his hand to George's rhythm, sensing that Dream was close by how his moans grew louder and his body trembled. George lightly hit that spot inside of Dream repeatedly

rubbing it every time he thrust his fingers back in. Dream came with a louder moan, holding on tightly to Georges shoulder. George swallowed up the majority of that moan, lovingly french kissing the shorter man. Sapnap left kisses on Dream's temple, giving light tugs to his shaft to fully ride out Dream's orgasm. "Can you keep going baby?"

Dream nodded turned his head to give Sapnap an equally loving kissed, which the taller brunette returned with a smile.

◦~●~◦~●~◦◇◦~●~◦~●~◦

The next morning, the three of them slept in until afternoon, Sapnap being the second to wake up. He sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and yawning. He turned to look at his sleeping Dream and George cuddled up together. George was already awake, stroking Dream's hair and petting him lightly. "He's so adorable. I don't see why he would hate himself so much."

"We are our own hardest critic, so we see what he doesn't see in himself." Sapnap said while kissing Dream's forehead. The blonde grumbled and opened his eyes, lightly swatting Sapnap away.

"Your scruff is getting thicker..." He yawned.

"You like it like this." Sapnap smiled and rubbed his chin against Dream's cheek, causing the man to laugh lightly.

"I'd like it a bit shorter." Dream said honestly while kissing Sapnap and sitting up, his back was a bit sore.

"You hungry at all?" George asked, kissing Dream's cheek. The blonde nodded.

"There's no way in hell you're cooking." Sapnap laughed.

"Who said I was going to?! I was just asking-"

"Yeah, you really suck at cooking." Dream chuckled along.

"Oh screw both of you. I wasn't going to cook anyways." George huffed and crossed his arms.

"I'll cook, you stay in bed with Dreamie." Sapnap said while giving Dream another kiss. Just when he was about to pull away, Dream licked his bottom lip and pulled him back in for a more heated kiss. Sapnap groaned lightly into it, and after a few more seconds he pulled away and stood up. "Don't do that, I won't wanna leave."

Dream shrugged and smiled innocently. "No fair, I want one too." George pouted, turning Dream his way to get a kiss from him as well. Dream gave him what he wanted, a nice slow kiss that may have progressed a little further.

"Just don't fuck him, we kinda went for a while last night." Sapnap said while putting on a shirt and sweats.

"You mean YOU went for a while last night. You keep hogging him." George pouted. Sapnap shrugged and walked out. George turned back to Dream and leaned in to him again. "Now, where were we?" He smiled before claiming his lips again.

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Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked this mainly fluffy lil chapter, definitely one of my shorter ones, being only 2223 words.

Sharexkudosxcomment

DREAMBUR

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A Man of an Unstable Mind **[continuation of "Sex Friends Only"]**

| A lil splash of drama | light smut | mainly fluff | vanilla sex | safewords uwu | crazy Wilbur is best Wilbur |

Dream woke up beside Shlatt, completely naked, sore from the previous night. He felt something heavy on his shoulders, he felt confused and somewhat vulnerable. It wasn't that he didn't remember practically everything that happened last night, he honestly didn't know what this feeling was. Why was he so unsure? What is this heavy feeling in his chest? He felt like crawling into a dark place and dying. Jshlatt faintly noticed the movement on the bed, opening his eyes just a bit. "Hrmm... Dream...?"

Dream flinched and turned around, having his jeans and shirt already on. He wore a black skin tight turtle neck shirt that didnt have any sleeves, it was a bit dirty, but not anything new since Dream is always reckless with his fights. He smiled half heartedly at Jshlatt, then leaned over the bed, leaving a small kiss on his temple. The taller man grabbed the back of Dream's neck, pulling him down. Dream stumbled a little, laying at a weird angle on Jshlatt's chest, hands on his shoulders. He stared into the other mans eyes, feeling soft under that stern gaze. Shlatt couldn't help but to bite softly at his lips, then pulled away from the kiss, leaving Dream red. "Didn't think I'd let you go with that measly kiss on the head, did you?"

Dream chuckled and lifted himself off of Schlatt. "I guess not." He said while grabbing his hoodie and swinging it over his shoulder. "I'll leave first then." He said, checking to see if he had everything before leaving, slipping on his mask. Shlatt watched him leave, the faintest frown on his face.

◦~●~◦~●~◦◇◦~●~◦~●~◦

Dream enjoyed his slow walk. It was quiet on this side of the SMP, snow was light, the sun was warm. There was no breeze but the calming feeling of the atmosphere put Dream at ease. If his ass and legs didn't hurt then he'd probably be doing some light parkour right now. Upon entering the prime path, Dream looked around to make sure no one was around, seeing that the area was mostly empty. Right when he walked into the community house, a taller man with a warm brown trench coat and brown beanie. The man had his arms crossed, glaring directly at Dream. Dream stopped, feeling that heaviness in his chest increase, he felt so small right now. "So where have you been?"

Dream couldn't speak. He didn't know why. He wanted to, but couldn't. I was with Jshlatt, he wanted to say. "Answer me!" Wilbur yelled, uncrossing his arms and taking a step closer to the blonde.

"I-i was with Shlatt..." Dream said in a small voice.

"Doing what, exactly?" Wilbur already knew. He went to Shlatt's early this morning, aiming to greave the L'manberg president. He stopped when seeing Dream in his arms, sleeping soundly, new bites on his tannish skin. He wanted to slay Jshlatt right then and there, but held back from doing so.

"We were just drinking, I crashed out at his place. Nothing else happened." Dream responded sternly, tilting his head as if to assert some sort of dominance.

"That's all? You didn't do anything else?" Wilbur asked, a hint of pain lingered in his sweet accent. He just wanted Dream to tell him the truth.

"What else would we do? It's not like the guy has any sort of meaning to me." Dream turned on his heel, walking away from Wilbur.

The taller man felt a pain in his heart, a heavy pinch in his throat. Please just turn around, is what he pleaded in his mind. Don't turn your back on me Dream. The blonde kept walking, slowly and shakily. Fucking turn around!! Wilbur clenched his teeth, speed walking towards Dream. Dream could hear his angry footsteps coming towards him, he turned around just in time, seeing as Wilbur grabbed him by the shoulders and dragged him back into the community house, holding him against a wall, a bruising grip against his skin. "TELL ME THE FUCKING TRUTH DREAM!!"

Dream turned his head to the side, refusing to look at Wilbur, not allowing himself to submit to him. "It's none of your concern."

"None of my concern, my ASS." Wilbur pulled down the neck peice on Dream's shirt, almost ripping the thin fabric. "What the fuck is this then?"

Dream swatted the taller man's hand away, covering that part of his neck with his hand. "Don't fucking touch me."

"That's not what you said the last time I had you in my bed. Quite the opposite." Wilbur glared at Dream, though there was hurt in his eyes. "It pisses me off..."

"What?" Dream held himself against the wall, trying to sink further into to get more distance between him and the crazed man above him.

"None of your concern." Wilbur spat, earning a glare from Dream.

"Don't pull that shit on me-"

"THEN WHY DO IT TO ME?!" Wilbur put his arms out, looking around the Community house as if there were more people there. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MOST CONDESCENDING AND ARROGANT ASSHOLE HERE ON STAGE." Wilbur let his arms fall heavily to his sides, smiling wider, like a psychotic moron. "Give a round of applause..."

"..." Dream was used to seeing Wilbur's little outbreaks. Most of the time he'd laugh with him, then comfort him afterwards with either cuddles or sex. But this time, he felt cold. "If I'm so arrogant then why don't you just leave me alone."

Wilbur grabbed Dream by his shirt, lifting him up to his face, his other hand on the wall. "You expect me to be able to just leave like that? After thinking about you countless times a day, masturbating to you, loving you, spending my FUCKING TIME WITH YOU... you just want me to up and leave? As if I don't have a HEART!!" Wilbur eased his glare, eyebrows creased upwards, his voice cracking with the want to cry. And yet that hint of a smile was still on his thin lips. "I shared everything with you, and even then you still hung onto that fucking title, "sex friend" or some shit like that."

"Wil-"

"Shut up Dream." Wilbur cut him off. Dream had a lazy look on his face, but felt the tears welling and his heart screaming, racing, yearning. He would be lying if he said he ever saw Wilbur as more than just a sex friend. "Dream I-.... I'm sorry... I just... I just NEED you... I WANT you... To be beside me, to hold me when I cry, to be there when we finally destroy what we both hate the most. Destroying shit together, for fun or for some sort of cause, I love doing it with you. Not with Tommy, not with Niki or anyone else. Not even my own father or my son. I want to keep going on with you by my side. And nobody else can satisfy this insanity of mine but you." Wilbur let go of Dream's shirt, letting him lean against the wall. He stroked the blonde's lip, silent tears falling from his hazel eyes. "When I go ballistic, whenever I lose my mind, I count on you to bring me back. To ease this constant heaviness on my shoulders." Wilbur rested his forehead against Dream's, his tears falling onto the SMP leaders' freckled cheeks. "You, Dream, are the end to my unfinished symphony, the one to destroy it, and the start to my never ending melody I hope to use to overwrite the past."

"Will... I-..." Dream couldn't take his eyes off of Wilbur's, too caught up in the sorrow that lay behind them, and too in love with the feeling they made him feel. "Fuck... Will why do you do this to me..."

"Because I'm an unstable man, crazy for another man just like me." Dream pulled the taller man the rest of the way down to him, dropping his hoodie on the ground, arms tight around his neck, fingers slipping under his beanie and gripping at his fluffy curls. Wilbur held onto Dream's lower back, lifting him up to lessen their height difference, making it easier to kiss him deeply. The two aggressively molded their lips together, tongues rubbing against the others, desperate for a feeling they both wish to reach. Wilbur held Dream tight against the wall, cold hands going under Dream's sweater, sucking in his warmth. Dream shivered a little, fingers tangling into the man's curls, moaning softly into the kiss.

Pulling away from each other's lips, a string of saliva connecting them, Wilbur took a moment to breathe in the blonde's scent, loving the way he smelled of pine. Then he caught that slight whiff of the other man's cologne on his Dream. He growled at it, dropping Dream on his feet and dragging him along. What the hell is with Wilbur and dragging people? Dream had just a second to grab his hoodie before being pulled quickly to Wilbur's home, and pinned against the wall. The front door was open while Wilbur sucked and bit at the tender and slightly red flesh that lay open for him. It was already covered in another man's marks, a tainted canvas filled with the scent of a media that he did not use.

His love had been soiled with another person's touch, another person's fluids, another person's member having stretched out what Wilbur thought belonged to solely him. Dream was swept away by the many bites littering his already slightly bruised skin, letting himself moan, eyes closed, flinching everytime Wilbur bit over the other man's bite. He hated the way it looked against Dream's skin, he hated the mere thought of Jshlatt of all people being the one to have ravished the same man whom Wilbur held dear. The anger boiled in him and he ended up being lost in his thoughts. All he could hear was his angry thoughts, Dream moaning breathlessly as he removed his pants and penetrated him with no hesitation. He wasn't aware of what he was doing until Dream's hands had cupped his face and had their eyes meet. Wilbur breathed in Dream's scent, and his nerves calmed, the light from the morning sun seemed to have brightened when he saw that beautiful face that he knew loved him back. He could feel it, he could see it. He drowned in Dream's loving kisses, and continued to thrust shallowly into the shorter dirty blonde man. Dream's

moans were muffled and eaten up by Wilbur's lips, all he could do was give himself yet again to this mentally unstable man that cried silently against him. He felt the heat coil in the pit of his stomach, he could feel his toes curl and his head lean back against the rough wall his back was pressed against. Wilbur dampened Dream's neck with kisses and soothing kitten licks to the red bites he left in the heat of his anger. With a louder and shaky moan, Dream came onto their chests, Wilbur following soon after and pulling out to release onto Dream's bare stomach.

"Dream... I love you." Wilbur panted against the mans lips, Dream chuckled lightly.

"I love you too." He breathed with a warm feeling bubbling comfortingly in his chest. He felt his heart flutter and his stomach flip. Wilbur laughed warmly and smothered Dream in more kisses, which the SMP leader returned wholeheartedly. "Wanna wash up real quick?"

Wilbur nodded and put Dream down so the two could dress themselves again. Dream grabbed Wilbur's hand once he had buckled his belt and pulled him to the walkway. Wilbur smiled as they both jumped into the water, hands still together. The water was cool against their skin, washing away their mess but not their feelings. Wilbur pulled Dream in for a kiss and the two stayed under for a good 30 seconds before rising the top and sighing with the air filling their lungs. "I love you." Wilbur smiled.

"I love you too." Dream said as he climbed out of the water and waited for Wilbur to join him. The british man smiled cutely.

"I love yooouuuu." He said in a sing song tune.

Dream laughed softly. "I love you too. Now come on so we can go home." Wilbur pouted and sank into the water until his mouth and nose was covered. "I'll cuddle you when we get back."

And that's how you get a Wilbur out of the water.

◦~●~◦~●~◦◇◦~●~◦~●~◦

Chapter End Notes

Some fluffy feels at the end but I hope you liked this, I love crazy wilbur so here ya go ya goddamn horny bastards :)

Sharexkudosxcomment

I'm listening to The "Nice Guy" Ballad by Wilbur Soot while writing this lolll

Angst Skit

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Fall of L'Manberg

Explosions in the far distance slowly faded, fires only roared and snapped in the silence. They were soon gifted rain, the scent of it mixing with the smell of wood and blood, heavily painted along the ruined ground. It was a disaster, caused by none other than Dream. Technoblade watched as the nation once known as L'manberg sat in devastation, his dog's at his side, potion effects still in his system, and his swords handle now warm in his clenched fist. He flourished in this chaos, he and Dream did. While others suffered, they laughed to the sound of bombs igniting against whatever they hit, and the screams and pleas of those who watched their home fall to ashes and bits of pieces of what they once loved. Tears stained their eyes, throats hoarse from battle cries and arguments that ended up doing nothing for the cause. A failed defense system weighed heavily on their shoulders, along with their now drenched clothes.

The rain soothed whatever injuries the enemy had suffered, but it wasn't enough to cool the burning tears streaming from broken hearted eyes. The cage of obsidian lacing the skies remained, haunting the crater beneath, and taunting the failures that looked upon it. This moment lasted too long, and it was either suffocating or fucking amazing in the eyes of both parties. This place has been freed from a nation once proud, this hole in the earth resembled a pit that had been dug into each of the enemies prides. It hurt, sure it did, but at the end of this solemn darkness, and when the dawn has peirced through the blanket of night, the fires would have been silenced, and everyone would have been forced to move on. Nothing could be fixed, and no one would be moronic enough to build another nation atop one that has faced an enraged god. At least that is what he saw himself to be.



Chapter End Notes

I just needed to let out some angst

Share×kudos×comment

SAMxDREAM

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Prisoner to a Man of Hidden Desires

| WARNING | LACK OF CONSENT | SEMI-ANGST | SADISTIC SAM | PRISON SEX |
Sam is 7'4, his dream smp height | Dream is his normal height |

"Burn this clock again. And I PROMISE... you will regret it." Sam scolded, pointing his nethrite sword, Wardens Will, at Dream. The prisoner held his hands up, a chuckle rumbling his throat, he inhaled sharply and sighed out an amused sigh. The glow of the lava and the brighter glow from the glowstone was all that illuminated the dark obsidian walls, including the man held within them.

"But Sam, Sammy Sam Sam," the deranged man giggled, "we have soooo much fun together, don't we? I mean. We ARE friends, right?"

"Don't call me Sammy." Sam said sternly, lowering his sword and tilting his head down. "We... are NOT friends..." Sam's voice was cool, calm, very collected and patient. He hardly raised it, and Dream couldn't wait to force that hidden malice behind not only that creeper shaped gas mask, but also those eyes the blonde had yet to see dilate, pupils shrink, that hint of a flame he needed to ignite and force to explode. God he wanted that fucking demeanor to shatter into nothing but rage.

"Y'know, I'mma be straight with you, Sam." Dream began, hands gripping his lectern, leaning against it, the book and quill that was previously in it felt to the ground, opening to a page with a lazily drawn ":)" on it. Dream grinned upon seeing it. He had grabbed Sam's attention, the man now looking at his prisoner. "I appreciate the warden ACT you have going on, it's amazing don't get me wrong. But learn to lighten UP. Your no fun Sammyyyy." Dream pouted, head tilted to the side, and a whine hinted towards the end of his sentence.

Sam scoffed. "Don't call me Sammy." He said, now regretting sparing Dream a moment to say as he pleased. "And it's not an act, far from it."

"Oh please. Spare me the dominating warden role and give up that high and mighty title you hold onto." Dream shook his head, giving Sam a judgmental look. His mask showed just his lips, cracked along the top, chipped in some edges.

"YOU GAVE ME THIS TITLE, DREAM!!" Sam yelled, heavily putting his foot down a step closer, sword clenched in his gloved fist. "YOU did Dream. YOU."

"Yeah I know I did. It's not like I forgot."

Sam felt like slapping him right then and there, wiping that grin from his chapped lips. Fuck him up, hurt him, force him down. What the hell? No, why would I think that? Sam shook his head and pushed his mask up more, adjusting it since it was sliding just a bit. "Can you knock it off with the asshole act? You already ruined a server, let's not ruin your experience here any further."

"So passive. So boring." Dream said with a yawn at the end. He could see the man's patience thinning. "So upsetting." Sam clicked his tongue and turned his back to Dream, head down, just about ready to leave the cell. "I probably should've appointed a better man for the job, someone more dominant, more strict, more fun. Someone willing to put me in my place. It does get boring, hehe, y'know, being a God all day. Being the dealer of the table, being the puppet master." Dream talked while moving his hands around, holding both hands up, palms facing the ground, fingers spread and wiggling as if using a puppet on some strings. "Someone less... explosive."

Sam turned around in a heart beat, the sword's tip pointing towards Dream. "EXPLOSIVE? EXPLOSIVE??! HOW IM THE HELL AM I EXPLOSIVE?! IM THE MOST PATIENT PERSON TO HAVE EVER BEEN ASSIGNED AS A FUCKING WARDEN WATCHING OVER PANDORA'S FUCKING BOX!! YOU, Dream, YOU are fucking EXPLOSIVE. No one can do ANYTHING for themselves with YOU around. You walk down the fucking path and everyone holds their breath or at least feels themselves grow weary! All because of some arrogant, god-complex motherfucker that knows NOTHING of peace or justice." Sam had Dream practically backed all the way against the lectern at this point, leaving back against it to avoid meeting with Sam's masked face. Sam grabbed him by his shirt, his sword stabbed through the chest, using it to hold himself up. "You, Dream... are the one that fucks everything up, and deserves to be controlled, here and nowhere else."

Dream loved this, he couldn't help but to smile psychotically at every single syllable that came from the Wardens pursed lips. The fear, the intimidation, that burn in his throat that screamed to cry and whimper like a dog that had just been whipped. Sam's words felt like sickeningly sweet cracks against his facade, making welts in his pride, bringing him just a tinge closer to submission. He wanted to moan so bad. "Then control me. Cause I couldn't even feel the dominance in you. I'd say right now is the most frightened of you I have ever been. If you could even call it FRIGHT."

Sam had enough of this, enough of Dream's bullshit, enough of that sickening grin he always wore no matter what the fuck he was doing to others. He grabbed the prisoner by his shoulder, turning him around and holding his chest down against the slope of the lectern. Dream's knees buckled from the sudden movement, forcing him partially kneel. Sam kicked the back of his thigh. "Stand up. Now." He said in a dominating tone. Dream groaned to the sound of that demand, standing up and locking his knees, ass in the air now pressed tight against Sam's pelvis. Sam would he lying if he said this didn't feel satisfying. Being in control, having someone so fucking powerful at his own mercy, he needed more of this feeling. He wrapped his larger gloved hand around the back of Dream's neck, keeping the man's face down against the lectern, his other hand that held his sword placed down the heavy weapon, pulling a dagger from one of his pockets. Sam stabbed the blade just barely under Dream's pants, tearing away the fabric enough to reveal the blonde's ass. He didn't care that he would probably need to replace it later. Just for fun he'd probably leave Dream there naked for a day or so then provide him with clothing.

Dream, with his hands on the lectern's edge, gasped and coughed softly, the grip around his neck had grown stronger, fingers digging into his vocal chords, a heavy palm keeping his face down uncomfortably against hard wood. He could feel Sam's penetrating gaze through that mask, yearning for a glimpse of the man's expression. He decided to fight against Sam's movements for a moment, testing his waters. Sam felt Dream try pushing himself up, managing to lift his face off the lectern. I guess He's stronger than I assumed, Sam thought to himself, lifting Dream's head up further, just to slam it back down against the lectern. "Be still, or I'll make you bleed more than I already plan to."

Dream scoffed. "Try me, you really think I'm easy? Hell no, this is just the sta-" Sam had cut him off, lifting Dream's face again and hitting it against the obsidian wall instead of the lectern. The mask snapped in half, pieces of it cutting into Dream's cheek, a shard getting into his eyes and partially blinding him.

"F-fuck..." Dream mumbled with one bleeding eye closed, he cringed at the pain, wanting so bad to shriek, but didn't want to give Sam the satisfaction of hearing it. Tears mixed with the blood, burning his injury even more. Sam felt a hint of a smirk threatening to pull at his lips when seeing blood drip onto the wood and that mask now broken, falling to the floor. Dream held that mask close to him. It was never just an accessory. It was much more than that.

Seeing that mask now broken on the dreadful ground flipped that tiny switch inside of Dream, making him feel absolutely helpless and afraid. He looked at the mask as if it were a dead loved one. He whimpered and put a hand out to the mask, but Sam wouldn't let him have it. He grabbed Dream's arm, bending it back and holding it against Dream's lower back, forcing a cry from the blonde.

Anyone could see that pain in Dream's face, how much he regretted everything right now, how much he wanted to hold that mask, how much he hates what he has become. He lay limp and helpless, unaware of Sam's movement behind him. He felt the hot length against his ass, he fought against it. With a small helpless plea, he tried to lift a leg onto the lectern to get further from Sam, he tried using his other hand to lift himself up again but was met with Sam's heavy abdomen pushing him back down. He cried when the blade of his golden dagger pierced through his thigh, being slowly entered further and further until the handle had rested cold against his skin.

The burn in his hole made him scream, feeling his own skin tear, feeling the blood roll down his leg. When he felt Sam's hips against his ass, he could barely breathe. His sobs mixed with loud broken moans. His dick was limp, all he could think about was that mask, all he could bring himself to say in protest to this action was worthless pleas that didn't even graze Sam's ears. He

was blinded by rage, by this God like feeling of controlling someone that was in control for so damn long. Dream felt helpless, too helpless to even fight back, too broken up by the cold cruel slap of realization. He let Sam take him, he let the warden use him, stab him, abuse him. He let it happen all while recalling the most painful memories of him, George, and Sapnap. He wailed out their names, calling for help, sobbing his pleas, all just to have them silenced by unintentional moans and Sam's harsh words.

After a while, Dream had fallen unconscious, body weak and limp on the ground, semen leaking from his ass, body trembling and thrashing when Sam lifted him up. The warden knocked him one right in the jaw, his body falling back, completely still. Sam stripped Dream of his clothes. Tossing them into the lava, and fixing himself up before leaving the cell. Once out of the prison, he put his head down, glaring at a pair of trembling hands. He fucked up. He regretted it. He hated it. He hated himself, and hated himself even more for not even fixing him up and making sure he doesn't bleed to death. He despised what he had become in that one hour. Then the alarms of the prison blared. Inside, Dream had awoken, both halves of the broken mask in his bloodied hands, crying uncontrollably over them. A taller man had broken through the ceiling of the obsidian wall, fire resistance potions in his system, long and heavy velvet cape draped over his shoulders.

Dream backed away from the person he couldn't bring himself to recognize, fear striking him hard. The man scooped Dream up in his arms, earning another scream and a plead to let him go. The pig masked man did his best to calm Dream down, shushing him gently, dousing him in regeneration potions. Once healed, Dream had relaxed and deemed this person friendly. He closed his eyes and fainted again, barely even feeling the soft velvet wrap around him and the feeling of warm thick liquidy substance cloaking him. His savior carried him through the lava, having already covered Dream in fire resistance. Once out of the lava, his father called out. "Techno we gotta go! Sam is already on top of the prison!"

Handing Dream over to Phil, Techno grabbed his sword from its sheath. "Go, get to the house safely, I'll hold him off."

Phil nodded, of course worried, and flew off, Dream in his arms, wrapped in Techno's cloak. He noticed how Dream had his broken mask gripped tightly in quivering hands. He frowned as he flew, feeling a pain in his chest.

◦~●~◦~●~◦◇◦~●~◦~●~◦

Chapter End Notes

I CANT POG THROUGH THE PAIN AAAAAAAHHHHHHH
IM SORRY THIS ONES BAD IT WAS A REQUEST
ON DISCORD FOR A TORTURE FIC BUT I CANT DO TORTURE
I STAN CONSENTTTT WSHDUHSJDJFJFNFFNC
SOMEONE DOUSE ME IN HOLY CONSENT WATER
AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGHHGGGGGG

Anyways I hope this wasn't too bad, this is also the prologue to a Dreamza fic that was requested :)

Don't worry, this Dreamza won't be Non-consensual.
Consent all the way motherfucker

I also plan to do a Consensual and wholesome Sam x dream

AAAAAAHHHHHHH PLEASE NO MORE ANGSTY REQUESTS
SBDJKSJDJKDJFBFJDBCBJDSJFN

Jk, request what you want but please gimme a break from sin

Share×kudos×comment

DREAMZA

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

I'm lagging a fuck ton right now with updates, schools been a bitch, and I'm technically grounded lol. But I must provide lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Black-Winged Dove **(continuation of Prisoner to a Man of Hidden Desires)**

| Mainly Fluff | Caring Philza | Bit o angst | Fluffy | soft smut | angst |

Dream awoke in a warm bed, soft covers blanketed over his still healing body. Particles emitted from him, indicating that potion effects were still effective and slowly healing the deep cuts in his thighs. The sun was softly glowing against his face and opening his eyes. He squinted to the brightness of the natural light, having been stuck in that prison for so long. He then remembered last night, how Sam had forced him down and abused him in such a way, the pain and the warmth of blood rolling down his thighs. He started to tear up, shaking and crying with his face towards the window. He missed the sunlight, he missed the cold of this biome and the gentle warmth of another person. His body remembered the feeling of being held so protectively in strong arms and being carried through the cold wind, away from that hell of a prison. But he knew Sam wasn't gonna let him go so easily, and the fact that he wasn't completely safe from that man made him even more afraid. He also blamed himself for that incident. He kept pushing Sam, taunting him and continuously angering the warden. In a way he got what he deserved, and he couldn't help but feel as though this was payback for all the shit he did. He convinced himself that he shouldn't be acting like the victim when he was the one that taunted Sam, he was the one that traumatized Tommy, manipulated many, took advantage of that power he had and used it to keep everyone under his control. He was practically acting somewhat like a dictator.

He felt a cool hand press lightly against his face, making him flinch and scoot away from the limb, afraid of who it might belong to. His eyes landed hazily on a blonde man, green and white striped hat and a grey cloak over his shoulders. The man was currently shirtless but had bandages, lightly bloodied, wrapped around his chest. He also had light blonde scruff around his chin. Dream recognized him well enough to deem him familiar and to faintly remember his name, but his heart still raced and cold sweat still moistened his forehead. Philza sat there for a moment then sighed

lightly, mostly relieved, and stood from where he was kneeled beside the bed. Dream kept a watchful eye on the man as he walked away and retrieved a plate of still warm food from a chest on the far side of the room. He sat on the edge of Dreams bed and handed him the plate, which he accepted. Dream eagerly ate the well baked potato first, enjoying the light buttery taste to it as it melted against his tongue. The meal was light, not greasy, not too salty or strong, just right for his stomach that had been without actual food for a long time. The food he had now had livened him quite a bit, making him seem brighter and the paleness to his skin return to it's light tan color. He felt more vibrant with just this plate of food which he had already devoured, and when being handed a nice cold cup of water he had also downed that in an instant.

Phil chuckled softly. "You're gonna choke if you eat so quickly." He commented, taking the empty plate and cup and placing it on a chest beside the bed. "How are you feeling?"

Dream wiped his lips free of lingering crumbs with the bandage on his hand and cleared his throat. "Better..." He rasped. It felt as if it was the first time he spoke in seemingly forever. "How... How long was I a-sleep." His voice gave out halfway through the sentence.

"I'd say a good 2 days. You didn't seem to be in any sort of coma, there was only light damage to your head and once we got here you suffered a bad migraine. It may have been a concussion at most but you fell asleep perfectly fine. I settled on just the fact that you lacked proper sleep." Phil gave the younger man a light warm smile, which made Dream feel safer just by looking at it. He put his head down.

"How come you didn't just use regeneration potions? These healing ones are slower." Dream lifted the blanket to see his legs and majority of his body wrapped in bandages. He doesn't remember his injuries being THAT bad.

"Techno gave you a regeneration potion when he entered your cell, but your body rejected it due to your immune systems weak state. The potion healed your injuries a bit but when I carried you the rest of the way here some of your half healed injuries reopened. After bandaging you up I tried to have you drink the potion instead, but you threw up the entire thing." Phil explained everything to Dream, taking his time and speaking calmly and slowly so that Dream could thoroughly process it all. "Since you have had mining fatigue effects constantly in your system for so long, your body has gotten used to it so much that other potions may not work as well. It's sort of like when one is addicted to drugs. You'll need time to fully get the mining fatigue out of your system and restore your immune system. Lack of food, lack of sleep, and a stressful and abusive environment does a number on not just your mental health but also your physical health. Me and Techno decided to help you rehabilitate here where you will know you will be safe."

"He actually agreed to that?"

"Yes, after some convincing from me of course." Phil pursed his lips upon remembering the long argument he had with Techno, debating whether or not they should keep Dream here. "Your stomach is weak at the moment, and regeneration potions have a strong taste and effect on the body. It'll take some time before you can consume potions normally. For now, you will use a light health potion with a short amount of time. You'll mainly depend on physical training and rest to get better."

Dream scoffed and laid back down. "So I have to heal slowly like some kind of loser."

"Yes. Whether you like it or not. If you are deemed to be too much of a hassle, I technically can't stop Techno from giving up on you. Though I can try and convince him further." Phil said while watching the younger man stare off into the distance.

"Why do I have so many bandages anyways? I don't remember having so many injuries." Dream asked while looking up at Philza.

"The stab wounds in your thighs are very deep, they punctured through your muscle so they will take the most amount of time to heal. The injuries on your head are mere bruises by now, though there were deeper cuts along the temple, they have already healed during your sleep. On your hands are 3 degree burns from touching lava too much and lack of treating those burns. The burns are a bit infected but with proper care they should be fine for now. Your body is malnourished as well as lacking proper sleep. I'm assuming you didn't have a bed in there?"

Dream looked down at his hands. "I did for a bit but when I made Sam mad he took it away."

"Obsidian is an unforgiving block to sleep on. There are abrasions on your knees and elbows from having been rubbing constantly against a hard surface. You also have injuries to your spine also from sleeping on hard floors like that and from some sort of brute force to the lower body. Do you know what that could be from?" Phil tilted his head to the side, seeing as Dream's expression went from calm to scared.

Dream recalled what had happened, what Sam had done. If he really let himself he could still feel the sensation of something forcefully penetrating him from behind. "I-... I-I..."

Phil already knew what it could have been. "I also found traces of... semen on your thighs and around your lower regions. From what Techno had seen when he broke into your cell I assume it's not your own?"

Dream only shook his head and clenched his fists in frustration. It hurt to do that, so he let go and just lay his hands numbly against his knee. He started to tear up, holding them in though failing to do so. Phil felt his heart twist upon seeing Dream cry, whatever it was that triggered that feeling had made his body move on it's own, hugging Dream gently and softly rubbing his back in soothing massaging patterns. Dream whimpered against Philza's shoulder, eyes squeezed shut and throat burning from holding in his sobs. They stayed like that for a short while until Dream finally mumbled. "It- it wasn't his fault... I- I made him do it, I kept pissing him off and taunting him and talking down to him and I just kept doing it until he finally broke and I just-" Dream was talking fast, stumbling over his words and taking shallow breaths between them. Phil lifted Dream's head, larger hands grasping at Dream's pale face and wiping away the streams of tears.

"Dream, you're rambling." Phil said softly, smiling gently at him. Dream sniffled and nodded, keeping eye contact with the British man. "You may have done those things, but he didn't have to do that to you." Philza looked between Dream's greyish green eyes. "And after years upon years of being alive, I soon learned that just because you were wronged, it does not mean you should be tormented. What goes around comes around sure, but being in that prison for so long should be enough to repent for what you have done. There is no need for you to suffer more than that. And either way, it's inhumane to be so cruel."

Dream smiled sadly. "I'm not exactly clean of bloodshed Phil... I've tormented people before. And I can hear their cries replaying in my head before I fall asleep." Dream looked down, Phil loosened his hands to allow the man move his head. Dream lifted his arms, his hands loosely grabbing Philza's shoulders and going down until his hands gripped at his forearms. "The first time I ever got a break from them was when you held me. I stopped hearing them when I felt your arms around me, and even as I slept, all I could see was white. No dreams... No one there. And yet for some reason I felt safe, and warm, and comfortable. And I think it was because of you."

Phil smiled, but couldn't help but take that somewhat romantically, considering that Dream had the softest blush on his face as he spoke. "They may be there, but like me and Techno, people won't like us because we are dangerous, they'll misunderstand us because they think we aren't just as kind, and because of our mistakes, we are shoved aside and made the villains. But those who do see the god in us are the ones we have to keep close."

Dream nodded and looked back up at Phil. "You're a very kind person Philza." He said wholeheartedly, smiling gently.

"I know you can be too." Phil replied, letting go of Dream and getting up from the bed. Dream grabbed onto the sleeve of his shirt. "Hmm?"

"Are you going far away...?" Dream asked, genuine fear in his voice.

Phil couldn't help but smile. "No. I'll get you some more water, is there anything else you need?"

Dream thought for a moment and nodded. "Can I try another regen. potion?"

Phil nodded and left to get what he wanted. Meanwhile, Dream lifted the blanket and looked at the many bandages around his body. He didn't have anything on other than the bandages. He turned, legs over the edge, he slowly stood. He noticed a mirror at the further edge of the room and slowly made his way to it. He pulled the bandages off, and watched as they fell off of his body. The burns were mainly healed but still stayed in red blotches, the stab wounds were large and bruised, a couple reopened and slowly bled. He hated his body as it was, looking at the many scars that also followed and was covered by new wounds. He knew a couple of these wounds would scar, especially the ones in his thighs. Phil walked back in, a potion and some water in his hands. He was confused at first when he saw Dream, then gave a small side smile as he put the two drinks down. Dream was in too much of a daze to realize Phil was there, he didn't notice he was there until he felt someone hug him from behind. "You're crying, Dream."

Dream flinched and wiped his tears, head down and looking at the fallen bandages. "Sorry I just... I've never liked my body much, having so many scars, having been the person I was and most likely still am. I just hate looking at my reflection, though I still do it just to remind myself who's body this is."

"What do you mean?" Phil asked, comfortingly rubbing the sides of Dream's arms.

"Sometimes when I look at myself, my eyes are black, and all I can do is watch as my body moves on its own and terrorizes those that I love. When I try to control it, it gets stronger and it hurts me more and more. So to keep it in, I act the way it wants me to so that I don't have to hurt people more than I already have." Dream looks at his crying face in the mirror again and smiles. "And the sick part is, that I like this sadistic, disgusting feeling. So much so that I laugh and smile even if it hurts me. It's like a demon lives inside of me."

Phil turned Dream towards him, leaning in and hugging him firmly. Dream accepted the hug, sighing in relief when feeling that safety he always yearned for. "No matter what it is that you have in there, I won't abandon you when I'm the one you say gives you that safety you need." Phil looked into the mirror and saw it, those black claw marks along Dream's back, symbols of a darker entity within him. Slowly, the formation of an evil smile and red eyes appeared on the mirror, right over Dream's head. "Whatever it may be..." Phil started, a hand on the back of Dream's head, and a protective arm around his waist, he glared at the smile in the mirror. "I will help you escape it."

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Dream had successfully drank the Regen. potion, which healed up the smaller burns and majority of the cuts and abrasions. After a good night's rest, which he had begged for Phil to stay with him

for, Philza was determined to help Dream get back to his normal state. First it started with simple things like walking around the area for 30 minutes, take a 5 minute break, and repeat. They would do this for the majority of the week until one day, Dream took off running, laughing and smiling widely as he tossed around the snow, running almost at his full speed around the fenced off area. He collapsed in the snow in a fit of laughter and panting. Phil only smiled at him, relieved to see he was cheerful and smiling so beautifully. The sun reflected against his bright smile, and the sparkle in his eyes bore bright signs of hope returning to the broken soul Dream harbored inside himself.

Dream sighed and nuzzled against the cold snow, loving the feel of it after so long of being without it. He listened to the birds, to the wind softly rustling the spruce leaves, he even heard a fox in the distance. Phil stood beside him, watching him, observing him to make sure the training was going well. He looked for any signs of bodily distress. But Dream's body language only told him that he was calm at the moment. A twig in the treeline snapped and Dream's head perked up, he watched as a shadow emerged from the forest, and trudged briefly into the opening, past the fence. Technoblade sighed with relief when seeing his and Philza's home, tired from the journey. Before walking up the staircase, he looked over at Phil, then down at Dream. Technoblade walked towards the two, axe in hand, which Dream eyed and tensed up upon seeing. The images flashed before his eyes. Quackity holding Sam's axe, repeating the same cuts to his thighs and any limb he needed to escape. The burn in his throat as he screamed for Sam to save him, for anyone to drag him out of this hell.

He even screamed for George and Sapnap at one point, but the sobs and please were all in vain as he was relentlessly tortured for the information he held onto. Phil noticed the change in Dream's body and gestured for Techno to lower the axe. Though hesitant, the piglin hybrid got the idea and put his axe into his inventory, then knelt in front of Dream. "Scared of a little weapon? That's highly unlike you, being the infamous DREAM after all."

Dream cowered under Techno's words, putting his head down and bringing his knees up to his chest. Phil stepped forward slightly and narrowed his eyes at Technoblade, a way of telling him to ease up. The pink haired man only shrugged and scoffed lightly. He then ruffled Dream's hair in a comforting manner. "I'm not a kid." Dream muttered as he looked up at Techno, no longer hiding his face. The hybrid shrugged again and moved his hand to stroke a bandage on the blonde's cheek.

"I'm not good with affection. So take it or leave it." Said Technoblade before he stood up and walked back to the porch, starting to unwrap his armor upon walking into the warmer room. Phil shook his head and chuckled.

"For as long as I've known him, it's become a well known fact that he doesn't show anyone any form of affection. His way of caring for someone is being around to help or fight for them if needed." Phil put his hand out to Dream, which the other man took and stood up, clothes now wet from the snow.

"I think he's really nice, just doesn't like to show it." Dream snickered, making his way inside. Phil closed the door after the two made it inside Techno's house. The piglin man was currently hanging his pig mask above the fireplace, his cape and armor displayed on an armor stand in the corner. The formal dress shirt he wore was wrinkled and dirty some of it went from snow, sticking to his skin. Philza pulled a chair next to the fire place, patting it as a gesture for Dream to sit down, which he accepted.

Techno joined him, pulling a chair for himself in front of the fireplace on the opposite side of Dream. "I see you were finally able to drink that potion. When I first gave it to you you spewed all over my shirt. Not exactly the best thing a guy can do for his savior."

"Oh come on man, I already washed it for ya. Wasn't his fault." Phil said while rolling his eyes and starting up the stove.

"I had to carry this guy through I don't know how many gallons of lava, wasn't exactly easy to do." Techno complained further, leaning back against the chair.

"Dude he's not even heavy, I carried him the rest of the way home." Phil chopped up some potatoes.

"If it was such a harsh and annoying task then why do it." Dream asked quietly, hands balled into fists in his lap.

Techno leaned forward, forearms against his legs, finger intertwined. "Why save you?"

"Yeah. Why save me?"

A moment passed and Techno looked down, long pink braids falling off his shoulder and cover the left side of his face. The fire cracked and a log fell slightly. Because I couldn't just let you suffer. He thought. "Because I still owe you that favor. And now we're even with this." He got up and walked upstairs. "Call me when foods ready." He said to Phil, then lie down on his bed.

Philza sighed lightly and proceeded to boil the potatoes, now preparing some steak. Dream shook his head and chuckled lightly. "As expected from him." The blonde said while standing up and walking to Phil and putting his head between his wings, sighing lightly. "Mm tired..."

Phil smiled and continued to season the steak. "We're gonna eat in a moment, then you can sleep." He placed the steak on the pan, loud sizzling sounds following. "Neither me or Techno have an extra bed, and I highly doubt he'll let you stay here since he's back now. So... you can sleep in my bed for now. I do have extra blankets, for nights that blizzards get pretty bad so I'll take the floor."

"No, I'll take the floor. I'm not gonna take your bed." Dream said, looking up at the small braid on the back of his head, chin against Philza's back. "You sleep in the bed."

"No, you're injured. And you need rest in a comfortable area. You get the bed." Phil said while flipping the steak.

Dream grumbled and sat down at the table, a hand in his chin and elbow on the table. Phil finished up the food and served 3 plates, placing one in front of Dream and the other 2 where he and Techno would sit. "Techno! Food!"

Phil sat beside Dream, who already started nibbling at his potatoes. Technoblade sat in his designated chair and began to eat as well. Dream managed to chew into a piece of steak, having some trouble since he hasn't had steak in literally a half a year. Phil grabbed a knife and held the handle towards Dream, who flinched and looked at the blade of the knife with fear in his eyes. Phil pulled back automatically and took Dream's plate, cutting up the steak for him then sliding it back in front of him. Dream smiled at Phil before continuing to eat. Technoblade scoffed. "What are you? His dad?" Techno looked at Dream as he ate. "Needed daddy Philza to cut up your steak?"

Dream narrowed his eyes at the hybrid. Phil gave him a questioning look. "Knock it off, he's still healing and getting used to his normal life again."

Techno rolled his eyes and ate his last bite of potato, then got up and placed his plate in the sink. He then went back upstairs. As he lied down, glasses on the window sill, hands behind his head and legs crossed, he wondered why he felt the want to bully Dream. Why he couldn't stand that weak look on his face, why he felt so fucking pissed off at the fact that Dream wasn't his normal

self. Fighting Techno, battling each other for the stupidest reasons, taunting each other. Why was Dream looking at Philza so damn much? "I'm so pathetic." He said to himself before turning on his side and closing his eyes.

Dream washed the dishes, Phil put away what he didn't use and cleaned off the table. The two walked across the porch and into Phil's house once done cleaning up. Phil gestured for Dream to go upstairs first as he locked the door, then followed and grabbed some extra blankets from a chest. Dream lie down in the bed, slipping his legs under the fluffy heavy blanket, perfect for this cold biome. Just when Philza was about to place down the blanket, Dream tugged on his sleeve and looked up at the man with a hint of sadness in his eyes. He was uneasy as well. "You don't have to sleep on the floor..." he said while backing up and patting the bed. Phil sighed, smiling knowing he won't win against Dreams stubbornness.

Phil lifted the blanket and slipped off his wooden old fashioned sandals and lay down beside the younger blonde. Dream smiled and lay down as well, facing Phil, eyes closed and a comfortable smile on his face. Philza put an arm around him, pulling his against his chest. Dream accepted the affectionate action, snuggling against his warmth and letting sleep overtake him. Philza watched as he slept, then tucked a stray hair behind the blondes ear, then cupping his cheek gentle, stroking the blondes lip with his thumb. He then flinched and pulled his hand away, staring at his palm as if it were infected. "The fuck am I doing.." he sighed while hugging the blonde again and closing his eyes.

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A month had passed, Dream was now doing parkour normally, doing all kinds of clutches as if he never was locked up. He could dodge attacks, having regained his flexibility and muscle, he could hold a bow and shield fine, his aim was amazing as always. Yet he still didn't want to hold an axe or sword. Everytime Philza would hand him one, he'd hold it shakily for a few seconds, the drop it and run off into the forest.

Dream had put Philza in a tight spot, dodging his sword, dodging any attacks, managing to roll under Phil and trip him, making the man fall. Dream finished off by pressing the loaded crossbow to his neck. The two stared into each other's eyes, panting, then philza smiled and leaned his head back, the snow cold against his skin, relieving the heat on his forehead. "Good job." He said once catching his breath.

Dream lifted the bow, flipping on the safety lock and stepping back as Philza stood, patting away the bits of snow on his kimono. He then ruffled Dreams hair, which the younger blonde smiled at, yet felt slightly offended by. He moved to the side. "I'm not a kid." Dream said while walking inside, propping his crossbow up against the wall and going up to Techno's room, where he borrowed one of the mans capes since he was cold from the snow and mostly cloudy day, Philza figured it would snow later in the evening. The two went inside, Phil warming up some tea for himself and Dream. Dream sat at the trapdoor window, sitting on an anvil with his chin on his palm, watching as the sun set and snow began to fall. By the time the moon had fully risen, the light snow had progressed into a blizzard, the wind howling loudly from the fireplace.

Philza sat with his right leg over his left, a book in hand, a cup of tea in his other, he glanced at Dream, who anxiously tapped the window sill, looking for Technoblade. But he never showed up. A while later passed and Dream stood up, grabbing his crossbow and tightening the cape around himself. Philza looked over at him, he was expecting this. "Don't go out there."

"He could be hurt, I know Techno never really gets seriously injured, but this time it's different.

There's a blizzard, and he said he'd be home before dark. He's never late..." Dream opened the door, a strong gust of wind pushing him against the frame and running chills down his spine. He stood back up and ran upstairs to grab a clip on hood Techno kept just incase. He clipped it onto netherote clasps below the fur of the cape, and pulled the hood on, walking out and closing the door behind him. Philza shook his head and went back to his book.

"No point in trying to stop him. Stubborn ass..." He looked up at the clock above the fireplace, then back at his book. "I'll give him 20 minutes."

Dream had been walking in the direction Technoblade had left in for at least 10 minutes, running and doing parkour through the wind. A sudden gusts stronger than the rest pushed him off balance and made him slip against the snow atop a tree. He fell on his side, groaning in pain while lifting himself up to his feet, using a tree trunk to hold onto. A skeleton shot an arrow in the distance, it landed right next to him. "Fuck..." Dream muttered, then shot a couple arrows at the skeleton, watching as it died before running off with blood running down his leg. A wound has reopened. Dream had finally reached the 20 minute mark when he saw Technoblade's nametag, lower than usual, behind a tree. "Tech-"

He began before another gust of wind drowned out his voice. "Techno!" He attempted again, but in vain. "Techno!!!" He hollered while running towards the tree. He slid to a stop, slipping and falling right beside the hybrid. He stumbled to his knees and crawled to the man hunched over with his face in his arm, head down and back against a tree. "Techno- Technoblade! Hey...?" He lightly shook the bulkier man, tears welling in his eyes when he received no response. "TECHNOBLADE!!!"

The taller man snapped his head up and coughed harshly, eyes squinted and hazy. "Dream... what the hell are you doing here?"

"You took so damn long! I was worried you asshole!!!" Dream yelled, picking up Techno's arm and putting it around his shoulder, helping him walk. Another gust of wind made Dream stagger, which Techno noticed and tried harder to support his own weight. Then came a few zombies and a skeleton. Dream sucked in a harsh breath and held up the crossbow with one hand, his aim wobbly against the wind. He managed to shoot down the zombies, missing a lot with the skeleton. "Fuck... Techno do you have any gapples...?"

The taller man scoffed. "If I did... I wouldn't be like this..." He said barely loud enough for Dream to hear over the wind.

Dream clenched his teeth, and thought for a moment, then got an idea. "Give me your axe."

Technoblade flinched at his words. "Dream, you haven't gotten over the trauma ye-"

"GIVE ME THE AXE TECHNOBLADE." Dream repeated, letting go of his arm and tossing down the crossbow. Techno bit the inner part of his cheek before doing as Dream said and pulling his axe from his inventory. He held it out to Dream, and waited. Dream looked at the axe, swallowed the lump in his throat, and clenched his teeth. He then grabbed it and eyes the skeleton before charging for it, dodging an arrow and hiding behind a tree, waiting for it to get closer before swinging at one of its arms, it glows red for a moment to indicate damage taken, he then swings again at its chest and it died in a puff of pixelated smoke. Dream panted, the wind pushed him a little, having him lean against a tree. He looked back at Technoblade, seeing the long haired man kneeled on the ground, blood dripping onto the pure white snow, an arrow sticking out of his shoulder.

"TECHNO!" Dream screamed, running towards him.

Dream pulled the hybrids body to the side, against a tree hidden from the harsh gusts of wind and agonizingly cold temperature of it. Technoblade held his bleeding shoulder, the warmth of it sending chills up his spine. Dream grabbed onto Technos uninjured shoulder and shook him lightly. "Technoblade... please stay with me, the-the house isn't too far from here let me just-" Dream looked around, squinting, trying to see which direction he came in. "just... fuck... I can't find it.."

Dream looked at Technoblade, cringing at the sight of the arrow sticking out of his skin. The older man groaned in pain, and flinched when feeling a body press taut against his own. Dream wrapped his arms around the others chest, covering them both in the large heavy cape, and put his head down against the blood soaked fabric of Technoblades shirt. The Blade just stared for a moment and put his arm around the smaller built male. "I'm sorry you have to deal with me." He said into Dreams ear so he could hear him properly through the loud rushing of wind. Dream closed his eyes, not allowing the tears to flow. He feared Techno would be dead by the time he opens them again.

Technoblade leaned his head back and gazed off into the distance, taking the time to breath as normally as he could and relax his tense muscles. His heart beat got faster and faster, trying to keep up with the amount of blood he was losing. Then he heard it, the sound of faint footsteps growing closer and closer. Then he saw it, that frame of large black wings covering a man in an old fashioned outfit. Technoblade chuckled softly and leaned his head back, a large tired smile on his face. Philza kneeled beside the two, worry plastered onto his face as he looked at the arrow that has been sitting in Technos shoulder for 10 minutes now. "How the hell did you of all people get so banged up?"

Technoblade only shrugged and softly pushed Dream's shoulders, the smaller blonde looking up at him, then to the side where Phil was kneeled. "PHILZA!" Dream exclaimed, throwing himself onto the bird man. He let go just as fast. "We have to get him back! He-he's bleeding out..." Dream stood up, allowing Philza to grab Technoblades hand and lift him up, he then turned and kneeled in front of him.

"I'm not letting you carry me. Fuck that." The piglin man said.

"For fucks sake Techno, just get on, you'll die before we get there." Philza said with a roll of his eyes and a scoff of annoyance. The taller of the two exaggerated a groan and accepted the offer. Once firmly perched, on his back, Philza stood up and began speed walking towards the direction of the house. Meanwhile Dream took off the cape he wore and placed it on Techno's back to keep him as warm as possible.

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Philza walked back down the stairs after tending to Technoblade, sitting on a chair in front of Dream, who had his head down in his hands for the past thirty minutes. "He'll be fine after some rest and a couple regen. potions in the morning."

Dream nodded. "What are his injuries?"

Phil leaned back against the chair and pulled his hair back, out of his face, sighing while doing so. "His injuries consist of multiple burns caused from the ice and possibly water freezing on him, then with the struggling it caused his frozen skin to peel and bleed. The arrow in his shoulder, I already took out but the injury is one complete hole. The arrow shot right through him." Phil explained thoroughly, but noticed how tense Dream seemed as he listened. "Being past piglin, he usually has pretty tough skin. And his body temperature is always hot. But when in the cold for that long and in pain for that long, his body weakened, which allowed the arrow to pierce through easier. He would need some time in the nether tomorrow to regain his usual body temperature. Too much cold is dangerous for him. And it seems he left behind potions I made specifically for his piglin needs. Idiot probably thought he wouldn't need them."

Dream sat up finally, but kept his head down, hands in his lap fidgeting with the melting snow still on his knees. "He... will be okay right?" Dream muttered.

Philza smiled. "Yeah, he'll be fine." Was all he said. But it wasn't enough to ease Dream's worries. So he stood up, stood in front of Dream leaned down to wrap his arms around the blondes upperbody, lifting him up to his feet. Dream, confused at first, just put his arms around the man's shoulders. "Trust me. He's been in even worse conditions than this. By the time he wakes up, he'll be acting like his normal self, just a bit more bitchy since he'll actually be cold." Dream smiled and let out an amused huff. "He's a strong guy, so something like this wouldn't kill him so easily. If he had to, he probably would've gotten up from that tree sooner than later and carried YOU back to the house."

Dream turned his head to look at Philza. "Why me if I'm not that hurt anymore."

Phil shook his head. "He's just like that, he cares more about others than he does himself. And he claims to be so damn rational yet he would put his life on the line for someone doing better than he is. He's always been that way, for as long as I have known him."

Dream chuckled. "So hes just a softy disguised as a trigger happy asshole."

"Pretty much." Phil responded, earning a soft laugh from Dream. His heart warmed when hearing the beautiful sound of his laugh.

"Good to know. Now I have something to make fun of him for." Dream said while putting his arms back down, Phil doing the same and letting go of him, but kept a hand still on Dream's waist. Dream yawned. "Mm... tired now..."

"Wanna sleep here or in my house?" Phil asked, his other hand fixing some stray hairs on Dream's head.

"Yours." The younger responded while rubbing his eyes, stepping back from Philza and towards the door. When he opened it, he shivered lightly from the cold, but was relieved the blizzard had subsided.

Phil closed and locked the door to Techno's house before following Dream into his own. "Your clothes are soaked, I'll get you some spare shirts to wear for now until I dry these ones."

Dream nodded and pulled off his green hoodie, letting it flop to the floor with a wet thud. Philza searched one of many chests, and found a shirt he rarely ever used. The last time he used it was when he and Techno were farming; it was washed and clean now though. He closed the chest and turned back to Dream just in time to see the younger blonde pull off the shirt he had on underneath his hoodie. Very few bandages still remained, but his external injuries had already healed. Philza took a moment to analyze Dream's physique. Dream had gained muscle in his arms, he had lightly toned and decorated with deep scars and light scars combined. Freckles lay like dark constellations across his skin, some more frequent in areas like his shoulders or neck. The bandages, Philza noticed, covered the biggest scars, the ones caused by, most likely, Quackity. He took note that Dream probably still hated his body because of the amount of scars. Another reason why Phil was so set on helping him. Dream covered most of himself with the wet black shirt in his hand, and extended his other for the shirt Phil would give him.

He snapped out of it, blinking away his stare and handing Dream the obviously oversized shirt. He then bent over to pick up the hoodie and was handed the black shirt. Philza hung the items outside on a line with clips to hold them up. Dream slipped on the dry shirt and sighed in satisfaction with the feeling of the warm fabric against his cold and slightly moist skin. He then undid his zipper and dropped the pair of jeans, leaving him in his boxers which overall weren't too wet. He could still sleep in them. Philza turned back around and nearly choked on his own spit, seeing Dream with his shirt on, which hung past his abdomen and ended mid thigh. A blush crept onto his face. No, stop it. You're a grown ass man, Philza thought to himself while taking the jeans and hanging them as well. Dream didn't seem to be aware of the older man's flustered expression.

He started up to the room first, Philza following behind him, though the older blonde was looking down as to not look up under the shirt. He's not a fucking girl for fucks sake, Philza thought again. It's okay to look up right? He did. And no it was not okay. Because he looked right back down after

getting a view of Dream's ass under the shirt, with boxer shorts on of course but still. Philza had the urge to slap himself in order to stop these goddamn thoughts that kept crawling into his brain. Has Dream always lacked body hair? Or does he shave his legs. Fuck. Stop. No. No more looking. Philza looked back down as he walked. Sure it's been a few decades since he's gotten laid and technically he hasn't had any form of sexual contact with anyone since Wilbur was born so who can blame the guy? Philza felt disappointed in himself for this.

Dream lay down on his side of the bed, smiling as the softness of the blanket covered his bare legs and cold skin. Philza stood there for a moment not knowing what to do but took off his hat and hung it, as well as his kimono and hung it, as well as his kimono underneath that one and hung it as well, leaving him in a thin white shirt and black pants. Dream was already yawning, snuggled up in the blankets with his back to Phil. Maybe some sleep would help him get over these thoughts. Yeah. Maybe. Philza climbed into the bed and lifted the blanket, greeted with the sight of Dream's shirt lifted over a portion of his lower back and exposing his ass. Philza ignored it, though with a large blush on his face, and lay down with his back to Dream. Fuck this. He thought while sighing.

Dream whined. Philza turned to look over his shoulder and see why the younger blonde was whining. Dream tugged on his shoulder, making Philza turn around and face him. "Wha?" Phil began, a bit confused.

"We always cuddle at night, what do ya mean 'wha?'" Dream said with a pout, scooting over and into Philza's arms, nuzzling into his chest with arms tight around him. Dream got used to Philza cuddling him every night, whether they spooned or Phil was the one to put his head against Dream's chest, or his face into his neck, or Dream wanted to nuzzle his way into Philza's chest to listen to his steady heartbeat. It was now that realization hit him. Do two guys usually cuddle like that every single night? Do two guys usually sleep on top of one another?? No, they don't. It was barely now, that after a month of sleeping in the same bed and cuddling every night that Phil realized, this wasn't normal.

Dream pressed his ear against Philza's chest, like he always does, but this time he sat right back up. "Why's your heart beating so fast?" Dream asked, Phil just ignored the question and looked the opposite direction. Dream moved so he was in Philza's line of sight. Phil looked away again. Dream moved again. Phil looked away again. Dream moved again. Philza turned around and lay there with his back to Dream. "Motherfucker- Phil what the hell."

"What."

"Don't what me, why won't you cuddle with me?" Dream asked, leaning over Phil's side.

"No reason. Just... don't you think it's weird? I mean, it's not like we're... more than friends or acquaintances or anything." Philza ignored the younger man climbing over him.

"No, we do it every night so what's wrong with tonight?" Dream poked Philza's cheek, resulting in being swatted away. So he lie back down behind the older.

"Its just... I don't know. Maybe we should keep more of a distance from now on." Philza said, though he actually didn't want to.

Dream scoffed. "No. I like your cuddles." Phil knew he wouldn't win this. Not with Dream being the stubborn ass that he is. "Phiiiiiiiiiiii, turn around." Philza shook his head. "Phil! Philza, Philza, Philza, Phil, Phil, Phil, Dadza Dadza Dadza... Daddy."

Phil turned around in an instant. "What the fuck-"

"Ha! You turned around!!" Dream laughed. Philza rolled his eyes and was about to turn back around, but Dream latched onto him before he could even move a millimeter. "Cuddle me... Please..." Philza looked the other way and attempted the turn again. Dream hugged him tighter. "Please... Philza..."

The older of the two sighed heavily and put his arms around the other blonde, giving up on keeping the distance. He probably would've given in soon enough anyways. What about Dream just made him sick damn irresistible. He couldn't say no to him. Phil was about to call it a night, close his eyes and relax, hopefully fall asleep soon. But then a pair of soft lips pressed against his own, his eyes shot open and his first impulse was to pull back. "D-Dream wha-"

"I'm sorry I- I just..." Dream sat up, and put his head in his hands, his face red and mind racing with questions as to why he did that. "Fuck... I'm sorry..."

Philza propped himself up on his elbow, reaching out to Dream until the other turned away even more and put his legs over the edge of the bed, then stood up. "Dream wait." The older quickly got up, and wrapped his arms around Dream's hips, pulling him back down onto the bed, though he landed in Phils lap. "Wait a second, please." Philza said quietly, his lips beside the other ear.

Dream looked down at his own thighs and shook his head. "Phil let me go. I didn't mean to kiss you- I mean I did mean to but i- I didn't intend- I-I- meant to-"

"Dream." Philza interrupted, silencing the other. "I... just wanna know why you kissed me."

The younger hesitated, taking a deep breath and leaning his head back onto Philza's shoulder before answering. "I just had the urge to." He said, then paused. "When I did, though it lasted a second, my heart raced in a way it never had before. And when I said I feel safest around you, I wasn't lying in the least. You make me feel happier even in this short amount of time I've been staying with you. I've thought this over so many times by myself." Dream turned his head to look away from Phil, knowing that the older was staring holes into his head with shock. "Some nights when you fall asleep, I lay awake for hours thinking about whether or not I'm mistaking feelings of security and a strong bond towards you as romance, or if that magnetic pull that draws me to you is real. I fight myself about it day and night. Though when I see you smile, and when I smile with you, my heart warms and I feel as if I can be normal for once. Like how I was when I was a kid but stronger and more mature."

Philza looked down, his eyes falling on Dream's chest heaving with heavy yet controlled breaths. His breathing stuttered. "A-and yet... when I feel so fucking safe with you, when I feel so damn confident, there's that agonizing pain in the back of my mind that keeps screaming at me, saying in worthlessness..." Dream's voice cracked for a moment, and his chest lowered and felt much heavier everytime he tried to hold in tears. "He's in my fucking brain, like a damn parasite, like a fucking tumor just growing and growing to the point I feel like if it screams again my head will just explode." Dream yanked himself from Philza's arms, turning towards him and grabbing both of his hands. "Phil I don't know what to do anymore! I'm this-" Dream put his fingers up as if he were pinching a small object in the air, "I'm THIS fucking close to giving it all up! After all this time! The- the help you've given me this past month has been more than helpful, but he's still. There. He's still. Fucking. There... Phil i-"

Dream let go of his hands and grabbed the other man's shirt pulling on it as he put his head against his chest and sobbed into the fabric. "I want him to go away... and the only time he subsides is when I hear your voice, when I feel your touch, when my heart races so fucking fast I think I might collapse..." Dream finally looked up at Philza, the other holding his breath for a moment when seeing that tear-stained face.

The moonlight reflected off of broken-hearted eyes, and tears so beautifully strewn down tannish, freckled skin; dark tiny spots organized in such a way it looks like constellations were painted wisely onto the blonde's face. Philza held his cheek gently, and used his thumb to stroke away those crystalline tears. "I'm here Dream, for you, with you, to help you. And if that means giving you whatever pleasure or emotions you need, then I will. And whoever's saying those things in your mind, I don't care who it is, I'll get rid of them with you, and if you collapse then I'll destroy them for you. So that you don't have to hold onto those memories or guilts you have had in the past." Philza pressed their foreheads together. "I love you, Dream."

Fuck did those words feel so goddamn right. He never said them in his mind, nor in his Dreams, but everything was telling him to say it, and he willingly did. The two met each other halfway into a kiss, eyes locked onto the others, then closed as they leaned in further, chasing after the others' mouths. Dream felt himself being pushed down against the fluffy disheveled blanket beneath them, hands tight on his waist, legs loose around the hips that smoothly ground down against his own. A

light hum was pushed from Dreams throat, everytime Philza pulled away just to reconnect their lips in a different angle, and everytime he wiped streaming tears from his skin. He felt a burn in every place the man above him touched, his heart was racing so fast he could've sworn it skipped a couple beats here and there. Philza gently slid his hands down soft skinned thighs, then dug under comfortably tight boxers, exploring further until he reached the arc of Dreams ass and squeezed lightly, making the latter gasp into his mouth.

In the midst of this cold night, the air around them grew warmer as their bodies molded together and moved in such unison; as if they shared the same brain. Dream gasped a slightly louder moan when feel his underwear being dragged down his legs and a warm palm against his erection, legs trembled everytime that warmth rubbed against the vein slowly. He couldn't help but keen like some kind of dog in heat, leaning his head back, allowing the other access to his neck. Philza took the invitation with grace, nipping lightly at the jugular of Dreams neck, then around to behind his ear, where he left tender kisses and a light bite to the shell. Dream shivered and bit his lip, slipping his thumbs beneath the hem of Philzas black loose pants, sliding them down his thighs which Philza used one hand to take them off the rest of the way himself.

Dream quivered in anticipation, moaning as Phil gently stuck 3 fingers into his mouth, which Dream evenly coated in saliva. Once dubbing them slick enough, Phil dragged his fingers out and slowly entered one finger into the youngers hole. Dream hissed softly at the pain, which Phil tried his best to distract him from with gentle kisses and soft barely heard praises. Dream quickly got used to the intrusion, moaning as Philza slowly thrust it in and out at a steady pace. A voice interrupted Dreams clouded thoughts, it spoke in a deep glitched out voice. *You are nothing.* It growled, causing Dream to whimper and more tears to pool out of his closed eyes. Philza stopped and wiped the tears away, asking if he was okay, which Dream nodded despite still hearing the voice. *Why, you're not even here, your still at the prison aren't you? You're still paying for what you did right? Still strapped down and in pain, starving, suffering. Like you deserve to be.* At this point Phil had already finished preparing Dream, and had asked again for consent, which Dream had nodded and whispered a yes to without being conscious of it. That fucking voice muffled all other noise.

Sam sam sammy sam. Good old sam would never do this right? Dream closed his eyes tightly and his body let out a moan though he couldn't even hear it. It was just a response to the Philza gently embracing him. *Wrong. Hes taking it all away right now. And you're not even going to try stopping him?* "N-...no..." Dream whimpered and sobbed, Philza stopped right away and held Dreams cheek. "S-....sam... stop...no..." *That's it. That's a good boy. Just keep pushing him away. He'll only hurt you.* "Sam stop- I-I dont want- no!!!"

"Dream, Dream relax." *Shut up.* The voice overlapped Philzas.

"Please.. I-let go..!" *No.*

A loud glitched filled his mind, and it felt as if a thousand matches had been stricken inside his heart, and burned it from the inside. The pain made him scream, and it soon consumed him, making his mind go blank and his vision vanish before him. Dream opened his eyes and suddenly it was gone. Philzas worried expression filled his sight as the blurriness left his vision. "Dream! It's me. It's just me, Philza. I'm here Dream, you're not in the prison, you're here, in my arms, with me." Philzas voice was clear now, and the sound of it soothed every pain in his mind and body.

"Ph-Phil... Phil I'm sorry it was- it was him he-" Dream babbled on until Phil placed a finger over his lips.

"It's not your fault, Dream you are not to blame for this." Phil hugged the younger close to his chest, rubbing his back listening as he calmed his breathing. Dreams crying soon stopped and he lie with his head in Philzas neck. "Let's just sleep now. Okay?"

"N-no!" Dream pulled away and held the other shoulders tightly. "I-I wanna keep going... I ruined the mood at least let me-"

"Dream. You didn't do anything wrong. I won't continue if you're in pain." Philza reassured, combing Dreams hair out of his face.

Dream slowly nodded and took a deep breath. "I-I wann feel good with you... so just.." He reached down and grabbed both his own and Philzas dick, rubbing them together, moaning softly. "J-just this... I-its hurts to n-not release once..."

Philza kissed him gently. "Fine, but no more then that." He said before grabbing Dreams hand and placing it above his head, intertwining their fingers. He bucked his hips lightly and grinded their members together smothering Dream in loving kisses and soft words of reassurance and praise. "You're doing very good Dream, very good."

Dream moaned in a higher pitch, feeling a bundle of heat pool in his groin, which then spilled out onto their chests. Phil wasn't too far from his own climax either, releasing a few moments after Dream, but putting a hand over his tip so it didn't get on the sheets or on Dream. Panting softly, the two got under the blanket after Philza wiped the semen from his chest and hand. Dream fell asleep first, only moving when Phil lay beside him, and cuddled him closely and protectively. That very same night, Dream stopped breathing.

So he broke it. The curse that binds me to you. A low voice said, it echoed through a plain white room with Dream laying in the center it. The voice belonged to a black and red mass of mist and glitches. *Hes strong willed, I'll admit. And lives up to his immortal age. Too bad I'd have to die to*

him.

"You deserve it." Dream said monotonously. "If you've been defeated then leave already."

So impatient. You'll miss me if I leave too quickly. It laughed.

"Yeah fuckin right." Dream chuckled, then looked at the mass. "Goodbye, Demon."

◦●●◦●●◦◇◦●●◦●●◦

Though the night was long, and Dream only slept a few hours, he woke up with a sharp inhale and sitting up too quickly. His head spun but when it settled, he felt relieved and light. The morning air seeped in through the window, and the sound of wildlife surrounded the area around the house. It was peaceful, and free. Dream looked down to his side and saw Philza still sleeping beside him, his shirt was torn in all different places. Dream got up, feeling light as he walked downstairs to put on some pants, he still wore Philzas shirt. Once dressed, Dream walked over to Technoblades house and checked on him, seeing that he was still asleep but peaceful. Once back downstairs, he looked around again and took in each scent, and each sound. "This is too good to be real." He said. "This is too good for me."

"No, you're just not used to having no more noise in your head." Philza said from the doorway. Dream wasn't even aware of his presence. The man walked to him, fully dressed in a black shirt and pants, embracing the blonde. "You feel this way because your finally safe."

Dream smiled and blinked a few times, fully accepting this new feeling and hugging Philza back. "I feel free."

Dream pulled back just a bit, looking up at Philza with a smile then leaned in and kissed him lovingly, which Phil returned. "Well isn't this nice. Waking up to my friend and rival making out in my kitchen."

Philza chuckled and pulled away. "Wow, you addressed me as your friend."

"Shut up. If you guys are gonna fuck, leave me out of it." Technoblade said angrily as he walked to a pitcher and served himself some water. He wouldn't say it out loud but, he was salty as fuck at the moment.

"What, jealous or something?" Dream teased with a sly snirk, leaning against the counter beside Technoblade. The piglin hybrid eyed Dream's body for a moment and spotted a bite near his jaw. Goddammit... he thought to himself then slammed the cup down onto the counter and turned to stop away. Dream burst into laughter, which Phil joined in.

Technoblade turned back around, fuming with frustration. He took a few heavy steps towards Dream and grabbed the blonde's face roughly, pressing an aggressive kiss to his soft lips. "Oh come on, what the fuck dude." Philza said with a sigh and throwing an arm into the air.

Dream lightly pushed at Techno's chest, just for him to press deeper into the kiss and glare at his closed eyes. The taller man finally let go and turned to walk away again. "Fuck you." He said before walking back upstairs.

Dream was going to really enjoy his life here.

◦~◦~◦~◦~◦◇◦~◦~◦~◦~◦

Chapter End Notes

FINALLY GOT IT DONE YAAYYY ITS FUCKING 4 AM BUT FUCK I GOT IT DONE

I hope I managed to torture a few of you,
Hope you guys cried
It would mean a lot to me if you cried

Jk it wouldn't but still
Please cry

Lollololololol

Hope you guys loved this chapter or
At least enjoyed it

Share×kudos×comment

Philza's POV <filler>

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

From "A Deal For His Time".

Phil was rather enjoying his morning, nice hot cup of tea in hand, the sun had just risen, the zombies and skeletons in the distance burning to death; weird aesthetic but okay. Phil thought to himself, this'll be a good day. Perhaps a normal day, a nice normal day on the Dream SMP. But oh was he wrong. When was there ever a normal day on this SMP? Normal is like seeing Quackity deal drugs or Tubbo making nukes. THAT'S normal. What's abnormal would be seeing Quackity not commit some sort of real world crime, or a random build actually being half pleasant or not vandalized and made a part of SMP lore. This server was in a society of it's own. The fuck is normal? What are morals? Never heard of them. Today, just like any other day, started off with a fight; a continuation of one from the previous night. About 20 blocks from the porch in which Phil stood on there was Techno chasing down a shorter man in a green hoodie and a white smiling mask. He will admit, Phil did not like the man all that much, thought of him to be a bad influence on Techno. Not like the piglin man already has some fucked up mental problems already. Phil had some chill ideas for today, perhaps a stream, though he gets annoyed with those goddamn crows from time to time, he would fix his farm, maybe grind a bit.

That was until he saw his son and said green man started to tackle each other. Okay, Phil thought. Hopefully Techno wins. He then realized Dream's mask came off, and the two were stuck in a moment of eye contact. Okay... Phil thought, taking a sip of tea. Then Dream flipped the two of them over. Okay, Techno can get out of that surely. He froze when seeing his son's hands grab the other man's waist, and performed a rather suggestive move. From this distance he couldn't see exactly what was happening but he could see Dream lean his head back, and Techno moving the smaller man up and down on his pelvis. "Oh what in the fuck." Phil said to himself and just looked at his reflection in the cup of tea. Then the two got up. "Don't come over here..." They raced to the stairs. "Fuck." Techno pinned Dream against the wall, and the two talked suggestively to each other. Phil put his elbow on the fence and covered his eyes, groaning in annoyance and utter disbelief. Then it got bad. He could hear Dream fuckin *moaning* and Techno just saying seductive things to him. "Goddammit please go inside..." Phil said slightly louder than his other mutters, but neither of them heard shit he was saying. "Fuck this I'm going inside." He said before going to his door and opening it, just to slam it closed again. He heard the sizzle from the other side die down.

"Don't fuckin tell me..." He opened the door again. Sizzle sizzle. He slammed it shut and turned around to see the two horny ass men have not gone inside yet. The only thing that has gone inside

is Techno di-... "Fuckin kill me now." Phil said as he turned back around and glared at the door. Behind it was a fucking creeper. "How did this fella even get in there??" He exclaimed. His own thoughts were being interrupted by Dream being fucking loud and all he could do was hit his own head against the door and wait for them to go inside. "Imma just go to the other side..." Phil jumped over the rail and landed safely on the ground, walking through the snow in thin slippers. When he made it halfway around the house, Dreams loud ass moans now a bit faded, Phil sneezed and stood there cold and unwilling to sit in the fucking cold. "Fuck my life!" He yelled and turned back around to climb back onto the porch and sit there with his tea now cold and his appetite for it spoiled. "If i go into my house the fucking creeper will explode cause my weapons are in my chest and if i tell them to go inside I'll just make it awkward for myself and I don't want awkward shit between me and the fuckin SMP leader." He then decided to stand there with his mug in his hands, looking out over the horizon and choosing to meditate and filter out the sounds from his son and Dream.

They had finally finished and for a second there was silence before Techno carried Dream inside and in less then a minute the moaning returned, luckily not as loud as before and Phil didn't have to witness it. He took another sip from his cold tea before dubbing it gross and pouring it out. He then just let the mug drop and break. "My sons fucking the SMP leader..." He said in realization, which hit him long before that but barely now did he address it and forced himself to accept it. "Why him of all people Techno?" Phil asked himself. Then a familiar face wandered up to the porch. "Hey Phil!" Ranboo greeted.

The two had a short conversation which was gladly enough noise to drown out the moans from inside Techno's house. "Oh yeah uh, there's a creeper on the other side of my door."

"Why didn't you just kill it?"

"My weapons and armor are inside my chest."

"Ah. I see." Ranboo said as he opened the door and killed the creeper in just two hits.

"Thank you mate." Phil said as he grabbed his stuff and left with Ranboo to do whatever until the two fuckers were done.

"So Phil, what do you think about the two of them...? I mean.. I thought they were kinda like rivals? And either way the two of them together has to be reeeaaaalllllyyy problematic." Ranboo chuckled between sentences, looking to the side while asking this somewhat awkward question.

Phil was silent for a few moments before answering. "My sons fucking the goddamn SMP leader."

Was all he said.

"Got it. Uhm. Yeah. We'll leave it at that I guess."

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Later that day Tommy came along, talking shit about his friends who he just left to come steal some stuff from Technoblade. "Fuckin weridos that's what they are. Tubbo is probably the only NORMAL one out of those people. Not like I'd ever tell him that. Still mad at him for marrying Ranboo of all people." He muttered to himself while opening the basement door. Before he could even walk in he could hear Dream laughing then moaning and then Techno's voice tuned in. He processed it. Closed the door and left. And as soon as he got a good distance away. He screamed a loud "WHAT THE FUCK" with his usual thick british accent. Off to Therapuffy he goes. Again.

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Chapter End Notes

A little filler of what Phil did while that whole thing happened.

Crackhead vibes indeed :)

I saw many questions or people
responding to the chapter [in wattpad] with things like
"Is Phil just standing there?!"

Or "Phil be like: "

I love these comments so much their all fucking hilarious

But I hope you guys enjoyed this lil skit :)

Sharexvotexcomment

KREAM

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Cottage Boy, My Noble Boy

| Karl x Dream | slight smut | a little bit of Dreamnoblade | bit o dream harem | Karl's adorable | some fluffy |

Karl lay in a flower patch, on the center left side of the meadow lined with tall trees of pine. The wind was soft against his skin, the sun warmly shone down on him with a cloud passing in front of it every now and then, casting the orange glow to dim as it passed and then brighten again once gone. He smiled to the sound of sparrows chirping and flying around him, the white noise of the rustling of leaves and tall grass. Luckily, grass never made him feel itchy like it did his lover. Their cottage lie in the center of the meadow, a medium sized farm beside it, and a couple of pens with pigs and cows beside it as well. There was a stream a short ways past the tree line, a well that Karl's lover built sat right beside a two-horse stable. It was a comfortable place, a summer and spring home for them whenever they wanted a break from the royal city in which their main home took place.

Though they set out here as a vacation, Karl still stayed home alone for about 3 days now, passing the time with books, riding horses and tending to the small farm. He hoped his lover would come home today, keeping in mind that the assignment was only supposed to be a couple days long. Just as Karl sighed and stood up, he could hear the sound of hooves beating heavily against the ground in the distance. Karl turned towards the sound, hopefulness filling his heart as he kept his eyes on the tree line. The wind ruffled his shaggy brown hair, cream colored button up baggy against his skin with a light tan knitted sleeveless shirt over it. Dark brown belt held up beige jeans, he wore no shoes, always walking around barefoot on the softness of the grass.

The horse had finally come into view, a large mighty steed carrying a man wearing shining armor. The annoying metallic pieces clattered as the figured bounced on the saddle of the horse. Karl smiled widely and jogged a few feet forward, then jumped up a bit and waved his arm excitedly in the air. The man pulled the reigns and the horse slid to a stop, then jumped down and pulled off the iron helmet, throwing it to the side and quickly unclipping the chest plate, letting it fall. His medium length dirty blonde hair messy from the helmet, combed out by the wind, cooling his face. The sun cast a golden glow on his face, freckles spread like constellations across his cheeks, and

plump lips pulled into a smile. "Dream!!" Karl exclaimed, running up to the slightly shorter man and engulfing him in a hug. Dream chuckled and let himself be tackled, the loud clatter of armor hitting the ground hurt his ears a bit.

"Hey Karl." Dream laughed while ruffling his lover's hair. Karl sat up and rubbed noses with Dream before laying his lips gently onto the others. Dream smiled into the kiss, finally satisfied having now had the kiss he had been craving for 3 days now. The blonde sat up to deepen the kiss just a bit, fulfilling his craving before pulling away and smiling warmly at Karl who giggled lightly and got off of him.

"Why're you wearing iron armor? You left your netherite here so I got worried." Karl picked up the chest plate and helmet, unclipping the clasps of Dream's iron knee pads and leg pieces. Dream let him, knowing Karl always did this when he got home. Karl didn't really like armor anymore, not since the war. Dream was near death after that war, having been on the front lines, the only survivor of the platoon, having been in a coma for so long. Karl took the last piece of armor and stood up, waiting for Dream to do the same before making his way to the cottage, Dream guiding his horse by the reins.

Karl tossed the armor into a chest filled with things he didn't necessarily care about while Dream hooked up his horse to the stable and fed it. Karl watched through the window as his lover caring groomed his horse and replaced the warm water with cold water from the well. Karl loved watching him, whether he slept, or ate, or did simple chores around the house or in the farm, Karl has always been a soft boy, but he held that bit of mushy love just for Dream. He was a sucker for the guy, and loved to hold him as close as possible, never letting go. The sun had started to fall behind the tree line, telling Dream it was around dinner time. He wiped his hands with a handkerchief before walking inside, sighing to the nice cool and cozy atmosphere of the abode.

"Can you rinse some potatoes for me?" Dream said while sitting on a recliner, untying his boots and placing them neatly to the side. Karl nodded and started to rinse off 4 potatoes, getting the peeler and starting to peel them. "After that, boil some water for me please?"

"Sure!" Karl beamed while keeping his eyes on the potatoes, trying his hardest to do it right. Dream smiled and walked tiredly to the bathroom, setting up a shower for himself. Meanwhile, Karl finished peeling the potatoes, admitting that he sucks at it as he sees how much potato he peeled rather than skin, then filled the pot with some water, setting the temperature to medium. Once Dream was done, he quickly towel dried his hair and made his way to the kitchen, smiling when seeing Karl waiting for him to finish, the brunette was drinking some nice warm lemon tea. "Took you long enough." Karl smiled.

Dream grabbed the two packs of beef they had and observed each one, deciding on which to use. He chose finally and put the other back, then got out a wooden cutting board and knife, starting to dice up the meat. Karl placed down his buttercup designed teacup and wrapped his arms around Dream's waist, pressing his nose against the blonde's nape, and inhaling his soothing scent. Karl lightly kissed Dream's neck, smiling against his freckled skin. Dream giggled softly when the brunette continued nuzzling and butterfly kissing his neck. "Karl I'm trying to cook here." Dream smiled while cutting up the other half of the meat.

"And you look so sexy doing it." Karl teased, putting his chin on the other's shoulder and kissing the lobe of his ear. "You should get an apron."

Dream laughed. "Oh no no no no. You would have a field day with me in an apron." Dream shook his head and rinsed his hands. "Can you get the rice down for me?"

Karl nodded and went to the pantry to receive a bag of rice. Dream then grabbed his measuring cups and some salt. The two carried on cooking, mainly Dream doing all the work since Karl can't cook for shit, and when they were done the two ate while talking about Dream's assignment at the palace, and also about how annoying Dream's subordinates are. Karl was used to hearing these stories of how the King George always made pointless assignments, even assignments for Dream to do his paperwork for him. Karl especially loved hearing funny stories of Dream's fellow knights, Sapnap and Punz, being annoying and constantly trying to challenge him. When they finished, the two sipped at some chamomile tea, which Karl made (since the only thing he's good at cooking is tea), and suddenly Dream got quiet. "What's wrong?"

Dream glanced at his lover for a moment. "Well... King George got married today as well, to another noble that goes by Ninja."

"Oh that's great!" Karl exclaimed.

"Yeah but... as the King's second hand man and potential heir to the throne... King George made an announcement for an arranged marriage..." Dream kept his head down, sighing at the marriage bit of his sentence.

Karl froze, on the inside getting incredibly angry at the fact that the King wanted to betroth HIS lover to someone else. Fuck that. If only their relationship wasn't a secret. Dream actually wanted to tell the King about his lover, but Karl refused. Karl knew that if Dream announced that he, the head knight and the second most respected man of the kingdom, was in fact dating a commoner, there would be an outrage. Dream didn't care, he wanted to tell the King but Karl would never let him. He didn't want Dream to lose his career. "Who's the lucky lady?"

"Surprisingly it's not a woman, the Kingdom is open to gay relationships, and with the King knowing my sexuality, he gave me a few suggestions. He had given me 4 nobles. Eret, the former king, Quackity, the president of El Rapids, and Wilbur Soot's son, Fundy of L'manberg."

"Good choices, each are pretty attractive. But you only told me three of them." Karl took a long judgmental sip of tea, he sort of wanted to rip each of those nobles' faces off. Though it isn't their fault Dream would be potentially engaged to one of them.

"Well, the fourth refused after all so he most likely won't be a part of it but, it was Technoblade of the Snow Tundra. King George was hoping for an alliance with them, though they are anarchists. I have no clue what he was thinking, trying to build an alliance with an anarchist nation. King Philza wouldn't have allowed it anyways. He's not for arranged marriages." Dream finished his tea.

Karl burst into laughter. "TECHNOBLADE?! OF ALL PEOPLE?!" He leaned his head back in a fit of laughter. "That man shows no affection to anyone, perhaps to his siblings but never anyone else. He's the last person I would think will agree to an arranged marriage."

Dream smiled and chuckled lightly. "Yeah. Besides, me and Techno go a ways back. We're as much of rivals as we are friends. But he'd never admit that."

"Didn't you guys have a fling back then too, or was that Sapnap." Karl asked.

"Pfft, that was you and Sapnap, not me. But yeah, for a while me and Techno were a thing but only undercover. No one knew about it. I wouldn't have called it a relationship though, he was just making fun of me for some dirt shack I made. Which progressed to something more. But after the war we had to separate and soon when I became a knight, he had stayed in the Tundra biome as an anarchist." Dream stood up and picked up the plates and utensils, taking them to the sink so he could wash them. "But that resulted in meeting you so, I win either way."

Karl put his arms around Dream in a tight, somewhat protective matter. Dream could tell Karl had been effected by whatever it is he might have said. "I dont like when you talk about other men, makes me jealous." Karl pouted, pressing his lips against Dream's neck. "All this talk about your arranged marriage, all these other nobles that have agreed to this arrangement. Angers me so much. But..." Karl turned off the running faucet, now with his hands over Dreams, his lips against his ear. "I'm confident enough to say that you will stay with me, and choose me over them. Even if I am just a commoner." Dream shivered to the sound of Karl's voice right beside his ear. The brunettes hands slowly made their way up Dream's arms and to his chest, which Karl lightly groped before sliding his hands to Dream's waist. "I'm sure that against big. Scary. Noble. I can win in the end. They may have money, and wealth, and kingdoms that they rule over or have ruled over, but I know that I. Of all people. Will end up with you beside me." Dream looked down to Karl's hands, going around his thighs, giving them a squeeze with every other word that he breathed into Dream's ear. "Because..." He firmly grabbed Dreams waist and spun him around so that he was facing him, a smirk on Karl's face, a blush on Dream's. "You. Are mine."

Dream connected their lips, a small noise coming from him as Karl brought him closer and pressed their bodies together. Dream took charge of the kiss, while Karl focused on getting them undressed. The kiss broke for a half a second while Karl lifted Dream onto the counter, the blondes legs instinctively wrapping around his lovers waist and grinding their pelvises together. Karl chased Dream's tongue into his mouth, licking against it, sucking on it occasionally earning small muffled moans. They pulled away from the kiss, a clear string connecting their lips, but broke when Karl leaned into Dream's neck and sucked light hickies onto freckle dusted skin. Dream moaned and kept a hand in Karl's fluffy brown hair, his other hand helping the brunette undo his zipper.

Dream felt himself being pushed back further onto the counter everytime Karl enthusiastically leaned in for another heated and breathless kiss. This time, the two stared into each other eyes as they smiled and lightly laughed at their own eagerness.

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The next morning, Dream woke up in beige colored sheets with dandelion designs, a large fluffy comforter covering his naked body. He expected to wake up beside his lover, but Karl's side of the bed was cold and the blanket was lifted. The morning sun blinded him for a moment as he sat up, running a hand through messy and tangled dirty blonde locks. He looked around to see if perhaps Karl just woke up early, but the brunette wasn't anywhere to be seen in the room. He then noticed a sheet of hand made paper and a pen left beside his lamp on the nightstand. Next to the note was a violet and small buttercup flowers. Dream read the note: I have made a trip to the kingdom for some groceries and a surprise for you, see you when I get back my love. - Karl

Dream smiled and got out of bed, a little sore from the previous night, but not enough to hinder him from walking around. There was then a knock on the door. He pulled on a pair of dark brown jeans and a baggy white tunic, which was actually Karl's, that was parted at the collar to show a portion of his chest when it was untied. The sort was overall thin so even in proper lighting one could see through it. He put on his white smile mask before opening the door. A man with a messenger bag and a horse at his side bowed his head. "King George requires your presence! It is urgent, so you must make haste!" He says before straddling the back of his horse and bowing his head again. "Please hurry!" He says before riding away.

Dream took a moment to process, then groaned and closed the door, grabbing his boots from yesterday and putting them on, then brushing his hair out with his fingers as a comb, and attaching dagger to his hip just in case. Pulling the reigns of his horse, he hurriedly rides to the palace. His presence is automatically acknowledged as soon as he enters the palace grounds, riding into the barracks, greeted by his subordinates and trainees. Some saluted to him as he boarded his horse in its stable and plopped down to walk the rest of the way. An arm was thrown over his shoulder and a man loudly greeted him. "DRREEEEAAAMMMMMMM have you heard the news?! I can't wait to see your face when you talk to King George!!"

"Yeah, lover boy." Punz chimed in, walking by to his station of the barracks.

"I don't know what you're referring to?" Dream said while shrugging off his friend's arm and walking into the palace. He then made his way to the throne room, where King George had just finished a meeting with another noble. "King George." Dream said while kneeling and bowing his head respectfully. "I apologize for my attire, but I was told to be here as soon as possible."

"And thus you did. You got here before my messenger, surprising but expected from my best knight. Also the most wanted knight by nobles hoping to form an alliance." King George said in a very kingly tone. Dream couldn't help but cringe to that sentence. "Please, stand." Dream did as he was told and stood, looking up at the King who sat in his throne. The stairs leading to it were small but there were many. "That is why I have required your attendance here today, to discuss your engagement and for you to make a decision on who you shall be wed to. The nobles are in the other room." King George put a hand out, pointing to the room on the left side of the throne room. "Bring them in please." He said to a guard, which obliged and opened the door.

They all walked in, first was Eret and Fundy, the two conversate normally, and were on pretty good terms, seeing each other as good friends. Then Quackity walked in, looking more like a casino owner than a President, but the man did have a thing for gambling. Then, to Dream's surprise, Technoblade walked in with his usual attire, a large red cloak draped over broad shoulders, a pig mask hiding his eyes and nose and a golden crown atop his long pink braided hair. The man also carried a diamond sword at his sides as always. The 4 stood beside the stairs, each one looking over Dream's physique and taking in his features. Fundy was the most nervous, being the one blushing the most and fidgeting with his stopwatch the most. "If only we could see his face." Eret commented, though he smiled kindly.

"Says the one wearing sunglasses indoors." Quackity joked. "But I was wishing for the same thing. What's with the mask anyways?"

"It was a gift." Dream started simply. He looked over at Technoblade, who had the slightest smirk. "It's also a precious item that I've had many memories with, including many battles."

"Which you lost." Technoblade couldn't help but say.

"Ah right, you two had a battle not too long ago huh?" Fundy said. "You're the only guy to have won against him, when I fought him I was actually scared for my life a bit."

"That's because you're bad." Technoblade teased, of course he just had to do that. "I've seen his face before as well."

The other 3 exclaimed in surprise and jealousy. "Is he fugly?" Quackity asked, laughing a bit at the end.

"No, quite the opposite. But not as intimidating as you think." Technoblade scoffed.

"Could say the same about you, tryna be all dangerous when really your not." Dream said while crossing his arms and smirking back.

"The you back then would disagree. I've proven myself to you in MANY situations. With all kinds of ACTIVITIES." Technoblade said with extra emphasis on "activities".

"I'm starting to get the feeling you two know each other all too well." Eret commented, eyeing Dream then Technoblade.

"Its your inagination." Dream said. "So, I have to choose today?"

"Yes. The nobles and their kingdoms are eager to know what your decision will be. But also I must tell you, we have a 5th noble that has also applied for the arranged marriage. He is of Kinoko Kingdom, a new land not too far, it is a neighboring kingdom with Niki's underground city. They have an alliance and would like to conjoined it with this Kingdom as well. He seems to be a charming man of around the same age as you all. So there are no big age gaps, thankfully."

Dream nodded. "My King, I'm sorry but I kind of find it hard to choose a husband under such short notice. I haven't even spoken to some of them, and I dont knew then very well either."

"I beg to differ." Technoblade said, earning a glare from Dream.

"I understand. I will give you each an hour alone with him. Dream, choose the first one to spend time with." King George said.

Technoblade was the first to step forward, grabbing Dream's wrist and pulling him away. "I'll go first." He said as they left the room.

Once down the hall, Dream yanks his arm away. "What the fuck Techno!?" The taller of the two only laughed.

"It's been so long since we last saw each other, I figured you'd be eager to see me. Though I declined the marriage proposal I wanted to come here, just to see your face again." He said while lightly pushing Dream against the wall, a hand on his mask but not taking it off quite yet.

"Yeah well, try not to cause another war yeah? Try and leave without trying to take down another government." Dream smirked.

"Can't make any promises. Then again I wouldn't wanna destroy the career you left me for."

Dream cowers slightly when hearing that, but straightened himself up again, peering into the white eyes of Technoblade's mask. "That's in the past... I've moved on now. And besides, after the marriage I'll be taking the throne. I don't understand why King George wants to retire early. If only he acted like a real king, then I wouldn't be in this mess. And he wouldn't have to worry..."

"He?"

Dream bit the inside of his cheek. "I'm seeing someone right now. He's a commoner. So I can't marry him even if I begged the King for his permission."

"This is why I'm an anarchist. I don't stand for shit like that. And even if I am considered a noble here, I am but a man who loves in the Tundra. They call Phil a king because he's powerful, having been alive thousands of years. But I am not part of a nation or kingdom."

Dream sighs and leans his head back against the wall, head to the side, his neck showing and the majority of his chest as well. Technoblade would be lying if he said it wasn't tempting. Seeing the

light hickies and bites on his skin made it even more unbearable. He grabbed the ties of Dreams shirt and tied the collar shut, covering his chest and collarbone. "You're a knight for fucks sake. At least dress properly. Showing these random men parts of you that should be kept hidden. Even if it's just your chest or neck, some find it hard to keep away from simple temptations."

"Like you." Dream said with a sly tone in his voice.

"You know It's hard for me, with you in front of me dressing this way, bites on your neck. You think I can just ignore that?" Technoblade finished the tie and put his hands down, clenching his fists to keep himself in check. "You tempt me more then anything. Always have. You were and still are but a curse placed on my heart, binding me to you. Why do you think I've been single this whole damn time."

"Cause you suck at talking to people without threatening their life."

Technoblade couldn't help but chuckle softly at that. "Perhaps. But you also know that isn't the only reason why."

Dream shrugged and hooked his thumb under his mask, pulling it off and looking up at Techno with a smirk. "Havent seen it in years. What? Got nothing to say."

Technoblade just stood frozen in place, trembling where he stood from trying so hard not to do something to Dream that might get them both in trouble. Dream reached up and unclipped the fabric holding the mask to Technoblades face. He caught it when it fell off. The man's red eyes were wide and the softest blush lay on his cheeks. His jaw was tight from clenching his teeth. Dream placed a hand on his cheek, smiling gently instead of smirking deviously. He hadn't seen that face in so long. And he could tell that just by seeing each other, Technoblade was dying on the inside, and screaming in his mind. Fuck it hurt. But Dream loved Karl, and he wouldn't betray him even if his career or life depended on it. He would stay loyal to his current partner, even if that meant breaking his old one. Well, a kiss wouldn't hurt right?

Technoblade swore under his breath then leaned down and briefly connected their lips, hungrily chasing for those lips he knew belonged to someone else, and not him. He felt like crying. For once in his life, he felt as if he would burst into tears. A couple streamed down his face, dropping onto Dreams freckled cheeks. The blonde held him close as they still shared an innocent and heart wrenchingly good kiss. They finally pulled away, and Techno had to hold back every muscle in his body that screamed at him to pick up Dream and take him right then and there. Against the wall, raw and so fucking wild. Their long nights when they were still together rushed through their minds. Dream bit his lip and kissed the hybrids cheek, wiping the stray tears on his face. "You should go."

Technoblade nodded, the heaviness in his heart was like an anchor, keeping him there, staring into those emerald eyes he missed so much. When he felt it lift just a little, he took off running, refusing to look back. Cause he knew that if he did, he wouldn't be able to leave again. And so Dream watched as he disappeared out the palace doors, that same dread filled feeling filling him up. His eyes gained a glossy look to them, now filled with tears. The blonde put his head back against the wall and breathed in, then out in heavy and slow portions. His breathing quivered when the sensation of the others lips tingled against his skin. "Fuck... why did you have to do that Techno..." he said before looking down at his boots and pushing off the wall, making his way back to the throne room. He fixed his hair, lightly rubbed his eyes, took a deep breath, then put his mask back over the top half of his face; finally walking into the large room with a smile on his face. "So, who's next."

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The other "interviews" carried on rather peacefully, Dream had to admit that he did quite enjoy everyone's company. Quackity was friskiest of the remaining 3, always walking around energetically and cracking a few jokes, being the most flirtatious and had absolutely no shame in checking out Dream's ass every now and then; earning playful glares and punches from the blonde. Fundy was the complete opposite, he was overall awkward but incredibly kind, he made Dream laugh just as much and when he was talking about something he loved, he never stopped. Eret was a complete gentleman, he would hold doors open for Dream, he walked gracefully and had the straightest posture Dream had ever seen. Eret spoke in such a kingly matter, and had the most dashing smile. Though he was beyond kind, the time they spent together was sort of awkward. Why wouldn't it be? Dream was pretty much the whole reason why Eret lost his position as king, having been the one that straight up took the crown from his head and handed it to George.

But Eret didn't seem to be bothered by it anymore. Only at a much longer glance could you see that longing in Eret's eyes as he skimmed the castle walls and gardens. The evening ended as quickly as it had started, and now it was time for Dream to decide on who to marry. Fuck why did it have to be so soon? Dream sighed as Eret joined the other 3 men beside the stairs in front of George's throne. "King George, not that I deem your decisions to be bad in any way, but, why must I choose today?"

His king simply shrugged and leaned against the arm rest of his throne. "The 5th noble had suggested having you choose today or tomorrow. He also seemed very confident that he would win your heart."

This fucking guy. Who was this cocky ass noble anyways? "What is his name?"

"He asked that I did not tell you. But he did offer to meet you in secret sometime tomorrow."

"So I can sleep on my decision?"

"Yeah, I suppose." King George rose to his feet, yawning and stretching. "Now, if you would like to sleep on this tough decision then I guess we should all retire for today. The servants have set up rooms for the 4 of you-"

"I'd like to go back home and think about it." Dream interrupted.

"....The 3 of you then." The king made his way down the steps and towards one of the few hallways attached to the throne room. "As for me, I shall retire to me quarters." Once he left, Dream sighed and let himself relax rather than standing completely straight. Eret took a few steps towards Dream, then placed a hand behind him and a hand in front of him, bowing his head and smiling.

"Enjoy your evening, Dream." Eret said, then stood and followed one of 3 servants to his room.

Fundy ran to Dream and gave the blonde an orange rose, smiling gently at him, then ran off with a large blush on his face. Dream smiled at the kind gesture and held the rose gently, sniffing the fragrant, velvet petals. Quackity smirked deviously and strode over to Dream, grabbing the blonde by his waist and spinning him around and lowering him so Dream stood at a weird angle with Quackity above him, holding his waist firmly so he wouldn't fall. "For you," he gave the blonde another rose, but this one was a deep blood red, "...a rose, mi amor." The brunette purred before placing a kind kiss on the corner of Dreams lips. Quackity stood the blonde back up and waltzed away, leaving Dream with a light blush on his face.

The blonde smiled at the Rose's, he liked their kindness, and hoped that even if he chose only one of them that he could still be friends with the rest. But he doesn't want to leave Karl. He would never leave Karl like that, never in a million years, not even in an eternity of lifetimes. Hes heard that one before. He said the same thing to Technoblade and look what happened. But Karl isn't Technoblade. He's not an anarchist, hes not violent, he isn't driven by bloodlust or any sort of sadistic pleasure. He was passionate in many parts of himself, he can be daring yet shy, he can be kind but mean if he has to be. Dream admired Karl's ability to see the good in anyone, and that's what drew him to the brunette, the fact that Karl could see the light in Dreams darkened eyes, the fact that Karl could see Dream come home covered in the blood of others and still hug him as if he were an angel.

Dream smiled to himself and quickly walked out of the palace and into the barracks, where he was greeted by knights and trainees finishing up their training for the day. He leaped onto his horse, snapped the reigns, and took off into the forest. He had an idea in mind, all he had to do was run it

by Karl and get his approval. He'd probably do it even without Karl's say so anyways. Once in the large clearing of tall grass, and approaching his beloved cottage, he jumped off his horse before it even came to a full stop. His hair was wind blown and messy, light droplets of sweat ran down his neck. Dream hurt through the door smiling. "Karl!" He yelled, hoping to see his lover. But he didn't see anyone home. And no lights were on either. Looking around, Dream closed the door as he walked inside and peeked around to see if he really wasn't here. He felt a bit sad when he still didn't see the brunette. He took off his mask and placed it on the kitchen counter.

The last place to check was their room, so he quickly made his way there, freezing in his tracks when seeing a figure with their back towards him. A long yet thin velvet cape draped over fair shoulders, pure white fluff covered the collar. A medium sized crown with mushroom pendants as gems and various small flower design made from crystals decorated the rims. The crown sat atop fluffy brown hair, messily styled and fluffed up to the side. Dream was about to draw his dagger and take down whoever's this intruder was, until they turned around.

Karl smiled widely at his blonde lover, putting his arms out for a hug. "I'm back." He said.

Dream's mouth hung open in shock, then eyed Karl's outfit slowly, taking in the royalty of it, and wondering why he was wearing such a thing. "K-karl what is this?" He asked, though he didn't intend to stutter.

Karl laughed softly. "It's my new outfit silly, thought I'd wear it since it seems appropriate in this situation."

"What situation..?"

Karl put his arms down and walked towards the blonde, placing a hand on both of Dream's shoulders. "This whole arranged marriage ordeal, you having to decide whom to marry by tomorrow. Such a short amount of time for such an important matter."

Dream looked taken aback. "How did you-"

"Then there's that 5th noble, whom you have no idea who they are and yet they want to meet you in secret. Well, here we are. Alone. And as a man asking for your hand in marriage, I would love to take my time in talking to you." Karl played the part well, speaking a very royal-like tone, so different compared to how he usually speaks. Dream found himself falling for this suddenly serious side of Karl.

"You're the- but you're not even a noble! You told me you were a commoner from a different kingdo-"

"Kinoko Kingdom..." Karl interrupted, "was under construction around the time we met. Yesterday while you were away I had received a letter from one of my citizens, they announced that my Kingdom was complete and all I had to do was make my laws, say my vows, and fill in some paperwork. Then I shall be dubbed the king of Kinoko kingdom. But every King needs their Queen, or someone to stand beside them and support them in a way no one else can." Karl put his hand on Dreams cheek, which the blonde nuzzled into with a smile and a small tear falling from emerald eyes. "Today I spoke to King George, and asked to be I closed with the arranged marriage. After giving him information about my Kingdoms resources and what it can offer in our alliance, he agreed to let me apply. So here I am. Fighting for your hand in marriage."

Dream couldn't help but let out a singular sob, crying happily into Karl's hand, pressing his lips to the brunettes palm. He was more then overjoyed to hear this, and with Karl being a king, he wouldn't have to leave him, nor would he have to pull strings to be with him. "So, Dream, Royal Guard of the King, and Prince of this Kingdom..." Karl held onto one of Dreams hands while slowly kneeling before him, he placed a tender kiss to the blondes knuckles. "will you marry me?"

Dream started with a shallow nod, then it progressed to an aggressive nod along with a light sob. "Yes." He said while trying his hardest to sound as if he wasn't crying. Karl already knew he'd say yes, but hearing it from his lips made it 10 times more worthwhile, and it warmed his heart so much he thought it'd burn him from the inside out. He stood up quickly, arms wrapping around Dreams waist and pulling him in for a deep kiss. Dream returned it with his hands wrapped in fluffy brown hair, tears falling between their lips as they pushed each other back and forth with kisses. After a while, Dreams back against the wall, and the breath stolen from his lungs, they pulled apart and smiled with their foreheads touching. They then peered into each other's eyes, both laughing softly and embracing the other in a tight hug.

"I love you." Karl smiled, nuzzling into dirty blonde locks of hair behind Dreams ear. The other giggled at the action.

"I love you too."

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The wedding took place a week later in Dreams home kingdom, the after party and festivities would take place at Kinoko Kingdom. King George was the one to walk Dream down the isle, Sappap and Punz dressed neatly in fashionable attire, and Karl standing at the altar with a priest. Eret, Fundy, and Quackity sat in the front row, waving to Dream and smiling as the blonde walked down the isle. Karl wanted him to wear a dress, but as a knight, Dream said it wouldn't be very

appropriate. So he wore a white tuxedo with a green under shirt, though the tail of the tux was extended and decorated with lace and flower accents to look like a more bridal type of design. The veil was rather thick, but Dream still wore his signature white mask over his eyes and nose, his mouth visible. Once in front of Karl, and George sat beside the other nobles, the priest began the ceremony and asked each groom to say their vows.

In the distance, atop a nearby roof, stood a man with a heavy velvet cape and pig mask watching with arms crossed and a trident in hand, a diamond sword strapped to his side though sheathed. He watched with somewhat of a frown until came the part where Karl would lift Dreams veil to reveal a lovely smile on the blondes face. Techno couldn't help but smile numbly at that goofy excited look on Dreams face. The priest bowed his head upon finishing the last line, signaling for the two to share a kiss. Techno wanted to look away but he didn't. He watched as Karl put an arm around Dreams waist and closed the gap between them, and Dream lifted his mask and angled it to hide his face from the crowd. Then they kissed affectionately, with their eyes closed and smiles plastered to their faces, obviously laughing at some point. When they pulled away, Techno had a clear view of Dreams face, and saw how happy he was to be in Karl's arms. And that's all he needed to be satisfied.

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Chapter End Notes

Aahhhhh I got lazy
Towards the endddd

Hope you guys enjoy this one
It took a while cause I
Had no idea what to do
For cottage core
And i overall have
No idea how to do
Cottage core but here's
My attempt :)

This was actually a lot of fun,
I really enjoyed making this
Chapter and loved working
With Karl's character since I never
Have before

I've gotten a few, very few, hate
Messages in my private message [in wattpad]
Board for the Dreamza chapter
And Sam x Dream chapter
So to those that are uncomfortable
With Dreamza please realize that
I do not ship the actual creators,

I ship only the characters/online personas
And not the content creators themselves
So please understand that

If you still are not comfortable
With the ship, or any ships that
I write, please skip the chapter or just
This book in general..
But I absolutely love everyone's support

Updates, I try and read them all as
Much as I can :)

Love you guys,
Please look forward to
Future chapters :)

Sharexkudosxcomment

6758 words

200K ON WATTPAD SPECIAL

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

~Dream Harem Group Chat~

| Just mcyt ship crack | gc wit day boys and dweam|slight smut |

Also, this is like minecraft irl, all the members are in the DREAM SMP server texting each other.

◦~●~◦~●~◦ ◊ ◦~●~◦~●~◦

Dream was added by George to the group chat

Dream : What the fuck is this?

BBH: Language!!!

Karl: Yeah Dream, it's what the honk,
not the f word, bad child

Wilbursoup, TechnologicalGod, and Dadza was added by George to the group chat

Pandas: How many people are you adding????

Wilbursoup: I was sleeping wtf is this

Gogy: Wait wait I gotta name the group chat now

Quacker: NAME IT DA COCAINE CREW

Pandas: What's with you and drug related jokes lately

Quacker: Drogas!!! Mis drogas!!

Karl: hes popping off, let's go

BBH: Language

Quacker: DROGAS MIS DROGAS

Dream : What's the purpose of this gc?

Wilbursoup: to annoy you

**Gogy has changed the chat name to
DREAMS HAREM**

Pandas: alright let's gooooooooooooo

Quacker: YES WERE POPPIN OFF LESSAGO

BBH: what's a harem?

Karl: it's like when one person has many people that love them and like kinda fight for them in a way

Quacker: think of a gang bang

BBH: WHAT?!

Pandas: NOOOOOOO NOT A GANG BANG

Wilbursoup: I mean I just woke up but like- I'm down

Pandas: I mean same but like- no homo bros

Karl: does Dream have socks on?

Pandas: he always wears socks around the house so yeah

Karl: then were good to go!

Wilbursoup: all the homies be fuckin

BBH: NO! LANGUAGE ALL OF YOU!!

TechnologicalGod: Why us my phone going off at like 3 am

Wilbursoup: because gang bang

Pandas: because gang bang

Quacker: because gang bang

TechnologicalGod:and this is where I just go back to sleep, should never have checked my phone cause I dont do that during the day anyways.

Dream

: No wait, save me-

TechnologicalGod: You're on your own, there's few thing I dont deal with and that's children, orphans, and weird group chats

Wilbursoup: woooooowww I'm not one of them

TechnologicalGod: with that username. Your pretty damn close

Wilbursoup: yours isn't much better

Dadza: what the hell are you guys doing blowing up my phone

Dream

: Parental supervision, save me

Dadza: to you, of all people, I'm not much of a parent

Pandas: Philza just got parent-zoned

Karl: oh daammnnnnn- that's gotta hurt

Wilbursoup: why? Parent-zoned, wha??

Fundyisnotafurry: yeah what? I'd also like to know what that means

Quackity: it means Dadza was friend zoned but instead its parent zoned since Dadza is Dadza.

Gogy: Dream fucked the father figure let's go?

Dadza: HOW DID THAT OF ALL THINGS COME INTO THE LIGHT OF THIS POORLY IMPROVISED CONVERSATION

Wilbursoup: I swear to God if I've been fucking the same guy my father's been fucking-

Fundyisnotafurry: WAIT WHAT BUT I- WITH DREAM-?????

TechnologicalGod: So does that make Dream our step mother of some sorts, cause that'll be kinda weird since I have also fucked him

Wilbursoup: now this just sounds like a porno with an all too predictable ending

Dadza: and what is that ending?

Wilbursoup: fivesome

TechnologicalGod: why was I thinking the same thing just wasn't insane enough to say it

Dadza: oh no, oh nonononono. One horny ass blonde is enough for me, if you guys fuck then leave me out of it.

Fundyisnotafurry: WIL YOUR LITERALLY MY DAD WHAT THE FUCK

Wilbursoup: I fucked a salmon I can fuck the admin of a server just as good

Fundyisnotafurry: I DIDNT NEED TO KNOW THAT?!?

Gogy: what're we here for?

Pandas: just to suffer-

Quacker: aye I thought this was Dream harem chapter not Dream x sleepy bois chapter

Dream : QUACKITY STOP BREAKING THE
4TH WALL, I BROKE IT ONCE AND THE READERS
STILL COMMENT UNDER IT

TechnologicalGod: you just broke it even more, kinda similar to how I broke your ass that same chapter-

BBH HAS LEFT THE CHAT

Karl: oh great you chased him away

Pandas: hes too wholesome to be in a dream harem anyways

Quacker: that's not what the drafts say-

Dream : STOP BREAKING THE FUCKING WALL

TechnologicalGod: okay let's make a deal, we stop breaking the wall and I get to fuck you into a wall

Pandas: were literally in a group chat

Wilbursoup: man's just planning booty calls in group chats now

Fundyisnotafurry: Imma jus- imma just sleep. Im muting this shit

Pandas: mans just straight said fuck your harem, Dream he doesn't like your harem

Dream : I'm not sure if I like it very much either

TechnologicalGod: we can all agree that that's the complete opposite of what you moan in bed

Dream : MOANING IS AN UNCONTROLLABLE RESPONSE TO
SEXUAL STIMULATION OKAY

TechnologicalGod: then is "oh yes master please more" also an uncontrollable response?

Dream :yes

Pandas: he calls you master? He just calls me pandas

Wilbursoup: am I the only one he calls sir?? And daddy

Quacker: am I the only one that doesn't have a chapter yet???

Gogy: I dont have one either

Punz: yeah same

Dream : GODDAMMIT THE FUCKING WALL

Pandas: SINCE WHEN THE FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN HERE

Punz: a while now. I just decided to watch instead. There's literally a list of people that are here in the channel settings.

Pandas: oh really?

Pandas: SAM IS HERE?!?! DREAM FUCKED A WARDEN

Sam: like punz, I've just been watching.

Pandas: wait imma scroll down this list.

Gogy
Dream
Pandas
Sam
Punz
TechnologicalGod
Wilbursoup
Dadza
Jschlatt
Fundyisnotafurry
Quacker
Karl
Corpse
Illumina
Skeppy
Eret

Pandas: wait why are Eret and Skeppy here?

Gogy: oh they get chapters pretty soon

Pandas: and illumina??

Gogy: his chapters have been in the drafts for like a month

Karl: WAIT CORPSE IS HERE-

Gogy: we dont talk about that-

Pandas: so Dream has fucked royalty, has fucked anarchists, and multiple other titleless people of the server????

Dream : you see, sleep is looking pretty damn
Good right now so imma just-

TechnologicalGod: if you leave I won't let you sleep for 2 days

Quacker: TWO DAYS WHAT THE HELL

Wilbursoup: the fuck kind if stamina do you have????

TechnologicalGod: never heard of bdsm?? I can still keep him awake without actually fucking him. Who the hell sleeps with a vibrator in their ass

Dream : save me-

Quacker: TECHNODABLADE GETTIN BUSY

Karl: pop off I guess

Dream : imma just-

DREAM HAS LEFT THE CHAT

TechnologicalGod: oh that little fucker

Quacker: DAMN DREAM HAS SOME BALLS

Gogy has added Dream

Dream : why

TechnologicalGod: I'll be there in 15 minutes, you better be ready

Quacker: oh fuck wait he was serious-

Pandas: damn, and I thought I was assertive

Gogy: you? Assertive?

Pandas: oh shut up george you could've be assertive even if your life depended on it

Karl: that's not assertive that's just straight up DOMINATE

Wilbursoup: wait wait Techno let me join-

Quacker: I think he already left.

Wilbursoup: Techno techno Techno Techno

Gogy: probably already trident-ing his way over to Dreams

Pandas: bro we live in the same house as him.

Dream

: oh yeah we do, pandas help me

Pandas: using that name isn't gonna do shit. You got yourself into this.

Dream

; oh you motherfucker-

Gogy: I hear him running

Pandas: wait oh fuck oh fuck-

Quacker: the hell's going on?

Gogy: Dreams murdering Sapnap

Karl: aye you guys need a place to stay, since Technos obviously reserving your house

Gogy: yeah sure let me just stop Dream from committing murder.

Wilbursoup: Geroige I'll be over there in like 2 minutes so leave the door unlocked.

Gogy: k

Quacker: damn, I wann join

Karl: same

Punz: same

Karl: how long are you just gonna lurk there

Punz: I lurk

Sapnap: Karl well be there In like 20 min

Karl: kay, but why is your user changed?

Sapnap: Dream got mad at me for not hiding him from Technoblade and changed my user name before I left

Gogy: Hes acting like a brat right now

Wilbursoup: yoy left the door unlocked right?

Gogy: we literally just walked past each other. But yeah I did

Dream : no, go away. No like you

Wilbur walked in through the unlocked door of the Dream Teams house, being sure to leave it unlocked after walking for when Techno arrives. He saw a mess in the halls, probably from Dream trying to murder Sapnap. Oh fuck there was an actual knife on the ground. Having already visited Dream here many times, Wilbur already knew where Dreams room was. In it, sat a dirty blonde male with an oversized shirt on that obviously belonged to Sapnap, and tight black boxers framing perfectly toned thighs. Dream hadn't noticed him yet, his back being mostly turned to Wilbur. The taller of the two silently made his way to the bed Dream sat on, then grabbed his waist and yanked him back, earning a light yelp and a kick to the shoulder. "WHAT THE FUCK WILBUR YOU SCARED ME."

"How'd you know it was me?" Wilbur asked with his head tilted to the side and a hand on Dreams thigh.

"Your cologne. Or perhaps your coat smells of gunpowder since you use a shit load of it for potions. Fuckin drug lord." Dream huffed, crossing his arms and looking away.

"That's Quackity. I'm just a dealer." Wilbur smiled crazily, as he always did when he had something in mind. Dream flinched when feeling the taller mans fingers slide across his thighs to his clothes member. "You kinda fucked yourself up today, you know Technos serious about that whole 2 day thing."

"Thought he was kidding, he likes to show off occasionally so I figured it was just that." Dream said with the softest tremble in his voice as Wilbur palmed him through the thin fabric.

"Mm, no." Wilbur hummed softly, laying kisses and bites to Dreams nape. "Seeing as Techno obviously isn't gonna let you cum anytime soon, I'll help you out before he arrives."

Dream gasped and moaned, feeling Wilburs long fingers pull off his boxers and stroke his dick slowly, his other hand going under his shirt and rubbing at his left nipple. "F-fuck... Wil... please..."

"Im not fucking you until he gets here though. That'd be going too easy on you." Wilbur smirked, grinding his pelvis against the curve of Dreams ass. "What are your safe words for him?"

"Mm... I-its changed b-b-but... its red...y-yellow and green... for when to go and... s-stop..." Dream moaned and stuttered throughout the entire sentence, the hest building up in his body as Wilbur unbuckled his own jeans and pulled down his boxers just enough to let his erection free. Dream shook and took a deep breath, his skin tingling everytime the brit teased his tip and bit down on a sensitive area of his neck.

"I see, then use those for me too okay?" Wilbur said, Dream nodding in response. The blonde flinched when feeling Wilbur member slip between his thighs, showing up Dreams length by a couple inches. Dream allowed himself to be pushed forward and positioned so his chest was on the bed, back arched and ass up with his legs closed as much as they could with Wilburs dick between them. The taller man licked his lips and bent over to leave a bit on the small of Dreams back and a few dark hickies down his spine. "Let's be quick. I bet that man is already more then halfway here."

Dream nodded and held a fistful of the dark grey sheets that lay beneath him, biting his lip and letting it go with a moan. Wilbur drew his hips back then snapped forward again, fucking between Dreams thighs and making sure their members ribbed together everytime he thrust his hips forward. "Fuck, from an angle it looks as if I'm actually fucking you." Wilbur said with a devious

tone, leaning back to see the blondes hole clearly. He stuck a finger in and lightly thrust it steadily inside of Dream.

"A-aah~! Sir... please l-let me...cum..nnh~.." Dream moaned, already coming close to his release. Wilbur dug his finger nails into the shorter males thigh, then rubbed them to ease the pain, then pinched at his sides, then rubbed them again. Dream moaned more to the pain and pleasure of it all, his hole twitching with the urge to be filled. But this wasn't his night to be in charge in the slightest.

Wilbur felt a shiver run up his spine, and a cold wave of pleasure traveled down to his fingertips, indicating he was close. Pulling his finger out of Dreams ass, he leaned over the blonde and hugged his waist while thrusting faster and harder between the warmth of those thighs. Dream let his mouth gape open, hands clenching and releasing the sheets, his mind went fuzzy for a moment as he came onto the sheets. Wilbur following right after, semen covering Dreams chest and pre-cum slicking up his thighs. Wilbur pulled away and picked up Dream to kiss him, laying the blonde down against some pillows. The door creaked open, and a tall broad figure walked in, quickly discarding the cape from their shoulders. A grin stretched wide across his face as he lifted the pig mask off of his eyes and nose and placed it on the edge of the bed.

"Hope you enjoyed that while it lasted, cause you won't have anything like it anytime soon." Technoblade said in a dark seductive tone, undoing the top button of his shirt.

Fuck, what did I get myself into. Dream thought as he held onto the sheets for dear life

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Chapter End Notes

I'm so bad at improvising lol. But I tried and here's my gift for 200K. By the time I posted this I had reached like 204K but hey it still counts.

How the fuck did I gain 4k reads in literally like 5 days
Its fucking crazy man. Wattpad is just blowing me up rn lol

But yeah I hope you guys enjoyed. Probably gonna take a break from writing but not a long one.

I use my hands a fuck ton throughout the day. Typing for school and the book, writing my own official novels, drawing, usually I'd be playing video games too but I'm grounded so lol

Hope you guys have an amazing day
Remember you are fucking amazing

Love you all
See you in the next one :)

Share×kudos×comment

2418 words

DREAMNOBLADE

Chapter Summary

Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

You're Haunting Me

| smut | sexual tension | blood kink

They watched as it fell, the anvil in which was previously tied high above the cage that held their enemy, one of the most dangerous men on the server. Hands bound by chains of iron, unable to leave the cage, forced to sit and watch as Punz lept in and began attacking his kidnappers, the butcher army. Tubbo screamed for the anvil to be released, and all Techno could do was stare up at his fate with the Totem of Undying clenched in his hand. He felt the impact tear him apart, skull shattering, blood gushing from his punctured and exposed vessels. The horrific scene lasted a second before particles of green and gold repaired the man's face and mask, tissue and nerves flailing back into place. He gasped harshly, the burn in his skin was nothing but a tingle now as he lept from the cage and caught sight of his horse in the distance.

He called out to it, then ran with Punz keeping the army of four off his back. He caught his horse in a room with chests and gear, he felt relieved upon seeing his horse safe and beside him again. Dream, with a cloak far over his masked face, watched through the hole in the ground for anyone coming towards them. "Dream." Technoblade said as if acknowledging the other man. Dream only glanced at him, nodding as if saying "you're welcome". Techno gave a crooked smile, one of which showed his gratitude towards the shorter man. "I owe you one." He said frankly. They held eye contact, breathing in sync, chills running up both of their spines. Both masked men had each other in a trance though they couldn't clearly see each others eyes. As much as they wanted to.

Dream scoffed lightly and gripped his axe, nodding at Techno again. "I'll hold you to that." Was all he said before running out of the room and towards the fight. Moments later, while Techno was about to escape with Carl, Quackity had shown up ready to fight the hybrid man. It only took seconds in before Techno got the upper hand, sending Quackity's axe flying and carving a large gash over Quackity's left eye. The I'manberg president had despawned, temporarily unconscious and far from Technoblade. He made a run for it, making it safely back to his home, which held yet another unwanted visitor.



Technoblade made the mistake of trusting Tommy. Again, letting himself be taken advantage of for just his power alone and nothing else. He hated this agitated feeling that resided deep in his chest. He stood there amongst the majority of the server, watching as Dream vanished from sight and was now by himself. He glared at Tommy, holding back the urge to kill him right then and there. He managed to escape with blood and sweat dripping from his person, his limbs hurt, but it was nothing that he wasn't already used to. The blood wasn't even his own, though he had a few cuts on his hands where he had gripped his crossbow too hard or calluses from his axe in which he had swung so many times. Again, the pain wasn't new, and somehow the pain subsided and calmed the voices that raged in his mind.

Dream had come to his door, axe in hand. Techno would be lying if he said he didn't feel slightly excited upon seeing him. "Thanks for leaving me behind." Techno said sarcastically, watching as the blonde closed the door behind him. He reached into a chest and grabbed some bandages, sitting on a chair while bandaging up his wounds all too well, he was indeed very experienced with this.

"Well we aren't exactly buddies, considering you hid my prisoner from me." Dream smirked, leaning against the lodestone in the corner of the room. "There's nothing wrong with a bit of random vanishing."

"Though it seems whenever I try to vanish, the past comes and tries to kill me once again. And now I must redo what I failed to do thoroughly all that time ago. I must destroy L'manberg once and for all." Techno stood up, facing the other man with his head tilted down. "And this time it will not survive its doom, now will it?"

"They won't know what hit them." Dream reassured, smiling dangerously. Techno eyed that slick smile, and he felt a hunger within him being suppressed upon seeing it. He took a step closer. "I'll be in your care once again, Technoblade."

"Well, last time I was more so the one being taken care of." Another step towards him, that smile slowly faded as he noticed the decrease in proximity. "What are you giving to me that I can use for this game?"

"Explosives, and a plan that no one could overthrow." Dream could feel the tension rise as the taller man got closer, hidden eyes on his lips, then down his body and up again. "What will you give me for this plan?"

"A shit load of Withers. And a fighter like none other."

"None other hmm?"

"Yes." Techno stopped right in front of him, resting his arm against the wall right above his head, he hunched over slightly to meet the others eyes. "Unless you have a somehow better fighter?"

Dream chuckled. "Well, I mean I am pretty formidable myself."

"Last time I checked I was the in that won that battle fair and square." Techno couldn't help but smirk when recalling that memory.

"Ok Mr. I-Like-to-strip-wood-while-in-the-middle-of-a-goddamn-fight... noblade." Dream joked, tilting his head to the side. Techno got closer, at this point their bodies were taugth against each others. He let out a deep chuckle.

"Salty are you now?" The hybrid teased, at this point he could practically feel the heat radiating from Dreams body and his lips. Dream forced himself to keep as much distance as he could, but he was trapped here against the wall, his rivals body up against his own.

"No. Of course not." Dream smirked, teasing the taller man by grazing their lips together for an instant before pulling back, Technos breathing hitched in his throat, and subconsciously he let out a low growl. Fuck that was hot. Dream thought as he shivered and his knees trembled. The two stared into each others eyes so intently, they feared they'd both burn in each other's arms, suffocating from a hungry lust and impulse to grab the other and just let loose. Technoblade was the first to budge, muttering a soft swear under his breath before pushing Dreams head back against the wall with a kiss so rough the blonde barely had time to think. Dream returned the kiss just as fierce, a gloved hand going behind the hybrids head and automatically tugging at pink locks, which were shorter under the longer top layers of Technos hair. "Did you- ever ha-have an un-dercut...a-at some-point." Dream breathed between kisses.

Techno narrowed his eyes and grumbled when he had to pull away to speak. "Yeah, when I was younger I cut my hair for the first time, but doing it myself I fucked it up. So Phil fixed it by giving me and undercut and making the top layers shorter. Its grown a lot since then."

"Mm." Dream smiled, he played with the silky strands and combed his fingers through as much as his arm length would allow him to. "I like it."

"Stop talking, I just wanna kiss you right now." Techno complained, trying to reconnect their lips, which Dream didnt allow since he tilted his head back.

"You sure that's all you wanna do right now? Your lil buddy seems to be poking at my thigh this whole time." Dream chuckled, then moaned rather loudly and suddenly. Technoblade had bit hard onto Dreams neck, leaving a red outline of his teeth and two punctures. His talons had managed to poke through the skin enough to make blood slowly bead out from the openings. Techno keened softly at the sight, and leaned in to lick off the small drops of blood. The taste was metallic, but utterly exquisite on the hybrids tongue. The warmth in which radiated from the piglin hybrid was enough to make Dream sweat, the blonde let out a long whiny moan as he felt the hot muscle drag slowly over the sting of the open wound again. "Fuck, Techno d-dont do that...~"

The taller smirked deviously. "Oh? Why not, is your neck that sensitive~?" He said then nudged his way to Dreams jaw, kissing lightly before licking again, topping it off with a bite, groaning again to the metallic taste of blood. Dream shivered and his back arched a little, pushing him further against Technoblade. A firm hand against the small of the blondes back, and teeth dragging along multiple places on his neck, Technoblade felt dizzy in the scent that Dream emitted everytime he flinched, everytime he yelped and gasped in a voice higher than it usually is. Dream noticed the mans pig like ear twitch, he observed how it moved so animal-like, flopping over slightly, rising and lowering to every sound it heard. The blonde moved his hand from the mans shoulder to his ear, rubbing the lobe lightly, eliciting a very guttural and low groan from the other. It made Dream freeze and his face go red from the sound of his voice going lower then it already is.

As if that were a button on him, Technoblade switch from tame to wild in a matter of seconds. He grabbed onto the bottom of Dreams thighs and lift him up against the wall, his mouth following the blondes neck and a hand groping hard onto his ass, his other hand pulling Dreams chin down so he could latch onto those plush lips again. Dream kept his fingers rubbing lightly against Technos ear, his other working the clasps off of his cape, and letting it fall with a heavy thud to the ground. They undressed themselves so quickly, neither of them realized the cold around them until a draft from the window rushed right against Dreams bare back and made it's way between them, Techno sighed when the cold hit his chest and cooled him down a little. He then had quite the idea, it made him chuckle. He wrapped his well toned arms around Dreams waist and sat him on the window sill, Dream looked out the window, through one of the 4 squares. "T-Techno the window-

"

"What? Its closed no one comes by here anyways. And if they did, all they could see is your back." Technoblade grinned while sliding his hands down Dreams thighs, stopping at his knees and spreading them apart, Dream gasped lightly when the cold traced over his bare regions. He looked down at Technos hips, seeing his trousers loose and buttoned, a tent bulging from where the clasps parted, he followed the mans v-line, up his well framed abs and chest, up until his eyes met the others and his face flushed red all the way to his ears. Techno chuckled and gripped the blondes thighs, rubbing a thumb over the inner parts in circular motions, feeling the softness of his skin and the light scars that just made his body even more beautiful. Techno shamelessly licked his lips

while looking up that pair of tannish strong legs, to the others lightly toned abs and long arms with freckled hands Techno couldn't wait to have grabbing onto him.

"Wh-why am I the only one completely naked?" Dream said shyly, though he wouldn't admit that his heart was beating out of his chest. The taller bucked his hips into Dreams while pulling him closer, letting out an exaggerated groan. He loved the way Dream blushed when he groaned, and the way the shorter male gasped when he groped his thighs so dangerously close to his dick.

"A bit impatient hmm? Can't wait to have mines out can you?" Techno placed his hands on the sill beside Dreams ass, leaning down and whispering into his ear. "Or is it that you can't wait to have me in you?"

Dream looked away in shame, he didnt admit it but Techno had him all figured out. He was horny as hell, and couldn't keep himself from glancing at that obvious bulge in the others pants that just got larger and larger. Fuck, how big is he? Dream had said to himself in his head. "I'd say I'm pretty big, if I had nothing else to be proud of, I'd say I'm pretty proud of my genetics." Fuck I said it aloud. Dream's neck blushed red.

Techno was growing impatient, as more he wanted to tease Dream, the more his dick twitched and ached inside of his boxers. Taking a deep breath, he hooked a thumb around the hem of both his trousers and his boxers, pulling them both down and letting the cold rush over his exposed tip. Biting his lip, Techno pulled Dream closer, having him lean back against the window and rest a leg on his shoulder, giving the taller a full view of Dream's ass. Sticking his fingers into his own mouth, Techno coated 3 fingers in saliva, staring at Dream which just made the blonde even more red. The hybrid scoffed when Dream looked away, unable to handle the stare. He then took his fingers out of his mouth and held up a peace sign with his tongue sticking out between the 2 fingers, which made Dream turn even more red and cover his face. Techno chuckled at that, and reached back down to stuck 2 lubed fingers into Dreams hole. The blonde hissed at the pain of the stretch, suddenly being penetrated when he was still a virgin.

Techno wiggled his fingers around slowly while massaging Dreams thigh, keeping him from tensing up too much. Dream moaned, though it still hurt, wanting badly to cover his face or bite onto something. He bit onto his own lip hard enough to make it bleed, and stifled his moans. The hybrids fingers brushed right against a bundle of sensitive nerves that made Dreams voice raise higher then before, and sing out a long moan. Techno smirked at his response and brushed his fingers against that spot again, reluctantly pleasuring him, not too much though; that'll be for later. Techno scissored the youngers entrance, at the same time thrusting his fingers at a shallow pace, but it was enough to make the other shiver and clench around his digits. "Aah~... Techno n-not... fair your-"

"Teasing? Yeah, I am. So what?" Techno said as he pulled his fingers out and watched as Dream peeked out from behind his arm which covered his face, eyes teary and his lip red from being bitten too hard. "Awe, did you want something in you that bad? You're crying for it."

"Shut up..." Dream muttered, then moaned prettily when Techno suddenly penetrated his ass, ramming his full length in all the way to the hilt. Dream held uis breath for a moment, gasping and convulsing with his nail dug into his own thigh since he didn't have anything else to grab on to. "F-

f-fuck~.... h-urts... Techno..."

"Sshhh. " Technoblade hushed him softly, stroking away tears that fell from Dream's bright green eyes. "I'm sorry, did it hurt that much? I just love the way you let out such erotic sounds, I couldn't help it." He said with a smirk.

Dream slowly got used to the feeling, the burn still present in his ass but it wasn't so bad now. Techno grabbed both of his wrists, pulling him up so Dream could put his hands on his back. "If you wanna scratch at something, go ahead and do it on my back."

Dream held onto the taller's shoulders for dear life, and shook his head. "It'll hurt you if I-"

"I like the pain as much as I like to give it to others. More specifically, you. It turns me on~" Techno grinned eyes narrowed and talons peeking out from that damn expression on his face. Dream nodded, then left a gentle kiss to Techno's jawline, earning a soft groan from the other's throat. Dream found that incredibly sexy. Techno started to move, hands back on the blonde's ass, holding him in place against the window sill. He started off at a slow pace, moaning under his breath as he pulled out until the tip was left and thrust all the way back in, keeping a rhythm in time with their united breathing pattern. Though Dream was disrupted by gasps and whiny little moans that he could help but make right against Techno's ear.

The taller of the two aimed to different places inside of Dream everytime he thrust back in, purposely avoiding his prostate, loving the way Dream stopped himself from scratching Techno. "T-tech....please i-i feel restless." Dream breathed, paying close attention to every movement and spot that Techno's dick touched inside of him. He felt it twitch.

Pressing Dream back against the cold window pane, Technoblade gripped Dream's ass firmly, then pulled out until the tip was all that is left inside. "You want me to go faster?" Dream nodded hesitantly. "To... go harder?" Dream nodded again with his face hidden against Techno's neck. "Right against that little bundle of nerves I touched earlier?" Dream nodded faster this time, whining against Techno's jaw.

"J-just... do it already..."

"M-mm... gotta say that you want it. If you want it so bad." Techno teased while sliding back in slowly, grinding his tip against those nerves, making Dream practically breathless. He nearly squealed if it wasn't for that gasp of air suddenly entering his lungs.

"Please... d-do it faster... and harder.." Dream said meekly, his face burning red.

"Do what?"

He bit his lip. "Fuck me faster... and harder, please..~" Dream said, adding some desperation to his voice. Technoblade chuckled darkly.

"Be more specific."

"How-?!" Dream sat up to look at the other, but was met with a lustful glare, making him shut up right away. Dream held that gaze, and chewed on his lip until he gathered the courage to say it. "Please, fuck me harder and faster, right against that place inside me I love so much." His blush darkened.

Techno softened his glare and held Dream's cheek in his rough palm. "Good boy." He said before setting a much faster pace, ramming hard into Dream's ass with much more force than before. The latter moaned automatically, head tilted back, nails dragging against Techno's back, he let himself

moan as much as he wanted. Techno dug his nose into Dream's neck, inhaling the sweet scent and biting hard into an already existing bite, reopening the wound and sucking out more blood. "Ah~... fuck I love your taste...~" Technoblade moaned, causing butterflies to erupt in Dreams stomach, and add an even higher moan to his quivering lips.

Dream felt his back being pushed harder and harder against the window everytime Techno bucked his hips hard into his ass, pistoning against his prostate with such efficiency that Dream saw spots in his vision. His nails dug deeper into Technos back, peeling some skin and making him bleed. The hybrid sped up even faster, groans being yanked out of his throat and making vibrations against the bites on Dream's neck. The blonde clenched tight around Technos dick, putting more pressure against the more sensitive parts of his shaft, igniting an elicit moan from the top. It made the heat coil in Dreams base, threatening to break through and spill all over their chests. "Aah~! T-technob-blade~!! I- nnh~ c-cum..ing...~!!" Dream stammered over his barely intelligible words, then came with an exceptionally loud moan that Techno could feel vibrations from in his throat, he sucked harder right against the spot the moan came from, leaving a dark bruise-like hickey.

"Sh-shit I- can't- ngah~..." Techno moaned deeply, cramming his tip against Dreams prostate and releasing his seed deep inside of him, chills spiking up both of their spines. "F-fuck it feels so good...~" Techno finished, panting heavily against Dreams neck.

Dream panted with him, their breathing in unison as they both came down from their high. His mind was still hazy, arms still tight around Technos neck and legs spread and held open by the others calloused hands. They parted just enough to meet eye to eye, then kissed each others lips tenderly at first, then much harder as time continued. Breathless and sensitive, they pulled away with shivers still roaming their bodies in the midst of the draft coming from the window. Techno took one hand from Dreams thigh to unlock one pane, and open the top window to let in some air. They both enjoyed it, sighing in satisfaction as their bodies cooled down. There was steam on the window, blocking their view from outside. But when Technoblade looked out, there sat Phil, at the pond beneath the porch, name tagging his newly caught fishes.

He froze, blinked twice, then looked down at Dream, who also looked outside to see what Techno was staring at. He turned a new shade of red when Phil stood up from his crouched position and gave a disappointed dad look to the both of them. "Next time you wanna fuck, please for the love of god dont do it in front of a fuckin window!!"

Dream pointed at Techno. "Was his idea."

The pink haired male scoffed. "You still let me."

"Who the fuck can reject your horny ass when you were literally rutting against me!!" Dream argued, but they both had guilty smiles on their faces like two teens would if they just got caught in the act. Which was what happened, except they weren't teens anymore.

"Techno you fucking idiot! You're lucky I wasn't fuckin streaming mate or you're boyfriends ass would have literally been on camera!!" Phil yelled, his accent thickening the louder he got.

"Why were you looking!?" Techno yelled back, but his yells just got more guttural as his voice raised.

"I wasn't!! How the hell could I ignore literally someone fucking in the window!! Not to mention hes got a pair of chords obviously from how fuckin loud you were making him!!" Phil argued.

"Excuses! You just wanted to see his ass!" Techno put an arm around Dreams waist, holding him closer.

Hope you loved or at least liked it!!
I left some indication to what the Dreamzablade
Chapter will be that you guys wanted so badly.
So go ahead and make some assumptions.
Those of you that are the horniest fucks will definitely get it
I mean come on its one of the more popular

Fan fiction troupes so, if you've been
A writer or reader for long enough like me
Then you should be able to guess what the topic
Of the Dreamzablade chapter will be

[Poll was on wattpad, is now over]

For the beginning, I was inspired by SAD-ist's animation, Hog Hunt. As you can see I put elements from it in the beginning paragraphs. I love their animations and their Technoblade design is so clever, I love how they kept his hair short since Dream cut it in their 1v1 in Mr.Beast's video. If you dont know what I'm talking about then you should go watch that animation. Please dont bash me or anyone here for what you have read in this chapter or in previous chapters, to make it painfully clear yet again this is for my own entertainment and those who read it.

What I dont get is that people will literally go to certain fictions just to say they dont like it. But you dont end up on this side of the internet unless you go looking for it. Trust me, you dont. I've used wattpad since 7th grade and over all this time I never "found" stuff like the shit I write unless I'm looking for it or looking at something similar to it. So all these haters in the comments or in my dms, bro you obviously gone looking for this shit and for what? To try and make a dent in the wattpad community? Fuck no lol. And there is a difference between the toxic writers and writers like me. I respect people. So I don't go looking for drama but if you come to me with it, you better fucking believe imma bite back. Trust me, I hate drama. I hate all those pretty rich fuckin cheeto girls you see with the too big eyelashes and the fake personalities. They talk so much shit when most of that shit is what got them that damn nose job okay? And I know for a fact that those types of people are the ones in the hate comments.

Honestly I fucking love you guys, those who have just been by me in this, especially the ones that have been here since before the ORIGINAL dreamza chapter was released. I recognize your users, and if you didnt change it, i know your pfp's. I love your comments and your support. Especially the early viewers, i love seeing the first votes then the next fucking day i have like 4k. Really appreciate it. And I really hope you guys are patient with me and the updates, it's funny seeing the users I know re-commenting saying "reading this again for the -insert amount- time!" Love it. Cause I used to do that when I was merely just a reader, or when I did have books but no one fucking read them. And I was always looking to do collabs with people I read books from so I understand that sort of wish or want to do a collab with me. I mean fuck I'm a good writer, aiming for a bachelor's in writing or even just majoring in English. But I still have another year before college so fuck wish me luck.

I honestly feel like I could get along with a lot of you guys, probably why I like to add little messages like this to the end of my chapters cause i just really appreciate you guys and want to make sure you guys know how much I do. I'll be honest its embarrassing writing hardcore smut when I have people in the comments that I know cause then they could just hit me up and be like "-insert lenny face- so I saw your new chapterrrr". Loll. But anywho, love you guys, thank you everyone, look forward to the next one. :)

Share×kudos×comment

4734 words

Illumidream

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Recording Go Brrrrr

Dirty talk | Web-cam sex | phone sex | vibrator| masturbation | master kink

Dream woke up and chose violence, having the sudden need to kick some ass online. He called up a few friends, they were busy either streaming, sleeping (George obviously was sleeping), or recording their own videos. So he then decided to play some bedwars. After winning the first game, he got bored again, logged out, then scrolled through reddit looking for some video ideas. He then saw some manhunt ideas, scrolled through them, jotted down ones that seemed interesting, then went to discord to see who was active. Illumina's tag had a green dot next to it. He shrugged, sending a simple dm to him.

Dream

Hey, wanna record another video with me?

Illumina

Sure, what's the video about?

Dream

Just another manhunt

Illumina

I have nothing else to do at the moment so yeah. I'll play with you

Dream

Alright, I'll call you once I set it up

Illumina

Sounds good

Dream set up his equipment, adjusting his mic as needed, starting up a world and sending Illumina an invite. Once he finished and saw that Illumina had joined, he pressed call. After a couple rings, Illumina answered. "Hey."

"Hi, lemme just get the recording going." Dream said, then started to record, going into a 3rd person pov and introducing the video. Illumina stayed quiet meanwhile, jumping beside Dream and hitting him a couple times. Dream returned the friendly taps, finishing up his intro and standing face to face beside Illumina. "You ready?"

"I'm ready when you are." Illumina said, the smile noticeable in his voice. "One minute to start right?"

"Mhm."

"Oh does little Dream need a head start?" Illumina teased, Dream chuckled at it despite feeling his chest clench just a bit.

"Hehe... no no no I'm cutting that out." Dream said while starting to run away, tapping away at his keyboard to smoothly parkour around the trees and gather wood.

"Aw why?" Illumina laughed, holding his compass, waiting patiently for the minute to end.

"Cause.... just no." Dream crafted quickly, spending the remaining 20 seconds to get further away. "Oh, a village!" He exclaimed, Illumina now following the compass, picking up wood on the way.

"Dreeeaammm." Illumina called out, now approaching the village, seeing it has already been greaved of most of its things. "Dream don't leave me in the village by myseeelllffff~" Illumina said in a sing-song voice.

"You're a grown man, doing grown things, you can live without me." Dream chuckled lazily.

"Or can I?" Illumina smirked. "Drreeeaammmmm I want yooouuuu~ to diiiieee by my hands."

Dream choked on a breath, laughing nervously. "What the hell Illumina? When the hell do you flirt."

"I don't know, I woke up today and chose flirtatious." Illumina shrugged, sneaking behind a tree, watching Dream put food into a couple smokers. He ran up, attacking him with a stone sword right away, Dream ran right away, exclaiming a bit as he did so. "Dreaaammm! Come hheerrreee Dream~"

"Hnn... piss off Illumina!" Dream exclaimed, feeling somewhat of a blush on his face. He turned around and shot his bow, a small ding sound telling him that he made the hit.

"How do you have a bow??" Illumina avoided the other arrows, then got hit about 3 times in a row, surviving just barely, ducking behind a tree to eat and heal up. Meanwhile Dream got closer and fired another arrow when Illumina was in sight "Oh yeah, keep blowing me Dream."

"Wh-what the HEELLL?!!" Dream laughed, missing the next shot cause he was laughing too much.

"I said bowing-"

"No you did NOT! I heard that!! You-you said BLOWING!!"

"No I didn't! You're just hearing that. Damn what are you even thinking about Dream? Thinking of blowing me?" Illumina got closer to his mic, speaking in a low tone.

"Oh my- Shut up!" Dream chuckled, blushing incredibly red. "Im gonna have to cut that whole scene out now!"

"Oh too bad so saadd." Illumina chuckled, avoiding Dream's attempts to hit him. "Feisty Dream, I like it. You know you want me Dream~"

"Oh my god shut uuuppp." Dream said, shyly this time.

"Whaaattt it's true, you want me right?"

"I.... want you to go away." Dream said calmly, giving up and now avoiding doing pvp with Illumina and instead, losing him in the forest. After a bit of insulting each other, and keeping

distance, Illumina got an idea.

"Have you ever done dirty talk with someone?"

"Uh..... no?" Dream scoffed. "Yet another moment I have to cut out of the video."

"Nah I think you should keep it. But like, you've never dirty talked with someone? Like, "I want you to moan for me", "you make me so hard", " Illumina smirked, noticing how Dream slightly gasped and heard his keyboard stop clicking. "'You're so pretty for me", "all nice and ready for me". Nothing like that?"

Dream felt a warmth in his chest. "N-no. Never." Dream finished mining, getting an even greater distance away from the hunter. "Why do you ask?"

"Just wondering." Illumina shrugged, gathering some iron and smelting it. "Has anyone ever dirty talked TO you?"

"No." Dream answered rather quickly, having already collected resources and now looking for a lava pool.

"What a shame. You should try it." Illumina's smirk was obvious in his tone. Dream only rolled his eyes and finished making the nether portal, lighting it and watching as his screen transitioned out of the overworld.

The achievement flashed in the chat in the corner of the screen. "What the hell!! Already?! Holy fuck I'm lagging." Illumina yelled softly, finishing up crafting and towering out of the cave.

Dream let out a hearty laugh, filling his hunger bar before proceeding around the nether. "Underestimating me huh?"

"Oh no I could never~" he teased, tracking down Dream's portal. He got closer to the mic. "Get over here Dream." He said demandingly.

Dream felt that one line hit him hard in the chest, his face burning. He fell off the edge of the fortress but quickly placed a block on the side so he wouldn't die from fall damage. "Holy shit I almost fell..."

"What, did I make you all flustered Dream?"

"Oh shut up Illumina." Dream said quietly, feeling a twitch in his pants, making him shift slightly in his chair. Illumina chuckled heartily, loving Dream's reaction.

"You love it, don't lie. I know for a fact that you're blushing right now, shifting in your chair, probably all pretty and embarrassed from being talked dirty to." Illumina could hear the tiniest whimper from the others headset, a small gasp followed it, and he also noticed the sudden silence of his keyboard. Illumina thought about what Dream could be doing, he imagined the other mans body leaned back against the chair, hands shaking against his own cock and stroking it to the sound of Illuminas taunts. He shivered at the thought. "You can't help but to think of it huh? You want to think about the pleasure you would feel from someone's kisses against your neck, hands roughly grabbing at your body yet gently stroking the tender areas near your thighs and hips. You want nothing more than a dick against your own, dominating you, holding you in a heat radiating off of your partners body. So good for them, such a bitch for them, needy and small compared to them."

Dream had already trapped himself in a hole in the fortresses walls, hesitant to touch his growing erection in his loose lounge pants. Dream couldn't lie, especially to himself. Everything Illumina

was saying left him near trembling, experiencing a new feeling that boiled in his gut. He leaned back against his chair, palming himself reluctantly through his pants, listening as Illumina continued his seduction. "You've stopped playing now have you? What could you be doing you bad boy, hmm? Are you touching yourself? Probably all red faced, biting your pretty lips, jerking off to the sound of my voice, getting off on taunts and sexual desires."

"N-uno..." Dream whimpered lightly, though what Illumina was saying was true. He had already undone his zipper, his now fully erect length rested in his hand as he hesitantly stroked it. Illumina bit his lip when imagining what Dream could be doing. He wanted to tease him more.

"I know you are Dream, probably couldn't hold back with that needy little ass of yours. You probably finger yourself at night, or maybe you own some toys? I'd love to see you use them, Dream. Desperately fucking yourself back on an artificial cock, wishing it was real, wishing it could actually cum inside you and satisfy your greedy little needs. You want a real cock hm? Someone to put you in your place, make you their little sub." Illumina paused and dug a 2 block hole into the ground, then blocked himself off there, hands off the keyboard and mouse, now leaning back in his chair, hands clenching his arm rests, wondering if he should do it as well. He could feel himself getting turned on. "What if it was me, Dream?"

He heard the smallest moan leave Dream's mic, making him blush and harden even more. "Fuck..." Illumina groaned quietly, though Dream could faintly hear it. Dream gasped as he teased his own dick, heat in his chest making it hard to breath, his hoodie making his body warmer. "Come on Dream, you know you would love for me to be there, taking care of your little problem. How would you like me to do it hm? Pin you down, fuck into you relentlessly, make you my little toy? Or maybe you'd like to be teased until you can't think anymore. Overstimulated so much that all you can do is moan my name. My own little cocksut."

Dream clenched his teeth hard, a few small moans escaping his lips as he sped up his hand and desperately chased that warmth in his gut. He whimpered. "Illumina..." The other male flinched to the sound of his name being moaned. He gave up. Reaching into his pants, Illumina began jerking himself off, grunting softly while leaning his head back.

"Dream... Do you wanna turn your camera on...?" He asked hesitantly. Dream found that to be rather intriguing, but should he...? Illumina heard movement on Dreams end, then the camera on the discord call started loading, and the camera turned on. Illumina's heart practically stopped when seeing the other man's bare thighs, hoodie covering his dick, and a white smile mask on. "I knew you'd hide your face... But I actually don't mind, your so pretty, Dream."

Dream blushed behind the mask, then hesitantly uncovered his member, feeling vulnerable being the only one with the camera on. "Y-you too."

Illumina smirked and sat up to turn his camera on, angling it to mostly show his lower half, but his face was still visible. Dream's breathing hitched when seeing Illumina was also with his jeans pulled down, hard and turned on. "Well? You wanna keep going for me baby?" Dream slowly nodded, leaning back in his chair again and this time shakily touching himself, moaning when he thumbed at his tip. Illumina smirked even wider, watching as the blonde simulated himself steadily. "I know you can do more then that baby, do something fun for me, please?"

Dream thought for a moment, then sat up to open the drawer under his desk. In it, was a bottle of lube, and a lime green dildo with a remote. Illumina turned red when seeing the two items in his hands. "Those look like fun, wanna stretch yourself out for me?" Dream shyly nodded again and placed the dildo on the desk, then smothered his fingers with the lube. He then sat back and reached down to his entrance, smearing the gel around his rim. "Oh come on little lamb, spread

your legs nice and open for me yeah? I wanna see your pretty little hole clenching around your fingers."

Dream obliged, propping his legs onto the arms rests of the chair and slowly entering his fingers into himself, moaning to the feeling. Illumina jerked himself steadily, watching as Dream scissored his fingers, then added a third, thrusting them in and out at a quick pace. The blonde then leaned his head back and moaned, whining as he sped them up even more and rubbed his prostate. Illumina teased at his tip while watching, keeping himself stimulated, but not too much. Saving his release for the good part. "I think that's good enough." He said with a slight chuckle. Dream whimpered and slowly stopped, not wanting to since he could feel himself getting closer. He sat up and pulled his fingers out, smothering the dildo in lube now. He felt his heart racing just by the thought of doing this in front of Illumina. Of course he did it by himself, on days or nights he felt especially lonely. But now is the most turned on he's ever been of something or let alone SOMEONE. He stuck the dildo onto the chair, then got on his knees above it, facing the camera. Illumina smiled. "You're so good at this little lamb, take it all in one go, I'm sure you can do it with ease from how stretched out and wet you are."

Dream hesitated. But he nonetheless did as he was told. He angled the tip of the dildo at his entrance, then pushed in the tip steadily. When he was sure it could go in, he propped his hands in front of him and rammed his hips down, moaning loudly as the dildo hit his prostate. He stayed still, adjusting to it like he has many times before, and shook with anticipation. The mask ties slipped, and the item fell from Dream's face and onto the ground, he only looked at it hazily. Illumina looked away from the camera immediately. "Shit, I didn't see anything, I swear."

"I-It's fine." Dream said with a light gasp. "If we're already so intimate with each other, then I might as well put on an even better show for you." Dream smirked and thrust his hips, moaning at the movement. "Aahh~... Illumina..~!" He whined. Illumina's breathing hitched and he turned his head back around to see Dream's lightly freckled and pretty face, sweat gathered thinly at his forehead and lips parted prettily as he moaned.

"Fuck... you already know how to turn me on so well, my little bad boy." Illumina couldn't help but let that low growl linger lightly in his throat, it made Dream shiver and his hips wiggle in excitement. "Match my speed, alright?"

Dream nodded and watched the screen, waiting as Illumina leaned back and wrapped his hand around his dick again. He started to stoke just the upper half of his length, watching as Dream did the same, bouncing shallowly on the dildo. He grabbed the remote and switched it on. "Medium for now, okay?"

Dream obliged and switched the mode to medium, moaning and speeding up his hips a little. "Oh no no no, when did I say you could go faster?" Illumina teased, stopping his hand which made Dream stop his hips.

"I-I already feel so close, I just wanna cum..." Dream admitted, head down, trembling with the vibrations of the dildo pressing against his prostate. "I-Illumina please..."

"Hold on baby, I wanna see you fall apart in front of me, begging for my dick, unable to think of anything else." Illumina smirked, then started to stroke himself again, but just the tip and in slow movements. Dream followed his actions, gasping and whining, biting his lip and trying to keep from disobeying the other male. Illumina, though he loved to tease, was feeling restless, groaning deeply while leaning his head back and speeding up, stroking himself from the base to his tip, then speeding even more. His eyes narrowed as he watched Dream slam the dildo against his prostate, moaning loudly and trying his best to keep his eyes on the screen, watching for any changes in

pace. Tears pricked in his eyes, as he felt the tip of it rub against his prostate in all the right ways. He grinded back on the dildo, bouncing on it frantically, matching Illuminas speed which he picked up yet again.

Dreams hips started to stutter, his thighs trembled and nails dug into the fabric of his chair, Illumina grinned deviously and slowed his hand to a painfully shallow pace which made Dream whimper and slow down as well. He practically cried actual tears, head down and hips shaking so much that Illumina could clearly see the struggle. "Do you wanna cum baby?" Dream nodded frantically. "Lift your head and say it."

Dream slowly looked up and his eyes met with the camera, making Illuminas heart skip a beat. "P-please....I wanna cum... Illumina." Dream whined, adding a moan at the end.

"Little more than that babyboy." Illumina smirked.

"Mm...." Dream whimpered and panted softly. "M-...master please~" he moaned, Illumina practically choked on his breathing. Illumina groaned deeply into his mic, resuming his harsh movements, jerking his cock quickly and roughly, setting a frantic pace that made pre-cum seep from his slit and gather around his tip. Dream followed the movement, practically sobbing in pleasure and over-stimulation as he aimed the dildo dead onto his prostate, throwing his head back, dirty blonde hair moving out of his face, and letting out a whiny, loud moan as he came hard all over his hoodie.

Illumina followed closely, jerking his cock through his orgasm, then slowing down as he shivered and finished releasing his seed. A few extra strokes and he let go, panting, with his eyes on Dreams post-orgasm face, which he loved more than anything. He smiled gently at the blonde. Then looked at the time. He had a stream scheduled in 10 minutes. "I wish I was there to do the aftercare for you baby, but I have to go so here's what I want you to do." Dream nodded. "Drink some water, lots of water, and clean yourself up, if you don't feel like walking to the shower then change into some comfortable clothes and take a nap okay?" Dream nodded again and smiled faintly.

"Can we... do this again sometime?" He asked, avoiding looking at the camera.

Illumina felt his heart warm. "Of course baby boy." He angled his camera so his upper body was just visible. "I gotta go, so please take care of yourself okay?"

"I will."

"Good, see you later love." Illumina smiled before leaving the call.

Dream did as told, his legs were shaky yet he still was able to navigate his room alright. He changed into an over-sized shirt, clean boxers and drank the water he left in his mini-fridge. He wiped down the toys then put them away, wiping off his chair and disinfecting it, throwing away the materials and plopping down in his bed, cuddling his blankets and large fluffy comforter.

A week passed, the two had masturbated to each other many times over just one week, and it was just now, right after they had finished a call that Dream heard his door bell ring. He groaned, tired legs slipping into a pair of sweats. He stumbled down his stairs and to the door, opening it to see a box waiting for him to retrieve. Having seen no mail man to converse with, he brought in the medium sized box and closed the door. He had more trouble making his way up the stairs. When finally back on his bed, he sighed with relief now that he was off of his legs, and brought his attention to the box which he had yet to open. Pulling the tape off of the flaps, and pulling out a much smaller black box surrounded by green papers for decoration. He removed the box, and opened it, a large red blush creeping across his cheeks when seeing what was inside.

It was a translucent green dildo, with a remote attached, the motor inside the dildo was barely visible but he could still see it. There was a note neatly folded inside the box as well. Dream picked it up, and read it with a sheepish smile. "I took it upon myself to mold a special toy for you, its shaped exactly like my dick, which I thought you would enjoy. Every time were on call I can see you eyeing mines so lustfully I couldn't help but make you the toy." Dream put the black box under his bed for later, he kissed the little note, and kicked the packaging box of his bed, lying down in his blankets and readying for a nap. He smiled to himself while thinking of Illumina.

Chapter End Notes

I got tired near the end, it's like 2:30 am for me so I started dozing off while writing. But I needed to post SOMETHING so you horny asses could be entertained with this until the next Dreamza chapter is released

There are two versions of this fic, the person requested 2 so I will post the second one probably tomorrow.

Hope you enjoyed :)

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Follow for sneak peeks, hiatus updates, request updates and future chapters. DMs are open for requests, questions, or if you just wanna talk :)

Love your support!

MR.BEASTWASTAKEN

Chapter Notes

(I made this fiction as a way to torture my friend, he absolutely hates a Mr.Beast x Dream meme I sent to him as a joke. And low and behold he told me not to write fanfiction. And what happens when you tell a writer not to do something?? They do it. So enjoy, this is mainly a joke just to make my friends hate me more lol. But enjoy either way)

IF YOU DONT LIKE THIS EVEN IF IT IS A JOKE THEN SKIP IT, DONT LEAVE COMMENTS SAYING SHIT I ALREADY KNOW OR HAVE ALREADY HEARD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

New Tesla, New "friend"

lsex on a carl mild smut | vanilla sex | crackhead energy |

After that interesting tweet, a week had passed and Mr.Beast still hasn't given Dream the lines he asked for. Thus, owing him a new Tesla. Dream messaged Mr. Beast exactly one week after, asking him about the Tesla. They set up a meeting, secluded from the public. And since Mr. Beast is extra and has too much money, he went all out, setting up his front lot for the Tesla, with a large banner saying Dream, and asking that Dream dressed up in something nice, but casual. Mr. Beast also sent him some new black shoes since he didn't want to make the video with Dream wearing those damn Nikes. The day finally came and everything was set up, Dream drove over without anyone knowing other than Jimmy himself, wearing black jeans, the new shoes Jimmy had got him, and a green hoodie that fit close to his body, sleeves rolled up. Jimmy greeted him with a hug, seeing that Dream had brought his mask, it was in his hand. "I see you brought the mask."

"Yeah, figured it'd be great for the video." Dream said with a casual smile. He looked over at the Tesla and beamed with excitement. "Holy shit! You actually got it!"

"Yep. Of course I did." Jimmy said, gesturing to the vehicle. "For the video, I'm gonna make it so that it's more cinematic than anything, with like some transitions showing the car, then showing you on the car, maybe sitting on the hood with your hands back and just vibin, then if you want we can talk a bit on recording and post it on Twitter, I wouldn't show your face or anything."

Dream nodded. "Sounds good." He smiled before walking on over to the car and sitting right on

the hood, legs out in front of him and his hands back against the hood, looking up at the sky.
"Something like this?"

"Yep, perfect. If you wanna strike some poses for the viewers then your more than welcome to." Jimmy said while setting up one of many cameras, double checking the angles before starting to record. Dream put on his mask, keeping his hood lowered. After a little bit of recording and deciding on some transitions and music, the two took a break and Dream decided to add in some extra scenes where he strikes some poses, meant as a joke. First he lay on the hood of the car head tilted slightly to the side, an arm on his stomach and the other by his side, one leg propped up. Jimmy filmed the shot from above, the camera moving to the side and the transition would make it have a fading effect into the next shot. Which would be Dream laying on the hood but on his stomach, both arms in front of him and his head lifted to look at the camera. Jimmy recorded the shot from where the side view mirror is, then making the angle higher into the transition. Dream would be lying if he said he didn't arch his back juussttt a bit for those shots.

When done and Jimmy stopped recording, folding up the camera stands and putting each one into the required bags, handing Dream the keys so they could drive into Jimmy's garage for now. The two got back out of the car, exchanging friendly words and laughs. Dream went to the front of the car again and sat down while Jimmy pulled his phone out from his pocket and pressed record, the camera was pointed down at his shoes as he walked up to Dream who was now sitting on the hood normally, legs dangling a bit off the edge. "So Dream, how do you like it?"

"It's great! Love the color and the shape of it, the car. And uh, thank you, very much for this amazing vehicle." The camera was now, still pointed down, but showing Jimmy standing between Dream's legs, showing Dream's thighs as he lightly kicked his legs back and forth. Jimmy put a hand on one side of Dream, against the car.

"Yeah, well it definitely wasn't cheap." Jimmy said with a light sigh.

"Maybw you should have sent those lines sooner." Dream chuckled. "You're like... my sugar daddy now."
," He added, "...or something like that." Jimmy joined in the light chuckle, shifting slightly where he stood.

"I mean, I didn't buy you that ring for nothing." Jimmy added to the joke, referring to a tweet he made a whiiiiiiiiillee back.

"Yeah, at this point you might as well be my man." Dream chuckled awkwardly, the other male laughing at that as well.

The two shared a hearty laugh and Jimmy flipped the camera so it was pointing him, he smiled at it, then turned the camera so it just showed his face but in a side profile. "So, you like the car right?" Dream nodded and hummed in agreement. Alright well, that's all that matters, as long as you like it and I didn't spend all that money for nothing. We're good."

"Yep. Thank you again." Dream said, looking up at Jimmy from where he sat.

"You're welcome, Dream." Jimmy replied. And the two for some reason leaned into each other and shared a quick kiss while still recording. The camera didn't show Dream's face at all, but it showed Jimmy lean in. It wasn't until after that the two realized and started laughing hysterically.

"Oh-no no nonono...hehe... cut-cut that part out... it was unintentional! C-ompletely unintentional!" Dream laughed, reaching for the device, which Jimmy evaded and the recording showed him running from an outstretched hand.

"Nope! I'm posting that!" Jimmy exclaimed while running from Dream, quickly opening Twitter and pressing the new tweet button.

"Jimmy no! Cut-cut that part out!" Dream said with a wheeze and a crack in his voice. "You idiot!" He managed to catch up just a bit, grabbing Jimmy's sleeve and pulling him back a little. The other male laughed and pulled his arm away, running back to the Tesla where he managed to trap Dream against the hood of the car, their bodies pressed together and Jimmy's full weight holding Dream down. "Jimmy get off you dick!" Dream laughed as he tried reaching for the phone, which Jimmy held above his head.

The brunette grabbed one of Dream's hands and pinned it against the car hood. "Aack, can't type with one hand!!" Jimmy laughed while trying to type out 'after recording conversations, kissing the homies isn't gay though, right?' Jimmy finally managed to type it out, mainly with the help of autocorrect. He uploaded the video, pressed tweet, and turned off his phone, letting it go and fall onto the hood of the car. "TWEETED!!"

"GODDAMMIT!" Dream laughed, he let his arm fall and his body lay limp beneath the brunette. "You're such a prick." He chuckled, looking up at Jimmy who had stayed in the same position. It was then that Dream realized that the brunette was between his legs, and his own legs were practical around Jimmy's waist, their crotches pressed together. One slight move and Dream could feel friction igniting arousal in his core.

"You love it." Jimmy smirked, though he could strongly feel the newly developed tension in the air. The two shared a long moment of silence and heated eye contact, before they both started to

Crackheadedness achieved

Aight, leezardweezard come get yo cursed chapter lmfao

1833 words

FATHERS DAY SPECIAL (DREAMZA)

Chapter Notes

AGAIN ANOTHER AMAZING IDEA FROM MY GOOD FRIEND leezardweezard

We were talking about Father's day, literally right at the time I'm writing this 11:23 pm pst, and as a joke I said "What if I did a Father's day special?"

HE THEN PROCEEDED TO BE A FUCKING IDIOT AND SAY "SO YOU MEAN DADZA??".

I am over the FUCKING MOON. Now imma ruin fathers day for all of you.. Love this idea. Enjoy :)

This is also a semi-continuation of the Dreamza chapter, Black-Winged Dove.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dadza

| Daddy Kink | smut |

It was the day, finally, it was the day for Dream to use his best idea yet. Ever since Philza and Dream started dating, after that both traumatic and amazing night, he and Philza have been taking the sexual part of their relationship nice and slow, slowly getting over Dreams trauma and visions ever time they got intimate. As time went by, there was a point in them where Dream realized it was hard on Phil to be able to help Dream out of his trauma. Philza loved him more than anything, and was willing to sacrifice any sexual affection towards Dream just to make sure he was mentally healed first. There were nights where they stopped midway because Dream ended up in tears and Philza had Dream go to bed. He would sit on the edge of the bed and "finish the job" himself before finally going to sleep. Times when they cuddled, he could tell Philza was tense from a lack of attention to his lower regions.

Phil, being a gentleman and a caring Dad-like figure over anything else, always told Dream not to worry about it, to focus on getting himself better, and not on his sexual needs. So Dream listened, doing mental excersizes and doing his best to forget or let go of such a time. But it was one night that he could really tell that this whole ordeal was tough of Philzas side. The man was pent up like crazy.

Dream had just finished washing the dishes after his meal with Techno and Philza. A pair of strong arms wrapped around the SMP Leaders waist, soft lips pressed to his nape, and a smile curling on those lips when Dream chuckled softly. "Im almost done." Dream said while wiping off the counters with a rag. Philza put his chin on the others shoulder, watching him clean, then let go and stood to the side to watch. Dream reached over the counters, moving items that were in the way and moving his hips in a circular motion. Philza kept himself from letting his eyes fall onto the other males ass, clearing his throat and looking up at the ceiling. He looked back down and right away, his eyes fell onto the same part of his lovers body. His eyes outlined curved hips, hands gripped onto the counter, his ass moving from side to side. A hand ran over the scruff on his chin, then he looked away. Dream finished up, washing off the rag and putting it to the side to dry. He turned around with a smile and walked on up to Philza, holding his hand and pressing a chaste kiss to his cheek. "Ready?"

Philza nodded and returned the kiss, but on the others forehead, they then left Technos house and across the balcony. When they both reached the bed and dressed in more comfortable clothes, Philza let his eyes wander to the other, taking deep breath and tearing his eyes away again. They both laid down after fully dressed, though Dream usually wore a baggy shirt and boxers to bed, and Dream just HAD to press his ass right up against Philzas pelvis, eliciting a soft groan, which Philza disguised as clearing his throat. Dream moved again, making him grind against Phil. When the blonde realized what he was doing, Phil grabbed his hips to stop him and turn him around. "Dream... no."

"Everytime I looked at you while I was cleaning and even while I was changing, you were looking at me like a damn hawk." Dream moved his knee to press up against Philzas already developing bulge. Philza turned him back around and held him tightly, sighing through his nose while keeping Dream from moving.

"Not until you get better." He said sternly, which Dream whined at and tried escaping his hold.

"But you've been pent up lately haven't you? We could just-"

"Dream." Philza said a bit louder, making the younger flinch. He softened his tone. "Not yet." He said, then let him go, slipping out of the bed and walking downstairs. Dream sat up with a worried and sad look on his face. He got out of bed, walking to the edge of the stairs and standing there. He could hear soft groans and quiet wet sounds from below, his face went red. Philza stood with his back to the wall, a hand on his chest while holding his shit up, and his other hand shallowly jerking himself off while giving soft moans of Dreams name. This carried in for a short while, before Dream could hear rapid breathing and a throaty groan, signaling the man's release. "Fuck...." Philza sighed when he finished and calmed down, head against the wall with frustration bubbling in his gut. "What the hell am I thinking...?" He asked himself, then cleaned up.

Dream fell asleep that night half hard, nor admitting that he too was beyond pent up. The following week, Dream dedicated himself to getting over his trauma, telling himself words of confidence, taking more time on getting used to holding a weapon again, pushing aside nightmares that only made him relive that time in the prison. In one dream, he managed to kill Sam before he could do anything. And that was when he knew he was ready enough. Today would be the perfect day, marking this day as his "moment" would be mostly comedic after the fact, but downright lust-filled during it. Philza had been avoiding even a kiss to the lips from Dream the whole week so he KNEW that the older man was pent up as fuck. Perfect for his plan.

Again, he finished cleaning up dinner, bid Technoblade goodnight, and he and Phil went up to the room. Philza was still ignoring him, avoiding his eyes and his kisses, but accepting his hugs. Just as they started to get undressed, Dream kept his clothes on and pounced on Philza as soon as his shirt was off, making the man fall onto the bed with his knees over the edge, looking up at a smirking Dream who straddled his waist. "Dream what are you-" he started, but was cut off by a pair of lips covering his own. Dream roughly locked his lips with Phil's, tilting his head to the side and pulling away slightly to bite and pull on his bottom lip, earning a soft groan from the older man. He felt hands slide up his thighs and grab onto his ass, giving a light squeeze as Dream slipped his tongue past his lips and against his teeth. He opened his mouth, accepting the kiss and groaned deeply against the blonde lips as they locked against his own once again. He took control of the kiss in a matter of seconds, a hand moving to the back of his head and tugging lightly at shoulder length locks of dirty blonde hair.

Dream moaned as his ass was kneaded by Philza's hand, rocking his hips to grind their bulges together. They both moaned into the kiss, eyes closed and lips interlocked, tongues pushing against each other's as they desperately held onto the other. Philza helped Dream move his hips against his own, thrusting up to meet with him every now and then, igniting more waves of pleasure up their spines. Dream finally pulled away feeling a burn in his lungs from a lack of air. He panted heavily against Philza's lips, their breath mixing and a single string of saliva connecting wet and bitten lips. Dream leaned his head back and moaned, feeling the tent in Philza's pants grow bigger and rub right against his ass harder. "Ahn...~ Daddy...~" he moaned, making Philza's breathing falter and his cheeks redden.

And as if something in him was switch off, he shook his head and went to remove his hands from Dream's ass. Dream grabbed his wrists and stopped him. "Dream no, I said we were doing thi-"

"I'm ready." Dream said sternly, eyes desperate and needy as he gripped the older man's wrists harder.

"You still have nightma-"

"I got over them."

Philza looked taken aback. "You can't hold a wea-"

"Im fine with them now."

His teeth clenched and he stayed still, looking into Dreams eyes with a serious expression. "You're not pre-"

Dream chuckled. "What a weak excuse. I prepped myself before dinner." He said with a sly smirk, making Philzas breathing hitch. He guided the man's hands back to his ass, grinding reluctantly against him. "Coke ooonnnn Phil...~ Can't you see I'm ready~?" He cooed, leaning down and moving his hips again, hands on Philzas shoulders. He leaned into his ear and bit lightly at his the lobe. "Im dying for you Daddy~" He said with a soft moan.

And that was all it took, that and the reassurance that Dream had really gotten over it. Dreams pants were down in mere seconds, pulled past his knees but still hanging on, his boxers pulled with them. Philza stuck 2 fingers into his hole without hesitation, feeling that the he really was stretched out and ready to go. Just to be sure, he stuck a 3rd finger in, earning a soft gasp and a whine from the blonde. "You fucking planned this..." Philza said with a pissed off tone, though he was more turned on than angry. The tone of his voice laced in with his accent did wonders to Dreams heartstrings, air left his lungs burning for it, his core felt hot and his face flushed red. He keened to that tone and ground his hips harder against Philzas, making the latter groan huskily. "Dream you-nngh.. fuck I can't-"

"Just do it to me Philza~ I'm ready, I can take it~" Dream begged, leaving a hickie below the man's ear and kissing around his jaw. He sat up enough to meet his eyes, seeing that hunger for himself. "I want it so bad, Daddy~" He added. With that, Phil showed no hesitation when pulling down his pants and boxers, letting his erection free from heavy clothing, and meet with the cold air. It tapped against Dreams ass, hot against his feverish skin, and already dripping with beads of pre-cum. Dream looked over his shoulder, watching as his hips were lifted and lowered onto Philzas cock, the pushed down even further to take him all in at once. Dreams eyes widened and his back arched, a loud moan leaving his mouth as he felt his lover's cock dig deeper into him, filling him up to the point his could barely breathe. He gasped for breath, his hole adjusting to the size he wasn't expecting. Philza watched as Dreams expression relaxed, then started moving, hands gripped firmly onto Dreams ass and moving him up and down his dick at a quick pace. Dream choked on moans and cries of pleasure, feeling restless since that spot deep inside was being circled by Philzas tip, but not yet touched.

Philza could see his frustration, smirking when the blonde whined when he got closer to that irresistible spot. A pair of hands gripped onto his shoulders. "D-daddy pleeaase~!" Dream whined, pressing soft kisses and the man's chin and corner of his lips. Something that Philza would never

admit was that the nickname made something in him boil with a sadistic and hungry feeling. He felt like a damn teenager again, getting turned on by such simple things. He lifted Dream until just the tip was in, then angled him a certain way. He slammed him back down until their hips met, hitting his prostate dead on and continuously hitting it every time he pulled out and vigorously rammed right back in. Dream let out a loud cry and a higher pitched moan, tears pricking at his eyes as he let his mouth fall open and moans spill messily from it. Philza sped up, meeting Dream halfway everytime he thrust up into his ass and delivered yet another harsh hit to his prostate. Dreams mind was far gone at this point, his hands gripped hard onto the man's shoulders, nails digging into his skin and pulling everytime his hands twitched. Eyes rolled back and his tongue hanging partially past his lips, Dream drew out a moan as his thighs started to tremble and his body twitched and heaved.

He could feel the cock inside of him twitch and the pace that Philza set become sloppy. "F-fuuuccckk... Dream!" Philza groaned, putting his hands in the blondes waist and turning then around, pulling his right leg up and propping it onto his shoulder, making it so that Dream was laying on his side and could only grip onto the sheets below. He leaned down, making Dreams leg bend impossibly lower, and lock their lips together swallowing cries and moans that came from his adorable lover. He continued to absolutely destroy Dreams ass with hard and sped up thrusts against his prostate, and his short nails digging into his other thigh. Dream sobbed out a moan when the what boiled in his core and finally spilled onto their chests, his eyes crossing and teeth biting onto Philzas lips harder than intended. Philza wasn't too far off, cumming deep inside of Dream and holding him down on his dick until he finished his load.

The two parted from the kiss, gasping for air and panting heavily as their hearts thundered loudly in their ears. Their eyes met and they both smiled, kissing gently and slowly moving so they could lay down comfortably in each other arms. Phil started to pull out, until Dream held his hand and stopped him. "S-stay in longer... I'm fine with falling asleep like this..." he said while placing a kiss on Philzas nose.

The older man sighed through his nose and shook his head. "Fine. But if you start complaining tomorrow then it's not my fault."

And with that they fell asleep soundly, breathing in sync.

◦~●~◦~●~◦ ☪ ◦~●~◦~●~◦

The next morning, Dream did end up complaining, much to Philzas NOT surprise, and ended up cockwarming from a short while. Later on during breakfast, Techno was given the chance to bitch about all the noise last night, not admitting that he was jealous.

◦~●~◦~●~◦ ☪ ◦~●~◦~●~◦

Chapter End Notes

DDOONNNEEEEE ITS FUCKING 2:03 AM PST IM FUCKING TIRED.

hope you guys enjoyed!!! Happy Father's day :)

Hope I ruined it for you :)

Sharexvotexcomment

2497 words

DREAMZABLADE

Chapter Notes

The long awaited chapter that tons of you have been bugging me for forever now. I've left teasers, and I've procrastinated a ton. And now here we are. I'm willing to bet a good 100 of you see the notification and jump on this shit like it's a pile of diamonds. But anyways, here you guys go, enjoy you're meal

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His Embrace, His Lustful Gaze

| Hard Smut | Fluff | overstimulation | praise kink | biting kink | daddy kink | blood kink | body worshipping | safe-words | double penetration | angst | breeding kink |

3 weeks after that night, Dream had decided to stay a few days with Technoblade and Philza, seeing that the two had been feeling sickly recently. Over the weeks after his and Techno's "activity", he's been visiting quite often, spending the night, cooking for him and Philza, training with Techno. It was almost like he lived there as well. But after they destroyed L'manberg, Dream has been rather busy. Having finally been given some time off, he packed up his bags and made his way to the snow tundra. Excited, he ran up the porch stairs and burst through Technoblade's door, looking around the room before putting some stuff in his inventory away in a random chest. He then ran up to the hybrids room, where the man was laying on his bed, long pink hair messily braided. Dream smiled at his boyfriend, leaping onto the bed with his chest against his shoulder and lips against the man's temple. "Hi." He smiled.

Techno grumbled at the change of weight of the bed and on his shoulder, but he smiled when hearing Dreams' voice greet him. He reached back, grabbing Dream's hoodie and pulling the blonde to the other side of the bed, where then he enveloped him in a hug, Dream laughed lightly and returned the embrace. "Finally. You took too long."

"Techno I was literally gone for barely a day."

"Too long..." The piglin hybrid whined in a low tired tone, moving a calloused hand to the blonde's waist and rubbing softly. Dream sat up just a bit, pressing his forehead to the others. He frowned slightly.

"Tech, why is your temperature so high?" He asked with a concerned tone.

"I'm part piglin, my temperature is unnaturally high compared to humans." Techno reasoned, eyes half lidded and slightly brighter red compared to his normal color. Staring into Dreams' eyes, who was too busy playing with Techno's hair to notice, the piglins hands moved slowly down his hips and to the blonde's thighs. He gripped them, wishing Dream wasn't wearing jeans so he could actually feel his smooth yet scarred skin. Dream leaned closer to the man, trying to undo his braid so he could fix it. Chest tight, heart racing, Techno shook his head and pulled his hands back up to Dreams hips, keeping himself in check. But there was still that unexplainable urge to touch him, and there was still that pain he felt when he refused to listen to the animalistic instincts inside of

him. Since yesterday, Dream has started to leave a mild citrus scent behind everywhere he goes. It wasn't too overpowering, and it wasn't too bitter. It was a perfect scent that made the hybrids mouth water and that same pain linger in his gut. Fuck this was hard to endure. Techno tightened his grip around Dream's waist, sitting up with the man in his arms and laying back down so he was on top of Dream, encasing him in strong arms and a soft blanket beneath the two.

Dream chuckled and pulled Techno's hair gently over his shoulder, combing it out with his fingers enough that he could neatly braid it. Dreams' eyes were focused on the braid while Techno continued to stare at all of Dreams' facial features. Tannish skin just slightly rough due to training, freckles ranging from light to dark across his cheeks, like little specks of paint flicked across a canvas. Green eyes bright and concentrated on the task at hand, Dream was an absolute masterpiece in Techno's eyes. Dream finished twisting and turning the piglins long hair into a neat, thick braid, then let it fall onto his broad shoulder. Techno smiled, then leaned forward, latching his lips onto Dreams with a satisfied sigh. The blonde put his arms around the other neck, legs around his waist. The kiss was meant to be soft, innocent and sweet; but the longer it lasted the less Techno wanted to pull away, and the harder it got to refuse that instinct inside of him. He held Dream's hips tightly, thumbs massaging the softness of his flesh beneath his hoodie. "Dream..." He couldn't help but groan, feeling the blonde lick his bottom lip and slowly make his way into the other's mouth with moments so teasing that it made his blood boil. Techno was caught between letting his hands roam further up or down the blonde's sides, struggling to keep himself in control.

The taller shifted and moved onto his knees, Dreams thighs resting against his own, and their crotches barely pressing together. Suddenly, Dream pulled away leaving the hybrid whining for more contact. He chuckled and kissed the tip of his nose. "Not when you're sick."

"Mm not sick..." Techno huffed.

"It's not your natural temperature, your body temperature is hot, yes, but Techno your really REALLY fuckin hot. More than this and I would burn in your hands." Dream said with a serious expression.

"Well yeah, I know I'm hot, you don't gotta remind me." That earned a light slap to the shoulder.

"Techno I'm being serious, I'm worried about your health. I would have no problem if you were human and sick but I don't know how to treat piglins." Dream put his hands partially around the piglins bicep, unable to fully grab it because of the size of his muscles. Techno grumbled, and Dream softly pushed him aside. "I'll "service" you even more if you're good." Dream said with a wink.

Why must he do this? Just find more ways to turn Techno on while also telling him he couldn't touch him the way he wanted to. Fuck this was absolute agony. Especially with THAT week coming up... Just when Dream stood up, Techno grabbed his wrist and pulled him back into his arms, laying him against the pillows again and pressing his lips against Dream's with such force that Dream barely had the time to process it all. He struggled lightly, eyes closed tight but lips willing to accept the rough kiss from the other. Techno slid a hand up the blonde's hoodie, stroking at his sides, then back down to his jeans, where he unbuttoned them hastily and pulled them down, massaging his scarred thighs and groping the inner part, pulling his leg up over his shoulder. Dream managed to pull away from the kiss for just a moment. "T-Tech- mm!" Technoblade kissed him again, but gentler. Dream pulled away again. "Techno... I thought I said no sex while your si-"

"I won't put it in, just... just give me this..? Please." Techno grumbled, biting Dreams' jaw and moving his hand slowly closer to the blonde's dick. Dream bit his lip and moaned softly as Techno bit harder onto his neck.

Dream looked to the side, eyes filled with hesitation, but his already boiling arousal had won over the more sane part of his mind. "Fine." He said. And in less than a second, Techno's lips were right back on his in an unforgiving kissing so rough that Dream felt the air leave his lungs all in one moment. He panted as soon as he had the chance to breathe, just to get cut off again by a series of Siberian kisses smothering him to the point his lips burned. Never separating their lips, Techno slid his pants down enough to pull out his dick, stroking it a couple times, eliciting a deep groan to vibrate against the others lips. Finally pulling away from the kiss, Techno sat up and pulled Dream's jeans off his legs, tossing them wherever and holding his legs so his thighs stayed together, the back of his calves against his shoulder and his ass right against his hips.

"Fuck..." Techno swore in a low tone, seeing his lover's hole twitch and tighten from embarrassment and arousal. But he stood by Dream's rules. Reaching into the drawer of his nightstand, he pulled out a bottle of lube and popped open the cap, drizzling a generous amount onto his shaft with a soft hiss from the cold. Jerking it a couple times to spread the lubricant, Techno gripped Dream's thighs to press them as close as they could go, and slowly pushed his way between his thighs, slick coating the blonde's skin in a messy fashion. Dreams' thighs burned wherever Techno touched, the heat of his dick against his skin and dick made him whine, watching in embarrassment as the tip poked through thick flesh and lay against his own member.

Dream felt his entire body shiver with the pleasure of Techno's hips pulling back and snapping forward, rubbing their cocks together. Friction ignited a tremble in Dreams' thighs, quivering lips and curled toes showing his uncontrollable reaction to the feeling while he held in high pitched sounds. Techno growled at that, turning his head to bite harshly at the blonde's calves moving a hand down to his hips, leaving light scratches when he gripped firmly to help speed up their pace. Dreams back arched at that, lips parting as he hiccupped a small moan and met with the hybrids burning red eyes. His chest clenched, heart beating quicker and quicker as the embarrassment turned into pure pleasure. "T-techno...~ faster, p-lease~!" He moaned, eliciting a low growl and an immediate reaction to his plea, skin lightly slapping against skin as the taller of the two sped up and panted heavily against Dreams legs. A chill raced up his spine, making him lean his head back and groan, blood rushing to his cock and heat boiling in his core. Techno's thrusts became sloppy the closer he got to his release, Dreams moans becoming higher and less hesitant with the sudden shift in pace. Desperate for that release, Techno moved Dreams legs down to rest on his forearm, having the blonde lay on his side and offer a new position that helped the other fasten the pace.

Dream felt restless, hands white-knuckled against the sheets while he pressed his lips into the mattress, moaning louder against it. Fuck... I want him to put it in... Dream thought to himself, tears welling in his eyes as another moan was forced from his throat. Techno pushed his weight onto one side of Dreams thigh, making the space between his legs tighter and pushing more pressure against his cock as he rammed it faster against the blonde's length, which was dripping with pre-cum. Seeing his lover covering up his moans, Techno leaned down and grabbed his jaw, pulling his face towards his own and claiming plush, wet lips red from previous rough kisses. "Fuck... Dream~ you're so beautiful..." Techno murmured against his lips, "...especially when you try to hold in those pretty moans~" He finished his sentence with a kiss to swallow another high cry, the vibrations between their mouths making their senses just a bit more sensitive. Dream felt his mind go hazy with the loss of proper breathing, took shallow breaths through his nose as the hybrid claimed and sucked on his tongue. Techno groaned into his lover's mouth, at the same time that Dream moaned into his. It was a messy kiss, perfect enough to match the way they desperately rutted against each other.

With a much louder groan from Techno, and a pornographic moan from Dream, the two broke their kiss just to let themselves breathe through their orgasm, which hit at the same time. Semen spilled between them, covering both of their chests in an equal amount of mess. Techno thrust a few times to fully ride out their orgasms, gazing deeply into the others eyes, loving the way they closed

the two on his bed, resting so silently, their breathing synched. One, his old friend he has known for too many years, the other, his lover, someone he's known for a good amount of time and has loved for almost as long as he's known him. He fell in love with his will to fight, his perseverance and his strength. His sadistic yet kind personality and his misunderstood heart, gentle smile with a not so gentle touch, eyes so focused yet so distracted. He stumbled a lot and lost sight of his goals often, but his creativity and stubbornness pulled him through. Someone to spar with, someone to love, someone to talk with, and someone to hold. Technoblade saw Dream as his lifeline, yet he would never admit that of course. Not out loud at least.

He walked up to the bed, his smile growing when Dream looked up at him, then knelt on the side of the two. Dream put his arm out, still playing with Philza's hair with the other hand, and patted the bed. Techno accepted the gesture and lie down, sliding his arm under Dream and holding him close while Dream wrapped his arm around Techno's shoulder, petting his head and running his fingers gently down the side of Techno's cheek. The three soon fell asleep, taking a nice 30 minute nap. Philza was the first to wake up, opening tired eyes and sitting up just a bit. He stopped when feeling another person's arm against his, also holding Dream's waist. He looked to see that Techno had joined them at some point, and was comfortably pressed against Dream's side. He smiled at the sleeping faces of his old friend and the blonde, then leaned forward to press a gentle kiss to Dream's forehead, slowly awakening him. Dream smiled as he opened his eyes and lifted his chin to kiss Philza's jaw, returning the affectionate action. The soft movements of the two awoke Techno, who yawned upon opening his eyes and sat up to rub the sleep away. He looked at the two, gave a side smile even though he was slightly jealous, and lightly pushed Philza aside, kissing Dream's cheek; he chuckled. "Oh you fuckin hogger." Philza said with a chuckle and a grin, Techno shrugged in response and peppered Dream's face with kisses. When the two actually kissed, with a bit of tongue included, Philza shook his head and got up from the bed, stretching out heavy limbs, reluctant to leave the bed. "When you're done making out, come downstairs and we can have some breakfast." Philza said, looking at the clock and seeing it was already 9:25 am. Techno waved his hand as if shooing the older man away, which Philza rolled his eyes at and walked downstairs to get ingredients gathered together. After a short while of kissing, Dream lightly pushed Techno's shoulders, the taller man sitting up and moving so Dream could get dressed. The blonde stood, grabbed his undershirt from a nearby chest, and slipped it on. It was a thin black shirt that covered most of his neck, was sleeveless, and stopped right above his belly button. Techno got up from his seat, where he watched intently as Dream let the blanket fall from his hips, and grabbed a pair of black shorts, torn lightly in some areas where one could see the thigh area. He tossed the shorts to Dream, which he caught, and chuckled when seeing the blonde lift a brow. "Only for you..." Dream said as he got his boxers from the floor and pulled them on, the shorts following after. "Well, I guess Philza too since he lives with you." Dream said with a shrug.

Techno frowned slightly, then put his forehead on Dream's shoulder, hugging his waist from behind. Dream shook his head. "I don't understand why you give me such things to wear knowing Phil is gonna see it too. He lives here for fucks sake." Dream said while shaking his head.

"It's not that I mind him seeing, It's just I have to get used to it still."

"So you do mind it."

"I just said I didn't."

"But you said you still have to get used to it so for now you still mind it."

"No- Well yes but no- I mean no-" Techno grumbled. "Goddammit, why do you do this to me?"

Dream laughed and turned in the hybrid's arms, kissing his cheek then walking to the stairs. "Take

shower and change your clothes. From the looks of it you were farming this morning." Dream said, then walked down the stairs to join Phil.

Dream walked up to the man and hugged his waist from behind, making him smile at the cute action. "Are you guys finally done making out?" He asked with a sheepish grin.

Dream let his arms fall back down to his side and moved to stand with his back against the counter, then lifted himself to sit on top of it. He scooted closer to Philza until he was practically sitting in front of him, catching the older man's attention. Dream put his palm against the man's cheek and directed his face towards him, smiling softly before leaning in and connecting their lips. Philza froze, his breathing hitched in his throat and his eyebrows furrowed, confused and not knowing what to do in such a situation. Dream parted after a few seconds, looking into Philza's stunned eyes and smirked. That fucking smirk. Phil put a hand behind Dream's neck, pulling him forward and reconnecting their lips roughly, eliciting a soft whine from the younger blonde. Phil moved his other hand to rest on Dream's thigh, giving a soft squeeze as they both parted their lips, Philza being the first to slip his tongue past those wet parted lips. The two moaned into the kiss, quietly, and slowly parted with much hesitance.

Dream chuckled and Phil smiled, pressing their foreheads together. Phil gripped Dreams' hair lightly, not wanting to let go, then moved his hand away to continue rinsing potatoes. "Wanna cut these for me?"

"Sure. How small?" Dream said while getting a knife from the drawer and grabbing the potatoes.

"Just bite sized." He responded, rinsing the remaining potatoes and starting up the stove, striking a match to set the fire.

The rest of the week carried on sweetly, too fast and too slow all at once. The three accepted their now polyamorous relationship, no longer living with awkward moments. Although this week was all fluffy feelings and soft embraces, there was still that hint of lustful hunger hiding behind the facades of Technoblade and Philza, both males suffering from pent up and aggressive sexual desires. Dream had started catching on to this, then decided to leave the house right on the day that their season was expected to start, leaving a solitary note on the nightstand. He visited Fundy, another hybrid he knew of on the SMP, though he slightly dreaded meeting up with him, without a heads up too. The marriage was a failure, and the two ended on bad terms, the fox hybrid was still living with lots of angst on his plate. Dream knocked on the foxes door, startled slightly from the sound of something falling and a low pain-filled groan. The door opened, showing a disheveled man standing in the doorway. He rested his side on the doors frame, head tilted up but eyes glaring down at the blonde, his baggy shirt sloping off on shoulder, showing off the man's neck and collarbone, a vein on his neck visibly twitched. He was beyond irritated, breathing heavy and fangs bore, hair casting a shadow over golden animalistic eyes. One fox ear slumped down with the other perked up. His tail hung limp behind him, legs trembling. "What do you want?"

Dream didn't expect to hear such a tone, deeper than normal, from the usually friendly and sarcastic man. His accent just made it all the more alluring. But Dream wouldn't betray his two lovers. He's learned the consequences of that from his past marriage. "I-...." He cleared his throat and stood up, hands shoved into his pocket, "I have some questions about hybrids. And why do they get sick around this time?"

Fundy stood there, his body tensing when getting a whiff of Dream's scent. He also caught onto 2 other scents, both of them were fairly familiar. "Living with my grandfather are you? Is that bite from him too?" He asks, tilting his chin and gesturing to the mark under Dreams' jaw. The blonde

was quick to cover it.

"That was Techno..." He said with little embarrassment. Fundy rolled his eyes and looked back into the darkness of his den, wanting badly to shut the poor human out and ignore him. But gods know what he has to face when he gets home.

"Whether it was one of them or both of them I don't care. Though it is offensive to know my ex-husband left me for my own bloodline." Fundy retorted, digging needles into Dreams' heart. The blonde knew he was in the wrong for that, he's still aware of that fresh wound in Fundy's heart.

"I get it, I get it. I'll just go and read a book or something-" Fundy grabbed his shoulder just as he was about to turn away, pulling him inside and slamming the door shut.

"Shut up and sit on the couch, I'll tell you about it." He said while letting go of his shoulder and pushing him forward. Dream rubbed his shoulder, the pain of such a harsh grip now making itself known. This is bound to leave a mark. Dream thought as he sat down, Fundy plopping down on the couch, which was opposite of the one Dream awkwardly sat on. "You wanna know why we get..." He held up quotations with his fingers, "'sick' during this time?"

Dream nodded, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his fingers intertwined, legs apart. "Yeah, pretty much. Techno and Philza have been really feverish, and it's been getting worse. If they were fully human I'd know better how to help but nothing that I'm doing is working. And all they want is to lie in bed with me or do-.... Other things..."

Fundy chuckled at Dream's obliviousness, though it was his lover's fault for not telling him what was wrong. "Well for starters, they're not sick. Also when we are sick it's no different from a human sickness, just keep in mind our animalistic aspects as well."

Dream tilted his head, eyes widening slightly, then narrowing and looking down at the ground. "If they're not sick then what is it?"

"Mating season." Fundy responded casually, amused when Dreams face contorted into confusion, then shock, then flustered. He turned red and sat up, clearing his throat. "You guys have a mating season...?"

"Well duh, we're animals. Closer to a full animal than the average human at least. Except we have morals. If we're not pissed off or it's not mating season." Fundy said, chest heaving from the amount of talking. Lack of proper air supply due to his heavy breathing made it feel as if he were suffocating. Dreams' embarrassed scent made him want to choke, the smell of it both arousing and sickening at the same time. He hated his hardening member at the moment. Wanting such a person. The same person that left him.

"So the same goes for you? You're also in this... rut stage?" Dream asked.

Fundy put his arms out to the side. "Do I look okay?"

Dream took a moment to look him over again. Disheveled clothes, messy hair, strong musky scent with a tinge of sweat and the smell of sex. He took note of the tent in his pants. "No. You look like shit actually." He said with a chuckle. Which Fundy rolled his eyes to. "They also mentioned a scent coming from me. I know that hybrids have strong senses but I never heard of a "sweet citrus scent"... As they explained it at least"

"Dream, that scent is your own personal scent from the oils of your skin. The scent gets stronger when you sweat, and the scent itself gets stronger to them because their senses heightened when

water. The dolphin turned its fin towards him, which he held onto as they took off. After a short while of travel, they ended up at the snow tundra's border, greeted with ice and snow. He bid the dolphin goodbye, climbed out of the water, and pulled off his hoodie, walking towards his lover's house. The whole way, he thought about what Fundy had said. And he already knew the answer yet he couldn't say it. He cheated on Fundy before realizing he was in love with him. Then, out of guilt, refused to make up with him. A fucked up reason, a mere excuse. But even though he somewhat wanted to go back into Fundy's arms. He did not love him.

Dream looked down at the sword still clenched in his hand, and saw as blood dripped down the blade. He lifted it, eyed the blood and watched it drip, then flicked his wrist and aimed the blade down, the blood falling off of it in a thin red line across white snow. He watched the sword disappear from his hand, then looked up at the cozy home he loved. He walked up the porch steps, pushing the spruce doors open and closing them once he was in the warm building. The whole building was silent, too silent for a household with specifically Philza and Technoblade included. He put his hoodie down, an awkward shlop sound coming from the fallen wet cloth, he let his signature mask fall beside it. He made his way up the stairs, the soft creak of the shifting wood under his weight was all that made his presence known. That and the sudden intrusion of his scent and another male's faded scent still on him, mixed with the smell of rain. Once he reached the stairs, he was automatically pinned to the wall by a flash of red eyes and pink hair. His lips were closed shut by another's, an iron grip on his bicep and a knee pressing harshly against his crotch, eliciting a lewd moan. His attacker swallowed the moan with a tongue pressed against the others, fighting against it and forcing the shorter male into submission. Dream melted into the aggressive kiss, panting every chance he got, moaning when feeling his lover's knee grind further up against his already erect cock, still clothed in uncomfortably wet jeans. He felt talons nip at his lip, fiery gaze locked onto his closed eyes and a hot hand tangled in his dirty blonde hair, pulling head back with every new angle he wanted to mold their lips into. He heard a distant voice, one that was strict. His own heartbeat thundered in his ears, not allowing much outside noise in. Dream moaned when he felt a harsh bite on his lower lip, pulling lightly then letting go. "Fuck~ you smell so fucking good Dream...~" Techno groaned, nuzzling his nose into the other's neck and moving his wet hair from the desired place to bite. "So fucking good...~"

Dream whimpered when feeling his tongue run over the exposed and bleeding bite given to him by another man. "T-Tech~! Hurts... a b-bit~."

Techno's nose crinkled when met with the scent of another man on HIS Dream, tainting beautiful tanned and lightly scarred skin. "Who the fuck bit you?" Techno asked with so much malice that it would kill an angel upon hearing it. Dream shivered, the hybrids growl reverberated right in his ear. Dream opened his eyes but all he saw was the world spin as he was grabbed by the hips and effortlessly lifted, just to be thrown onto the bed and trapped in a cage of Technoblade himself.

Dream lifted his knees as if to push the other away, eyes wide and pupils shrunk with a tinge of fear. "Techno calm down~"

"I'm not mad at you, just tell me who the FUCK. Bit you." Techno demanded while pressing a thumb over the bite, making the blonde keen and grab his wrist.

"F-Fundy did!!" Dream yelled, his voice cracking slightly near the end, small fangs developing in his water line. "Fundy... did..." He panted, looking into Technoblade's eyes. He noticed how glazed over they looked, burning red and pupils thin, teeth bared and eyebrows creased angrily. He found it sexy and intimidating at the same time. He would have found it downright horrific if he wasn't turned on as fuck at the moment, but their make out session earlier made him hard, no shame found in this inevitable response.

Techno snarled at the mention of the foxes name, eyes glaring at the angry red bite that still bled crimson onto his thumb. He pulled his hand away, earning a sigh of relief from Dream, and licked the blood clean from his finger. He keened at the taste, blood boiling in his veins and travelling down to his cock, which only got harder. Another man's arm lifted Dream from where he lay, pulling the blonde against his chest, his other hand moving to clothed thighs. "Techno... calm down. We can deal with that later. For now... We should really worry about ourselves." Phil panted against Dream's ear, pulling the younger man against him until their hips touched and his ass was against his pelvis. Dream glanced over his shoulder, slender hands moving to lightly grasp the stronger ones around his body.

"You know I'm possessive, even when out of mating season." Techno said with an annoyed tone, crawling over to them and stopping between Dreams kneeled legs, pressing his lips to his shoulder, then up to his ear, where he bit lightly at the lobe. Philza did the same, but dragged his teeth against his neck and stopped at his shoulder blade, biting down harsher than intended. Dream moaned at this, unable to control the involuntary need to grind back against the crow hybrid's crotch. It earned a deep groan, one that made Dreams' heart skip a beat, and a shallow thrust of his hips.

"Sh-shit...~ Don't do that... I'm already struggling to stay in my right mind as it is." Phil said with worry and lust clashing with his every word. Dream bit his lip, the air thick with arousal and his mind already melted to nothing but want. He arched his back, spreading his legs and moving his ass in circular motions against Philza's crotch, delivering shivers up the older man's spine. "Fuck, Dream I~~! C-can barely hold back... Knock it off~!" Philza demanded, but all Dream did was disobey and continue to grind against him. With a deep groan and what sounded very similar to a snarl, Phil pushed Dream forward, grabbing his leg to pull it back, and maneuvering the human to lay with his chest against the sheets and his ass in the air. The sudden and quick movement made Dream dizzy for a few seconds.

"You're telling me to calm down when you can't even stay sane." Techno said to Phil, a smirk spread across wet lips. He grabbed Dream's chin and made him look up, admiring those watery eyes and desperate expression that he didn't even try to hide. "So pretty, baby~." He cooed, stroking his chin and pressing his thumb to the others lips. Dream opened his mouth and sucked lightly on his thumb, swirling his tongue around it and coating it in saliva. The hybrid groaned, eyes fixated on his mouth. "Fuck... that's hot~."

Techno removed his thumb from his lover's mouth, enjoying the soft whine of protest that he let out, then grasped the cloth around his waist, pulling it off and grabbing Dream's arms. He positioned the blonde's arms behind his back, then bound the two limbs together with the cloth, loving how Dream squirmed, testing the strength of his new binds. Philza got to work on the males wet pants, not caring if it was his only pair of black jeans, he slid a claw like finger nail down the thin fabric, tearing it in half right on the curve of his ass. The new hole in the jeans made it easier and quicker to get to what he wanted. Dream wiggled his hips in anticipation, but grumbled softly when noticing his jeans were no longer wearable. Hearing the rustling of clothing and the weight on the bed change, he looked forward to seeing Techno with his shirt off and lazily tossed to the side, pants pulled down to his thighs and his cock in hand, pumping it shallowly with his head back but eyes focused on Dream's body, narrowed and intently staring. Dream squirmed under his gaze, the cloth around his legs and skin tight shirt on his body becoming even more uncomfortable against moist and hot skin. Philza wrapped his hand around his own erection, pumping it steadily and still holding Dreams waist with the other hand, moving it to massage the curve of the blonde's ass. Dream lay there with his cheeks blushing red, listening to the groans that the two let out as they masturbated to the mere sight of his body.

Dream's attention was brought back to Techno with a hand under his jaw and the tip of his dick

pressed against his lips. "Open up, Dreamie~." Techno said with a smirk, stroking gently at the blonde's jaw line. Dream parted his lips slowly, wrapping them around his lover's tip and moaning as he took him in deeper, eyes closed and small tears rolling down his cheeks. Techno held him still and brushed the tears away. "Kick twice if it's too much." He said softly, waiting for Dream's nod before starting to thrust shallowly into his mouth, warmth sliding up and down his shaft. Dream let his jaw go slack, pre-cum thinly coating his tongue, rubbing the wet muscle along the vein of his cock. It twitched, and he heard a low groan emit from Techno's throat, the hybrid quickened his thrusts, pushing in deeper and deeper until Dream could feel it hit the back of his throat. He gagged a little, still not entirely used to the feeling. Technoblade reached down, skiing his palm down his neck and around to his nape, fingers gliding through dirty blonde hair before he grabbed it harshly and pulled him closer, making him take his full length. He started thrusting much quicker, a hand gripping tightly on his hair, his tip hitting the back of Dreams throat with very thrust.

"He's doing so well, you're so good Dream, so very good~" Philza said softly, massaging circles on the blonde's back as he pumped his cock faster, groaning a tad bit louder when feeling heat boil in his core, chills running down his spine. With a few more jerks, Phil let out a throaty groan and released his seed on Dream's ass, right over his hole and his lower back. He took a second to admire his work, smirking when seeing the younger males hips shake. He gathered the semen on three of his fingers, smearing it around Dreams rims and loving the way he flinched to his touch. He pressed one lubed finger in, slightly surprised that he was already quite loose. "Mm, he's already pretty stretched."

"Yeah, last night we played a bit." Techno said with a groan at the end, looking down at the curve of Dream's ass and somewhat envying the one on that side of him. Now he's just being greedy. Techno paused from his thrusts, moving Dreams bags from his face and looking at his features, pursing his lips and smiling. "So beautiful, crying on my dick~." He said gently yet still with a lustful tone. Dream hummed to the praise, looking up at Techno and moaning. Philza had thrust all three fingers in at once, curling his fingers to press against that bundle of nerves inside. Dreams' eyes widened and his brows curved up, letting out a loud muffled moan, casting vibrations up Technoblade's dick. The hybrid moaned, gripping Dreams' hair slightly harder and resuming his thrusts. He continued vigorously, hard thrusts hitting the back of Dream's throat and his lips numbing from the friction. Philza thrust his fingers into Dream at the same pace, scissoring his fingers to stretch him out even more, making sure he was thoroughly prepared for the real thing. One more harsh jab at the blonde's prostate, Philza felt the already tight walls tightening up even more, Dreams' entire body shaking with pleasure as he moaned loudly around Techno's dick and came in his jeans, the piglin hybrid groaning as he also released his. The head of his dick down Dreams throat, he spilled his seed into him without even giving him the option to swallow or not.

Technoblade slowly pulled out of his lover's mouth, rubbing his thumb over his slick-covered chin before pushing past red lips and pushing down on his tongue, forcing open his mouth. Dream let his jaw hang, half lidded eyes gazing up at Techno, who smirked at his tear-stained and bright red cheeks. He finger-combed wet hair out of his lover's face and leaned down to leave a chaste kiss on his forehead, removing his finger from his mouth and instead, holding his chin and stroking his lip. Dream nuzzled into the warm touch, gasping when Philza removed his fingers and planted both hands firmly around his waist, rubbing circles against smooth skin and pushing the soaked black shirt up until the majority of his back was visible. The older man leaned down, trailing butterfly kisses up Dream's spine, sliding his warm hands up the blonde's stomach and around his chest, pulling Dream up so his back was against Philza's chest and he sat on his knees. He hooked his fingers under Dreams shirt, pulling the cloth over his head and off his arms, freeing him from the uncomfortable item. Techno scooted forward, undoing the clasp of Dream's jeans and pulling him forward by his ass to let his legs out from under him. Phil worked on leaving numerous hickies

varying from light to dark all over the right side of Dream's shoulder, encouraging small gasps and breathless moans from the younger's lips. "So good, Dream~ Such a good boy, such a good boy you are, Dream~." Philza mumbled against his skin, kissing under his ear before biting the lobe and letting go after offering a soft tug. Dream whined to the praise, shivers rolling up his spine and the smallest smile pulling at the corner of his lips. The crow hybrid snaked his lightly calloused hands up Dream's sides, stopping at his chest and groping the soft flesh, moving his fingers over pink buds and rubbing them gently, black claw-like nails digging slightly into his chest. Dream moaned, his breathing stuttered and his back arched slightly, pushing his chest further into the other's touch.

"Mm..~ Philza... touch me more, please~." Dream moaned, voice soft but raspy, the slightest crack heard at the end. Phil smiled at this, rubbing his thumbs over the blonde's nipples and loving the way he arched into his touch, deep breaths from his parted lips. He pulled the binds of the cloth holding his arms behind his back, freeing the sore limbs from the restraining fabric that Techno had put on him. Dream sighed at this, letting his arms stretch by reaching behind him, stroking the light scruff on Philza's chin. Techno pulled the wet jeans from Dream's legs, tossing the torn item to the ground and sliding his hands up Dream's cold thighs, moist from the clothes he had on. Dream sighed in relief, accidentally moaning with his sigh. The feeling of the itchy clothing now off of his skin, along with the pleasure Philza was offering and Techno's bites littering already marked skin, felt like heaven. Techno grabbed the blonde's thighs, pulling him closer until their hips touched and their bare dicks rested against each other. Dream bucked his hips, grinding needily against Techno and raising an arm to wrap around his shoulders, pulling him closer and moving his head with a gentle hand to trap his lips on his own. Techno pressed his tongue against Dream's, moaning as he felt the other whimper against his lips, his right hand gripping Dream's cock and jerking him off with slow shallow motions, teasing his tip.

Dream whimpered, grinding back against Philza's pelvis and thrusting his hips into Techno's hand at the same time. The two hybrids smirked, looked each other in the eyes, and nodded; both agreeing to carry on to the next step. Though Philza was still slightly worried. Techno was first to move, putting his muscular arms under Dream's legs and lifting him up enough that he had a better angle to his entrance. Dream put his hands on the taller man's shoulders, relaxing the best he could as Techno slowly pushed in the first inch of his 10 inch cock, stilling when feeling the blonde tense. "You're doing so well baby, just keep breathing, relax~" Philza said gently into the blonde's ear, kissing his neck gently, sucking light hickies on his neck and massaging his hips. Dream took a deep breath, moaning when he let the slight pain subside. Techno saw this as an "okay" to continue, he was impatient, though still caring. The animalistic instinct in his gut wanted nothing more than to break the shorter male beneath him. Philza would be lying if he said he didn't feel the same way, but as a gentleman and a man all too caring, he forced himself to wait. Techno licked his lips, eyes narrowing and a low rumble sound in his throat, with little hesitance, he gripped Dream's thighs hard and plunged the rest of his cock into Dream all at once, groaning deeply as tight walls caved in around him. "A-Aaahh~ Techno~!!" Dream practically screamed, teeth clenched and nails digging into the others broad shoulders. He tightened and convulsed around Techno's cock, breathless and gasping for air, tears staining his reddened cheeks. His head fell back against Philza's chest, eyes crossed and his body frozen, convincing himself to calm down.

"Dream..." Techno said as softly as he could, but his voice came off as a bit strict. "Where are you?" He asked while stroking the blonde's hips.

"H-here... with you... a-and Phil.." Dream said with a small voice, doing his best to stay calm.

"Good boy. Now, use your colors okay?" Techno asked, Dream nodded. "Alright. What is your color?"

Dream took one more deep breath, looking into Techno's eyes as he slowly nodded. "G-green..."

That was all Techno needed. A single word, and he wasted no time in drawing back his hips slowly just to ram his way back in, a loud slap of skin and a high moan surrounding the room. Techno set a rapid speed, slamming his hips hard into Dream's tight walls, groaning as his adorable lover only tightened even more and let out a helpless cry.

Philza let go of Dream for a moment, pulling off his kimono and letting it fall behind him, then gently pushed Dream forwards so he was leaning on Techno's chest, legs bent to touch his chest, his body bouncing every time Techno impatiently pounded into his ass, purposely avoiding his sweet spot. Philza placed a hand on Dream's lower back, jerking his length a couple times and waiting for Techno to slow to a stop. When he did, the crow hybrid lined himself up beside Techno's dick, slipping a finger into the tight hole first, then slowly pressed the tip in, a low moan leaving his throat and chills rolling down his body. He thrust the rest of his cock in, matching techno's impatience. He was the first to move, arms wrapping around Dreams waist and pulling him back to his chest, biting hard onto already bitten markings on his over-sensitive skin. Techno resumed his thrusts once comfortable with the tight fit, speeding up and pounding Dream's ass harder than before, Phil joined in this pace, unintentionally biting hard onto the large angry bite that Fundy left earlier that day. The wound reopened and Dream practically sobbed, feeling oozing warm liquid flow down his shoulder. Both hybrids audibly moaned, the scent of Dream's blood made his already sweet citrus scent even stronger, Phil licked up the blood, leaving no trace of the human's spilt substance behind.

Dream arched his back, raising his arms above his head and reaching behind him, a hand tangled in Phil's golden hair and the other, leaving scratches along his shoulder. Techno, despite the speed in which he was going and how quickly Dream's body bounced on his dick, saw his lover as if he were in slow motion. Dreams back arched, angling himself so the two could aim deeper inside, arms back and his mouth agape, eyes narrowed and half open with brows creased and tears leaving emerald eyes that seemed to glow in the dark room. Thighs shook and chest heaved, his nipples were hard and his faintly toned abs shook with the rest of his body. The scars littered across such a canvas of a body looked like constellations placed artistically over strong limbs, only adding to the beauty which Techno saw as flawless. And Phil could only agree. Though he couldn't see Dream's front, he could see how his legs would tremble every time his prostate was hit, how his hips would shake and grind back against their dicks every time they pulled back, He was desperate, and the enticing sound of his moans only excited his arousal even more. Strong yet thin arms numbly reached to feel more of Philza's presence, holding onto what he could of the man's body. Phil only groaned to the sting of new scratches engraved into his skin, the sting worsening whenever sweat dripped between bleeding crevasses.

"Ph-Phil~! Bite me more~!!" Dream begged, turning his head to kiss messily at the man's cheek. And how could he say no? Philza lowered his head to bite down on the open wound on his shoulder, humming in satisfaction at the taste of blood. "Harder~!!" He heard the blonde demand. He hesitated for a moment, then did as told, sinking his teeth into the bite and groaning as the blood pooled into his mouth, he closed his lips around the bite, encasing any blood in his mouth. Techno narrowed his eyes at the bite, grip tightening around already reddened thighs, jealousy filling his gut. He drew back and snapped his hips forward, delivering a harsh bang into the subs prostate. "H-aah~!! Fuck.. n-not so hard~!" Dream whimpered, though in vain. Techno glared at the melting expression on Dreams face, panting heavily with every thrust into his lover's tight walls. "T-Techno please~..!!"

The piglin hybrid smirked deviously. "Use your colors Dream, say which one you want~" Dream merely whined brattily, biting his lip to hold in any moans. Techno growled at that, again, delivering a particularly harsh jab at his prostate, still following Phils momentum and never

stopping from torturing the shorter male with endless pleasure.

"Aah~! Fuck! Daddy please~...!" Dream blurted out, barely feeling the embarrassment through the immense pleasure.

Both Phil and Techno stumbled at that, their momentum stuttering for a slight second. Techno grinned. "What, babyboy~? What is it that you want from Daddy~" The words fall so easily from his tongue, such simple words making the blonde tighten up.

"P-Please~..." Dream hesitated, but his mind was too far gone to care about the potential humiliation this may cause. "Breed me, fill me up please~!"

The two hybrids nearly came with those words, both of them faltering and eyes widening. "Breed you, huh~?" Techno asked, lifting a brow and that same cocky smirk replacing his shocked expression.

"Fuckin'... Dammit...~" Philza groaned against Dream's neck, golden bangs falling over his eyes. "I wanna breed you so bad...~" He said with a guttural moan, which pulled at Dream's heartstrings.

"You wanna be filled that bad~? Such dirty words mindlessly spilling from those quivering lips~." Techno said with a tone so slow and seductive, ironic compared to his fast pace in fucking Dream into submission. He let go of one thigh, leaving Dream to hold on by himself, and stroked the human's bottom lip. "So beautiful, taking us so well and begging so prettily."

Dream whimpered to the praise, letting go of Philza's hair and gripping Techno's wrist, holding it to his lips as he sucked gently on his thumb and left a thin string of saliva connecting it to his lips. "Please, I want it so bad~.." Dream whined, glistening eyes staring wantonly into Techno's burning red ones.

"You really love to fuck with my head." Techno said in a dark tone, pushing Dream further back against Philza with such force that even Phil was momentarily surprised. He pulled Dream's right leg over his shoulder and fucked into him with a violent amount of force, an inhuman pace applied to his technique. Phil took a second to adjust to the change in pace, but caught up well enough to keep in time with Techno's thrusts, pulling Dream up further to help make it easier with such a speed.

The three started to tremble even more, desperate to chase that boiling heat in their cores, desperate to satisfy this torturous feeling. Dream was the first to break, spilling his load over his and Techno's chests, loud sobs messily leaving an open mouth. Techno and Philza came at the same time, both moaning in deeper tones, filling Dream up so much that a bulge developed in the pit of his stomach. Their vision blurred and slowly started to clear as they came down from their high, still lightly rutting into the heat of Dream's ass to fully ride out their high. The three sat still, bodies pressed close together, breathing in sync and quivering from adrenaline filled nerves. Techno pulled out first, then Phil, and the two turned Dream around carefully. Semen spilled from his ass, seeping onto the hybrid's dicks and on the sheets, Techno's eyes glued to the sight before him. "Fuck that's hot...~"

He slowly reinserted himself, the slightest movement putting pleasure into his nerves, oversensitive from the previous orgasm. Philza pulled Dream's hips closer, grasping both of their dicks in his hand as he gave kitten licks and soft kisses to each other the scars on his shoulders and chest, leaving light hickies on each one as well. Dream kened, having loved when his scars were loved on. Techno rubbed the red handprints he left on Dream's thighs and hips, noticing small cuts in his hips, most likely from Philza's claws. He started off slow and shallow, thrusting leisurely into Dream, then started to speed up just slightly, groaning when the blonde shifted and tightened

up around him. Dream let out what sounded like a mewl and a moan mixed together, the sound so sweet yet so lewd that Techno smirked and sped up a bit more, skin starting to slap again.

Dream let out a pained whimper, arms tightening around Philza's shoulders and tears flowing from his eyes. "Y-yellow..." He moaned breathlessly against Philza's ear. The crow hybrid automatically put a hand on Techno's shoulder.

"Slow down, he said yellow." Philza said in a serious tone, though it was still said in a quiet voice. Techno nodded and slowed back down, leaning over Dream's back and rubbing soothing circles over his hips and thighs, especially rubbing the biggest scars on them.

"Mm sorry babyboy, I'll slow down now okay~?" Techno reassured, kissing his lover's nape, leaving dark hickies on his scars and bolder freckles. "So beautiful, so good for us. You're perfect for us, our babyboy." He said gently into Dream's ear.

Dream moaned in response, his back arching slightly and his thighs quaking. "Such a good boy, you're doing so well, my amazing babyboy." Philza added, licking the wound on Dream's shoulder, removing whatever blood remained. He tightened his grip around their cocks and jerked them harder and faster, smiling to the gasps and whimpers his cute lover let out. Techno slightly sped up, still gentle and not going as deep as before. With a few more thrusts into his ass, Techno clenched his teeth and shut his eyes tightly, jolting as he pulled out quickly and came on Dream's lower back, the blonde following soon after. He and Philza came at the same time, semen covering their chests.

Dream lay limp in Philza's arms, exhausted from their long ass couple of rounds. "We should bathe him." Philza said, regaining his normal breathing pattern. Techno nodded in agreement, and the two maneuvered Dream gently so that Technoblade could carry him bridal style, Dream nuzzling his head onto his chest, listening to his now calm heartbeat. The three shared a nice warm bath, warm enough to be comfortable but cool enough to satisfy the hot temperature of their bodies. Philza was the first to finish cleaning himself up, Techno sat with Dream between his legs and t blondes back to his chest, combing the tangles out of his hair. Philza got out, wrapping a towel around his waist and going to the room, replacing the sheets, serving three cups of water, and opening a window to air out the room. Soon, Techno cleaned himself and Dream up and carried his lover to the bed, where he put him down in a pile of fluffy blankets.

Philza was already dressed in a thin shirt and boxers, so he helped Dream dress in just some boxers. He got a splash potion of healing from a nearby chest, popping open the glass bottle and gently applying the substance to Dream's wounds, waiting until they healed before putting an oversized shirt on the shorter man, which was Philza's shirt. Finally, the three hydrated as needed and layed down, under the blankets, Dream in the middle, his back to Techno who spooned him with an arm around his waist, and Phil in front of him, also with an arm around his waist and his face nuzzled into the younger man's chest. They fell asleep soundly, now with the largest obstacle of the mating season out of the way.

Chapter End Notes

It's fucking 4 11 am PST my dudes. It's technically early morning but I still did post it

before going to bed, so here ya go! Enjoy the long awaited threesome of Dreamzablade!

Very slight angst but I might make a side story out of the Fundywastaken moment.

I'm actually going to sleep now, after I post this on Ao3. I'm fucking tired, literally falling asleep as I'm typing. Thank gods for google docs autocorrect.

ENJOY!! YA HORNY BASTARDS!!

This shit better get like 60K views not even kidding man

I am kidding but like bro this is the death of me.

THIS SHIT WAS 10,566 FUCKING WORDS

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CORPSEwastaken

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

So Who's the Bottom?

| daddy kink | Choking kink | scars/markings kink | face-sitting | praise kink | Slight dom/sub

It was rare for Corpse to show up on DreamSMP, but when he did he liked to converse with whoever was active at the time. Everyone that is active on the SMP always flocks towards him just to say hi to the faceless and incredibly deep-voiced YouTuber. Today was a little different from Corpse's other visits, a few members of the SMP wanted to have a little party with Corpse, the idea brought up by Quackity himself. Dream allowed it, having them host it at the community house since it would be more than enough space for a nice lil get-together. George, Sapnap, Quackity, Karl, and BBH were the ones to show up at the party, of course with Dream and Corpse already there. Almost everyone on the SMP already knew, but it was still a nice surprise for those who didn't, but the two faceless men had begun dating.

Much to George's dismay, Dream had confessed his feelings towards Corpse to him first. George was a semi-supportive wingman, though Sapnap was more so the wingman than George was. It was always Sapnap and Quackity that teased Dream about "who's the bottom" in the relationship, but Dream always pushed it aside. He will admit, to himself, that over the few months they've been together certain temptations have made themselves present many many times. The sexual tension between the two was always thick, especially in Among Us lobbies where Corpse would find himself alone with Dream, lights off, and standing exceptionally close to each other. On days that Corpse and Dream weren't streaming, they'd find little spots in the map to run to and maybe share a few kisses and gentle touches with each other. They got caught a couple of times but thankfully by people that weren't streaming.

Tensions high and innocent glances becoming more and more alluring, the two gave up trying to stay clean of sex the first month together and shared their first night in DreamSMP, at Dream's home. Now they just go at it whenever the mood is even slightly good enough to start. Though lately because of streaming and DreamSMP lore, the two took a break from one another and haven't so much as touched ever since they last saw each other in person.

So here they are, at the party in the Community House with drinks and friends, standing side by side but a few feet apart. Dream could feel that sickening sweet tension between them, like a rope tying the two together and slowly tightening to bring them closer. The moment was broken by Sapnap cheerfully pulling Dream to the side with an arm around his shoulder. "So, dream!" He said happily, Dream could tell he was tipsy. He went to take a sip from his cup. "Who's the bottom?"

Welp so much for that drink. Dream coughed harshly, a blush on his face. When he finished, he wiped his lip of spilled alcohol and gave Sapnap a questionable look. "What?"

"You heard me, who's the bottom? Y'know, like, who fucks and gets fucked?" Sapnap grinned, face extremely close to Dream since when under the influence, he tends to forget personal space.

"You're so weird, who the hell asks that." Dream chuckled nervously, looking away from the brunette and at the crafting table floor. Fuck. The crafting tables just make this topic worse.

"Your reaction kinda screams with bottom energy. I know for a fact, as a top myself, that any other top would proudly say they are in fact the top. And you, Sir Dream, are not acting like much of a top." Sapnap laughed, poking at Dream's chest. "So, who's the bottom?"

"I-wel- I-I'm not a bottom it's just- it's complicated." Dream stuttered, blushing even more and pulling his mask down to cover his lips.

Corpse huffed in amusement, putting his cup down next to a flower pot and pulling the strap of his belt to take it off. While Dream was an absolute stuttering mess trying to change the subject, he cracked the belt, a loud sound ringing through the room and making Dream flinch so fucking hard and his heartbeat quicken so much, his face got warm and he glanced over his shoulder at the slightly taller dark-haired man. "Yeah, Dream," Corpse started, emphasis on Dream with a hint of a teasing tone. Dream shivered. "Who's the bottom?"

Dream put his head down, biting his lip behind that mask, legs already on the verge of trembling. Corpse grabbed Sapnap's arm and took it off of Dream's shoulders, with a bit more force than he intended. Leaning down to his ear, Corpse put an arm around Dream's waist with his hand on the blonde's left breast. The gentleness and reluctance in which Corpse moved his hands around his hip and to his breast, then to his neck, gripping lightly with pale fingers rubbing against the sensitive parts of Dream's neck, cold rings making him flinch softly. Dream kept his arms down, head tilted back to look Corpse in the eyes, or at least the one that was uncovered by the mask, he practically keened at his touch, feeling incredibly touch starved of Corpse's hands.

He was close enough to inhale the deep scent of Corpse's cologne, eyes closing and lips parting, finding enough euphoria in the scent to let out the softest and quietest of moans. Corpse felt that heat rise in his chest, the flutter in the pit of his stomach and that difficulty in breathing that made him want to gasp for air. They were caught in such a moment so long and so tense that neither of them could look away. How Corpse wished he could take Dream's mask off, how Dream wished they were alone. Oh fuck, they forgot they weren't alone. Quackity, with his arm around Sapnap's shoulder with a bottle of tequila in his hand, started laughing in disbelief. "I think that answers your

question!!"

Sapnap started to laugh as well, putting his head into the other's neck and cackling like a drunk crazy person. "Holy shit! So Dream is the bottom huh?!"

Dream sighed through his nose, annoyed, and pulled himself from Corpses arms, looking at Sapnap and pulling his sword from his inventory. A drunk Sapnap yelling an "oh fuck" before running out of the community house, Dream on his tail. Corpse chuckled deeply, putting his belt back on and returning to his cold bottle of beer. Corpse leaned against the wall, Quackity laughing hysterically as he yelled words of support at Sapnap who was running through the doors of the community house, jumping into the water and trying to outswim Dream. Big mistake.

George stood beside Corpse, watching as the two fought with Sapnap pleading for mercy. "So, he's the bottom huh?"

Corpse chuckled. "Does he look like a top? He may be intimidating but never in bed. At least I have never been intimidated by him." He took a sip from his beer, eyes locked onto Dream as he ran by, more specifically his lower parts. "Probably because I know he's intimidated by me. In more than one way."

George nodded. "I mean I guess you're right, he doesn't exactly look like a top. Thin arms, but strong as hell, and now that I look a bit more..." George watched as Dream tripped Sapnap and pinned him down, his knee keeping one of Saptaps legs down but straddling the brunette's waist, his other leg kneeled beside Saptaps hip. His netherite sword pushed closer and closer to Sapnap who kept it away with his sword clashed against it. You could see the strain in both of their arms. George's eyes landed on Dreams' ass and thighs. He lifted a brow.

Corpse looked at George, followed his eyes, shook his head, and downed the rest of his beer. "Keep on dreaming, George. That ass does not belong to you. Nor will it ever." Corpse said while placing his bottle on a trap door countertop, then walked away with his hands dug into the pockets of black jeans ripped at the knees. He also wore a few silver chains on his belt and black flannel with thin red stripes in a plaid design. The sleeves of the thin flannel were rolled up to his elbows, his pale and thick-veiny arms visible. He stood behind Dream, lifting his leg to push Dream forward and off-balance. The blonde exclaimed upon falling forward, his and Saptaps swords falling to the ground. Dreams legs stayed propped up, ass in the air, and vulnerable for Corpse to get a full view of. Dream's head lay against Saptaps shoulder, chest against the others as well. Sapnap blushed a deep red though he didn't say anything.

"Baby, we should get going. I'm tired." Corpse said with a sly smirk, seeing Dream sit up and look over his shoulder at the taller male with a glare. Grabbing his sword, Dream put it back away and got up, eyes stuck on Corpses as he walked away with his boyfriend's arm around his waist.

"Goodnight." Corpse said to the others, using his other hand to wave goodbye.

Once off the wooden bridge to the community house, Dream looked up at Corpse. "It's pretty rare for you to announce that you're tired."

Corpse smiled. "Maybe I just said that so we could get to your place faster."

Dream scoffed. "You mean in my bed faster?"

Corpse stayed silent for a moment and leaned into the blonde's ear. "In you faster~" The deepness of Corpse's voice mixed with the seductive tone made Dream's ear feel strangely vulnerable and heat up in less than a second. He lost his breath for a moment. Corpse stood back up and continued walking, his grip on Dream's hip tightening. "You're so getting it when we get there."

"Promise?"

Corpse smiled beneath his mask, the narrow of his eyes indicating he was. "Of course."

Dream smirked and pulled off his mask, showing his face to Corpse, the brunette holding his breath for a moment when seeing his beautiful face. With a chuckle and a wide grin, Dream took off running, Corpse running after him through the SMP. The blonde, being agile and already a pro at parkour, ran through some already occupied sections of land and areas that someone probably used for a bit and left their mess behind, getting through these obstacles was a no-brainer for Dream, leaving Corpse in the dust, trying his best to catch up. Though he had no chance of beating him, Corpse smiled at how eager his lover was, how cute he looked, smiling and jumping around like a little rabbit leaping through simple courses of randomly placed blocks or clusters of dirt probably formed from creeper explosions, no one bothering to fix the obnoxious holes. Soon, Corpse lost sight of his blonde, who seemed to have outrun him on the way home. He was slightly worried, having been left alone, but when Dream's house came into view, he felt a sigh of relief breathing through his nose when the door was left cracked open. He stopped before entering, catching his breath for a moment and taking off his mask, cold nighttime air smoothing against pale and sweaty skin. The scars over his face where the mask had covered were glowing, like rivers reflecting the moon's light, each one connected like a string of veins.

He pushed the door open, the air within the home was scented with pine and a strong smell of sandalwood, as if incense were still burning. The scent calms his nerves, pulling him into the entranceway and closing the door behind him. He saw Dream's shoes messily thrown in the hallway, in front of his room's door. Corpse smiled at this, and made his way into the room, pausing when seeing the slightly shorter male was nowhere in the room. The door slammed shut

behind him, his first reflex was to turn to face whatever it was that had startled him, but he was met with a smirking dirty blonde haired male rushing up to him and grabbing him by the belt, pulling the taller flush against his pelvis and grazing their lips together. Corpse felt a shiver travel up his spine, a smirk curling the edges of his lips and hands grabbing onto hips covered by a soft green hoodie. Dream's hands were firm around Corpse's belt buckle, keeping their hips together as he edged Corpses' lips with his own, touching them, breathing against them, taking a nip at the others' bottom lip just to pull away and leave them wanting. Corpse let out a low rumble in the back of his throat, leaning into those lips that left his own feeling cold. Dream chuckled and leaned his head back, avoiding the taller's lips. Corpse grumbled and went in again to connect their lips, which Dream allowed but kept the other at bay, not allowing him to deepen it, then bit the brunette's lip and pulled away again. "Goddammit, Dream..." Corpse said in a deeper tone laced with pure lust. He pushed his lover against the wall, forcefully planting his lips onto the others' and claiming them after what felt like a lifetime of having not kissed from how busy they both were.

Dream moaned against those lips, brows creasing when the feeling of arousal heated in his gut. Kissing him after so long, have not kissed in so long, they felt feverish; hot and cold flashes running over their faces and down their spines, making them moan against each other's lips in a needy fashion. Corpse rubbed his knee hard against Dreams' developing boner, groaning against his lips in his exceptionally deep voice. Dream felt his knees weaken, his back arching into Corpse, knees already shaking. He started with undoing Corpses' belt, quick to pull the buckle off and unzip the slightly taller man's pants. Corpse pulled his leg away, his lips reluctantly leaving Dreams. The blonde slowly kneeled, pressing his lips against Corpses clothed erection, and mouthing at it through the black boxers he wore. Corpse groaned and leaned his head back, moving his fingers through Dreams' hair, clenching onto the thick strands of dirty blonde. He combed the shorter's hair out of his face, watching as emerald eyes looked up at him with a smirk. "Come on baby, you know you want to." Corpse smirked back, loving the way Dream shyly tugged on the hem of his boxers.

Dream finally pulled them down far enough to let Corpses' cock out of the cloth, a black ball piercing on tip, and many other little piercings along the underside of his shaft. Deams lips were on the tip in less than a second. He mouthed at it, his tongue rubbing against the slit and the little metal ball, then around the tip, making Corpse shudder and gasp, a deep rumble sounding in his throat. The blonde then stuck his tongue out, sliding it down the base, along the underside and against the piercings. Corpse gripped the hairs on the back of Dreams head, pulling him closer. "Can you take it all in?" He asked. Dream responded by closing his lips around the tip, slowly working his way down the length of Corpses' cock, hands flat on the ground and letting Corpse guide his lips further and further onto his cock. "Such a good boy Dream, taking me so well." Corpse said in a calm and teasing tone. There was just an inch left of Corpses cock for Dream to take, but the blonde was already tearing up from holding back his gag reflex. "Tap twice for me to stop? Remember?"

Dream nodded slightly, and looked up at Corpse with tears on his waterline, the taller man keened at such a sight, petting his hair before tightening his grip around dirty blonde locks and forcing him down the remaining inch. Dream shook, his lungs burning with a lack of air to his lungs, his dick twitched inside his jeans. He felt Corpse's cock twitch in his mouth, and heard a low growl come from his throat. A few more harsh thrusts, and the brunette leaned his back. A chill ran down his spine as he came into Dream's mouth, tightening his grip on his hair and holding his face down as

his full load seeped into Dream's throat. Dream felt small tears fall from his eyes as he swallowed it all, letting out a gasp of breath when Corpse pulled out and let the blonde breathe. Dream lowered his head, chest heaving as he panted softly for the cold, musky air around them.

Corpse slid his palm under the blonde's chin, pale ghost like fingers holding his jaw and pulling his head up to look into those half lidded emerald eyes, red ones meeting them. Dream tilted his head to the side, lips parted as Corpse's thumb slipped between wet lips. Dream sucked lightly on his thumb, licking around the ring on it and letting go when he felt a small tug. "Daddy~" he smirked, feeling the pale hand flinch before it left his chin. Dream slowly stood, his hands on Corpse's v-line, slowly going up his stomach, then his chest, then around his shoulders. He lightly pushed against broad shoulders, following with shallow footsteps as the slightly taller man stepped backwards until the back of his knees hit the bed and he fell with a soft groan as his back met with soft sheets, his blonde lover climbing on top of him until he straddled his waist.

Dream sat with his ass against the hot length, lowering his hips and rocking back and forth, his lover's dick hardening again, he moaned a soft breathless moan. Corpse placed his hands on those well-built thighs, squeezing and releasing in a slow pattern, thrusting his hips up just a bit to make the blonde hum with satisfaction at the friction. Dream lay slender fingers on the black flannel Corpse wore, pushing it up to reveal his abs and pale chest, dragging his nails lightly against his skin and tracing many scars that decorated smooth and rough skin. Corpse shivered, watching as Dream leaned down and licked along the longer scars, laying hickies on them and watching as Corpse took a deep breath, stuttering over soft gasps. Dream traced his kisses up to Corpse's neck, latching his lips around his Adam's apple and sucking on it and biting lightly. He sat up, sitting on Corpse's chest and holding the man's face gently in his palms, thumbs stroking the scars layed scattered across the left side of his face, staring into that white eye that Corpse was so self conscious about.

Corpse wrapped his arms around Dream's waist and kissed his hip, pulling up his hoodie and leaving a bite on his side. Dream lifted his hoodie off and freed himself from the heavy item, moaning softly as his lover's veiny hands undid the clasps of his jeans, and mouth at his half hard dick through his boxers. Corpse patted his ass, having the blonde lift himself up to his knees, allowing Corpse to remove Dream's pants and boxers. He held onto the blonde's thighs and brought him down enough so that the brunette could leave a dark hickey on his ass cheek. Dream moaned as he felt the other's tongue slip past sensitive rims, thrusting in and out at a shallow pace which drove the blonde insane. Dream bucked his hips, making the other tongue go deeper and rub against his insides, rimming him with fast and slow movements, pulling away every now and then to leave hickies in a place only he has access to.

The blonde moaned, feeling the hot muscle slip through his rims and rub against the sensitive areas inside of him, places the Corpse knew how to tease, places that made Dream fall apart. In an all too endless minute of preparation, Dream held onto the headboard with his knuckles white and his back arched, soft breathless gasps leaving moist and bitten lips. Corpse pulled away after making sure his lover's entrance was slicked up enough for them to continue, pushing the blonde's hips back enough that he could take his dick into his mouth and tease the other male with soft licks and half hearted movements. Dream trembled in his hold, his body felt restless and helpless whines left

his throat. He whimpered when feeling 2 fingers enter him, the sudden intrusion made him moan and flinch slightly with the small burn. Corpse curled his fingers, pressing right up against that bundle of nerves that made Dream throw his head back and a long moan ignite from his lips.

The brunette smirked, eyes watching as his lover developed tears, shaking from an inability to release. He kept his eyes on Dream's face as he bobbed his head up and down his dick, rubbing his tongue along the underside of his shaft while massaging his prostate at the same time. "N-nngh~ Corpse~," Dream moaned, whining as the other stopped and pulled his mouth off of his leaking tip. "Corpse stop teasing~...." Dream said with a begging tone, his head back and legs trembling, on the verge of giving out. Corpse held Dream's thighs, pulling him down so he could sit on his chest, then sat up. Dream fell with his back on the bed and his legs around his lover's waist, whining when feeling his cock rub against his hole in a teasing manner.

"Color?" Corpse asked, massaging his lover's thigh and moving to sit on his knees.

"Green..." Dream responded, lifting his legs to put the back of his calves on Corpses shoulders. From this angle, Corpse could see Dream's entire body for the beauty that it is. Arms slender yet firm, laying above his head and with fingers gripping tightly onto the sheets beneath. Corpse ran pale palms down tannish thighs, rubbing against freckles cutely dusted across his skin, stopping around his ass. He gave a squeeze and moved his hands up to hold tightly onto his waist, pulling his hips back and aligning himself to pink rims. In one movement, Corpse shoved his whole length into tight walls, feeling Dream's body tense and his back arch, a loud sob leaving pink lips and filling the brunette's ears with a sound he hadn't heard in so long. Dreams' legs convulsed, his body wouldn't stop shaking as he felt the length inside of him twitch and pull out until just the tip remained inside. The wet heat around his cock and the sound of Dreams' beautiful voice changing to a high tone that no one else has heard made Corpse shiver and groan, breathless so early in their long night together. "F-fuck~... s-so big~." Dream moaned,

"Has it been so long that you've forgotten my size~?" Corpse said in a teasing tone, rolling his hips forward just enough to shallowly thrust into the already breathless blonde.

"N-no I just- aah~ fuck- I just missed you so bad~!" Dream whined, his prostate being circled and ever so gently touched, making him restless.

"Me too baby, me too." Corpse said with a gentler tone, moving his hand to smooth against Dreams cheek, then grab his chin and smirk at such wanting eyes. "Since it's been so long, why don't I embed myself into you so hard and so long that no matter how far we go without each other, you could still remember my dick thrusting into you so sweetly, making you so fucking breathless and panting like a little bitch beneath me~. You wouldn't be able to live without my dick~." Corpse straightened his posture, one hand moving down to grip Dreams throat just hard enough to hinder his air supply, and his other hand holding onto his lover's thigh for support. "Make you beg all night for me~ make you into a shameless little toy~" He tightened his grip around Dreams throat,

cutting off his air supply fully, then letting go and tightening again. Each time he tightened his grip, Corpse could feel Dreams' walls tighten and his thighs tremble. Such a sight to behold, laying under his with his face so red and lips so wet from aggressive kisses.

Corpse pulled his hips back enough that he was barely inside, pink rims tightening around his tip as an attempt to keep him inside. Dream whined, about to protest until his air was yet again cut off. The brunette rammed his cock all the way in, banging aggressively at the blonde's tight walls and forcing the rest of him open, allowing better access to his deepest parts. Dream rolled his eyes back, a thin hand rushing to grasp tightly onto Corpse's wrist, attempting to pull the limb away from his neck. He let out a strangled moan, trying to breath through the grip around his throat, but to no avail. His heart thundered in his ears as his top pounded mercilessly into his hole, attacking that sweet bundle of nerves that made him see stars. His whimpers drowned out the sound of skin slapping, his mind buzzing from a lack of oxygen and his body convulsing either from panic or pleasure. Which ever one it was, it felt fucking good. Corpse loosened his grip around Dreams neck, letting the air back into his lungs but kept his palm pressed against his Adam's apple, which bobbed and shook with every loud moan.

"So fucking pretty Dream, already in tears~ already so blissed out~." He said in a deep tone, a long groan resonating through much louder moans.

"C-c-cor- Corpse~!! Fuckin'- please~! Don't stop~!" Dream sobbed, his legs tightening over broad shoulders and pulling the brunette closer.

"Mm. Wrong name baby boy~" Corpse moaned, tightening his grip yet again around Dreams slender throat.

Dream tried to speak though the air needed to so much as gasp such sinful words was denied by the hand so tightly wrapped around his neck. "D- hnnn~... D-da...~ haah~...." He tried to speak, eyes crossing and his teeth clenching, saliva leaking from parted lips and eyebrows screwed together. He was frustrated, being unable to say what he so desperately tried to mutter. He wanted to obey, to do as his top demanded and be rewarded. Fuck it hurt so well.

"Awe, can my baby boy not say it~? Does he need Daddy to let him breathe~?" Corpse said with a chuckle, pausing his thrusts from a mere second just to angle himself differently and violently slam his way back into quivering muscle. Dream arched his back, toes curling and his mouth agape with sobs and wordless pleas escaping from desperate lips. He nodded the best he could, blurry vision just slightly focusing on the amused grin on his lover's face.

Corpse loosened his grip but still kept a generous amount of pressure on the center of his neck, feeling his vocal cords vibrate when Dream could finally moan as loud as he wanted. Babbles left the blonde's mouth, gasps and sharp breaths cutting his half spoken sentences short. "D-daddy~!

Fuck me h-harder please~!" He managed to say in a clear and bratty voice, which was enough for Corpse to lean over and bend Dreams legs further down, gazing deeply into hazy green eyes.

"Good boy, such a good boy for me~" Corpse groaned, feeling his own release approaching quicker than he thought it would. The sight of his blonde lover coming undone beneath him was practically enough to make him cum, the lewd pornographic noises coming from him topped it off. "Cum for me baby~ You've done so well~"

That was all Dream needed to let himself come undone, his eyes rolled back and his tongue lolled out, his back arching and thighs tightening around Corpses shoulders, encasing his neck in a thick prison of flesh and muscle. White ropes of cum spurted from his burning red tip, dirtying their chests and mixing with sweat dripping down their necks. Corpse moaned at the intense heat and tightness of his lover's hole, delivering one last brutal hit to the blonde's deepest parts before filling him up. They lay there in each other's arms, bodies tense and breathing heavy, mixing with one another's. "Fuck~... baby boy you did so well~ so proud of you~" Corpse cooed gently, his deep voice raspy and tired, but the adrenaline in his veins kept his mind far too awake.

"Mmh~ Daddy~" Dream moaned in-between heavy pants, laying his tired head back down against soft sheets. Corpse claimed his parted lips in a sweet and lustful kiss, groaning against them and eliciting a soft moan from his adorable sub. They kissed for a few minutes, Dream's arms wrapping around his neck and intertwining his fingers through dark brown hair, tugging lightly every time he felt a nip to his lips. Corpse let go of Dreams thighs, both hands placed gently atop his well toned legs and pushing them further apart until Dreams' knees touched the bed. Dreams' flexibility wasn't new to Corpse, but he still found himself amazed by how far he could bend those lavish limbs. And how much he loved when they clamped down around his face whenever he ate him out.

Corpse wrapped his arms around Dreams waist veins bolding along pale skin as he tightened his grip and pulled Dream up. Corpse lay with his back to the sheets, head against a soft pillow and Dream sitting on his dick, keeping his semen inside. "Color?"

"Green." Dream muttered, hands on Corpses chest and legs spread, their hips flat against each other's. The blonde leaned down, pressing gentle kisses to the many scars on Corpses chest, moaning against them and leaving gentle bites. He started to move his hips, though gingerly. Grinding back against the dick inside of him, the small piercings now hot against his nerves and rubbing harshly against his prostate. Dream moaned, his dick hardening and rubbing against solid abs while he continued his shallow movements. Dream held pale flesh between his teeth, closing his lips around the spot and sucking hard until his tongue tingles and there was a purplish mark left behind, wet with saliva. Corpse groaned, hot breath sighing past his lips as he massaged thick, feverish thighs.

"My precious baby~ so good at everything you do~" Corpse praised, loving the small sound of approval from Dream as the blonde shallowly fucked himself on his cock. Dream sat up just a bit,

kisses trailing up the scarred side of Corpses neck and to his cheek, running a hot wet tongue against the ridges of many deep scars. With his thumb, he gently stroked the deeper scars and left loving kisses to them. Corpse breathed out a long drawn out sigh of pleasure, shivers wracking his body as his lover showed great affection to the scars he was so insecure about. Corpse sat up and again wrapped his arms around the blonde's hips, veins reappearing as he tightened his grip. He pulled the blonde up and slammed him back down, forcing loud cries from quivering lips. Dream arched into Corpses chest, hands gripping tightly around strong shoulders and digging blunt nails harshly into scarred skin. Corpse pressed his teeth against cold yet moist skin, biting down until it left a deep bite mark, his sub moaning in pleasure to the pain and dragging his nails down his chest.

"Daddy~! S-slow down... p-please~!!" Dream begged, eyes watery and his expression melted into pure lust, his body went mostly slack, just jolts and tense shoulders held him up along with the trustworthy grip of his dom.

Corpse chuckled darkly, pulling Dream up slowly and forcing him back down, setting a brutal pace against his prostate and torturing ready sensitive nerves. "If you really wanted me to slow down you'd have used your safewords~," Corpse said with amusement, tilting his head up from the crook of his lovers neck and smirking deviously at those wide hazy eyes, tears streaming down pink cheeks and saliva pooling past bitten lips. "C'mon babyboy, use your safewords if you want me to slow down so fucking bad." Corpse said in a strict tone, bucking his hips up to meet with yet another violent hit to the blonde's prostate. Dream practically screamed in pleasure, his throat burning as loud moans filled the room and could possibly be heard from outside.

"Daddy please~!" Dream barely managed to say, though his pleads were in vain as Corpse only sped up and attached his mouth to a pink nipple bud. Dream threw his head back, nails dragging deeper cuts into Corpses chest and his back arched until he was practically bent backwards. Corpse released the pink bud with a soft pop, groaning when feeling the warmth around his cock tighten immensely and the blonde's entire body trembled with too many waves of pleasure washing over him. Dream came within mere seconds, his dick twitching against Corpses stomach and shooting yet another load of cum onto his chest, excess falling onto Dreams stomach. Corpse kept his pace, chasing after his own release until hearing a pained whimper. "Daddy... yellow...~ p-plleease~..."

Corpse pulled his lover up gently and encased him inside tongue warm arms, pressing gentle kisses to his neck while slowing his pace enough to comfort the blonde but fast enough to finish himself off. He released his semen into Dream, a bulge developing in Dreams stomach and cum seeping from around his cock, onto their laps. Two loads filling his sub, warmth still present on his skin, Corpse let out a satisfied sigh and kept his arms tight around his love. Dream rested limp against Corpses chest, rubbing his fingers gently along the long cuts he left in the doms chest. With a small stagger and a grumble, Corpse stood up with his lover held tight in his arms, Dreams legs around his waist as he walked out of the hot room and into the coolness of the hallway, making his way into the bathroom and stepping into the bathtub, slowly kneeling. He placed Dream on the floor of the tub, pulling out of his warmth, and kneeled in front of him. He then turned around to set the water to warm and stood up to grab the nozzle from the shower head.

Corpse knelt back down, kissing Dreams forehead as he flicked it on and warm water shot harshly out of the nozzle. Dream flinched and whined, pulling away from the spray. Corpse softly shushed him, rubbing his lover's cheek to soothe him and lowering the power of the nozzle. "Sorry baby, it's softer now, see?" Corpse murmured, letting the soft stream of water roll down Dreams chest. The blonde hummed in contentment and leaned into the warmth, letting Corpse rinse down his body and clean him of sweat and semen. Dream leaned back when feeling a soft tap to his thigh. Corpse aimed the nozzle to Dreams entrance, using his fingers to spread his rims further apart and slowly clean him out. Dream gasped softly, gripping the edge of the tub and forcing his nerves to calm down as Corpse gently cleaned him out. When satisfied with his work, the brunette turned the nozzle away and pressed a loving kiss to Dreams lips, which the blonde returned. "Feel better?"

Dream nodded and smiled against his lips. Corpse brushed small teat streaks away from Dreams cheek and sat up to rinse himself off. When finished, he shut off the water, not bothering to put the nozzle back, and picked Dream up bridal style, carrying him back to the room; he grabbed a towel from the towel rack before leaving the bathroom. As soon as Dreams body met the bed, he grabbed the comforter and wrapped himself in it, not minding if it got wet. Corpse chuckled heartily at his lover's adorable action, then walked to the closet, grabbing a new pair of boxers and a thin black shirt from a drawer Dream kept for him whenever he visited. "Baby, do you wanna get dressed?" Corpse asked while pulling the shirt down. The collar of it showed a couple of scratches left behind by Dream. The blonde shook his head, nuzzling into the mattress of the bed. Corpse smiled. "Water?"

Dream nodded at that, and Corpse went over to him, ruffling his hair then making his way to the door. "Be right back then." He said as he walked out, leaving the door cracked open. He navigated easily through the darkness of the household, already knowing where everything was. What he didn't see was someone sitting on the couch. He felt his hair raise and his skin crawl, a feeling of another set of eyes sparked his senses and he turned to look at the shadow figure. Corpse reached to the lamp beside the couch and pulled the beaded string, light illuminating the room and revealing the identity of the unknown visitor.

"Sorry, didn't mean to trespass." A thick British accent said with a light sarcastic tone. Corpse huffed, relieved that it wasn't an intruder and rolled his eyes, continuing his trip to the kitchen. "I guess I arrived at the wrong time."

"If you arrived in the middle of that then why did you stay?" Corpse asked, a brow tilted up and his deep voice laced with a tinge of anger. He felt possessive.

"I originally came here to check on Dream. He seemed feverish when you guys left so I got worried. And now I know he's fine. Well..." George shrugged and chuckled. "He's not sick, but his voice is probably gone."

Corpse wanted nothing more than to erase whatever George heard from the man's memory. He grabbed two water bottles from the fridge and closed the door with a bit more force than intended. He walked past the brit, which earned a light scoff. "Not even going to treat your guests?"

Corpse paused and a long sigh quietly left his lips. He turned his head to look down at George, eyes narrowed. Suddenly, he realized he didn't have his mask on, and felt more vulnerable than necessary. But that wasn't the issue he needed to discuss. "Look, George. I don't know what you want regarding Dream. But listen closely when I say that that man..." Corpse tilted his head to the side, glaring daggers into George's soul. "Is mine. And he always will be." He straightened his posture again and popped his neck. "I'll prove it as many times as I need to. So if you ever listen again, just realize that it's me he's moaning for. Not you."

And with that, Corpse left the other man in silence, returning to his tired lover who still stayed curled up in a cocoon. He tapped the blonde cheek with the bottom of the water bottle, startling him awake. He offered a kind smile, and let go of the bottle as Dream took it. The two drank the majority of their beverages, parched and equally tired. Corpse could feel his nerves tighten, the way they did when he didn't take his medication on time, and could feel the resistance his body gave to the smallest of movements. He knew Dream kept extra pills in his nightstand, so he took them and popped open the lids to the required meds. He took them and swallowed them down, sighing as the items settled in his stomach. He left the two pill bottles and the water bottles there, now focused on cuddling his adorable blondie. As soon as Corpse laid down, Dream crawled out from the comforter and made himself comfortable on top of Corpse, head on his chest and legs straddling his waist.

Corpse soothed Dream to sleep by gently petting his hair, running a hand down his back and massaging his brow. Once sure that he was asleep, Corpse relaxed his body and fell asleep soon after.

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Dream was the first to wake up, which usually it was the other way around. As Corpse still slept, arms around Dream's waist as if he were a big teddy bear, he watched the others sleeping face with eyes filled with nothing but love for him. He would brush Corpse's curly locks out of his face and rub a thumb gently over every detailed line of his scars. After a while of admiring and stroking the sleeping brunette's scars, he looked out the window and saw that the sun had mostly risen. He smiled and propped himself up with hands on Corpse's chest as he leaned forward and left butterfly kisses all over his face. Corpse grumbled awake, turning his head to the side to avoid the kiss, but only gave Dream more access to his left cheek. He opened his multi-colored eyes and looked hazily at the blonde. Dream busted into joyful laughter. "Fucking grumpy old man, wake up."

"Mm not even old. We're pretty much the same age." Corpse said, finishing off his sentence with a yawn.

"Mm. You're two years older though" Dream hummed in response.

"Doesn't fucking matter." Corpse grumbled, being grumpy first thing in the morning. Dream chuckled again. "What're you doing up anyways?"

"Admiring your face." Dream responded with a soft loving tone, once again tracing the scars littered across Corpses cheek. The brunette frowned slightly. "You're so handsome. And sexy." Dream said with a bright smile that warmed Corpses heart, and his mood.

Corpse pulled Dream to the side, encasing the blonde under him and nuzzling his face into the crook of his neck, eliciting soft laughs. "Mm, you never let me be grumpy."

"Nope. Not on my watch." Dream smiled, kissing the top of Corpse's hair. "I love you."

"Love you too." Corpse smiled against soft skin.

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Chapter End Notes

Took forever but there you go!! I caught a cold today and I've been feeling like shit.

There's some bullshut going on at home so I might take longer to post, again...

But all is well, I promise I won't slack off too much. I'll try and rest as much as I can to hurry up and get over this fucking cold.

Don't worry it's not Corona, I still have my taste and smell. My immune system is too strong for da 'rona.

Anywho, how you enjoyed it!! Decided to go a step kinkier this chapter. Hope it turned out okay :)

Those of you in the discord got sneak peeks of it lol, and also got the chance to hear me voice act a few lines-

Here's my discord to those that don't have it: ◇°Neko_S42°◇#5991

Dm me to get added :)

The discord server has been so fun, you guys are fucking crazy and hilarious but I love it

I really do question the age group of my readers though, lol

But you do you :)

Sharexvorexcomment

7163 words

JSCHLATTWASTAKEN < DREAMZA

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

More Than a Menace, Less Than a Lover

TRIGGER WARNING

| cuckolding | degradation | sexual abuse | consensual non-con | drunk sex | forced consent | praise kink | body worship | body-shaming | non-con branding | consensual branding | fluff | smut | angst | anxiety/panic attacks descriptively detailed | emotional/mental/verbal/physical abuse | guilt-tripping | sex during panic attacks | hurt with comfort | confirmational and supportive sex | happy ending I promise :'] |

Two leaders. One an alcoholic future president, the other a manipulative SMP leader, trying to destroy the nation he pretends to be on the same side as. All that kept them together was a chain of deals and negotiations involving two key factors. Control, and a book to revive the dead. Both of them wanted it. Both of them thrived off of having others under their boot, holding a bone over a drooling and whimpering dog but never giving it to them. No matter how many tricks they do or rules they obey, they will not receive. The thrill of control is the ability to do as you please without a consequence. The thrill of seeing a person lose their free will and become a mere puppet for the puppeteer. Marionettes on red threads, attached to chains, wars, weapons, possessions.

The feeling is like lava injected through the veins, igniting a pure rage-like feeling of bliss and euphoria. It's addicting. Control. What a beautiful thing. Dream had brought this proposal upon Jschlatt when he was barely looking to be president. He helps him gain a nation's democratic vote, and they rule it together. The catch was that no one could know Dream was the one pulling the punches. Another part was that Dream got Jschlatt everything he wanted, and in return, he will share the Revive Book's knowledge. So far so good, with Dream using his sociopathic skills and pure physical ability to get what he wanted. All was fine, Jschlatt getting what he wanted, the Revive Book gradually getting into Dream's hands. The nation will be controlled and rearranged to Jschlatt's liking. Until the drunken future president forced a new deal.

"Be my lover." He slurred while tossing back the bottle of whiskey and letting it join the other two empty ones on a pile of beer cans.

Dream had only a lightly served rum, not trusting his drunken self around this specific man.

"What?" He said with a stern tone, mid-sip of his liquor. His eyes stayed on the future President like a hawk, watching for any motives, patterns. Any reason for having asked such an out-of-the-blue question.

"Ya heard me, Dreamie baby." Jschlatt slurred while popping open a bottle of wine and chugging it from the bottle. Though many expensive glasses were neatly set along the bar's wall. "Be my lover." He hiccups and wipes his lip, taking a few steps closer. His tie was loose, his white collar ruffled up instead of folded neatly down, and suit unbuttoned, sloping off his broad shoulders.

"I'm not becoming your lover." Dream scoffed, finally moving his drink to sip it and place it down on the glass coffee table. "Why should I when I have no romantic feelings for you?"

Schlatt rolled his eyes and plopped down on the spot next to Dream. Which was a luxurious couch made of burgundy colored velvet. "Who said we can't just give it a try? Maybe we'll gain some

feelings as we go along." Schlatt shrugged and tossed his head back for another swig.

"You're ridiculous." Dream said while shaking his head and crossing his arms. His netherite boots and chest piece seldom came off. And his weapons never left his inventory. As if he were waiting for a battle even in the most secure of places. "I... WE... don't have time for a relationship. Let alone the two of us together in one."

"Oooh come on, Dreamie!" Jschlatt yelled with a chuckle, an arm draping over Dream's shoulders, uncomfortably pressed against netherite shoulder pads. "Ya never know, maybe the closer we get the more willing I'll be to share things with you." Jschlatt's voice had changed within seconds. His slur remained, and the scent emitting off him was strong with musk and alcohol. The bottle in his hand was placed on the table beside Dream's small cup and then placed on the man's thigh. "I could share MANY... things with you." He said into the blonde man's ear. His voice was slow and deepened slightly to an octave which made Dream flinch. The tease in his tone, the feeling of a hot, large hand rubbing the inner part of his thigh and massaging his muscle.

Fuck was I always this pent up? Dream thought to himself as he could feel the blush rise on his cheeks and the tingles spark in his dick. Jschlatt smirked when seeing the red tint of Dream's ear, his face still hidden behind that mask. "What if we get found out?" Dream asked while Schlatt started kissing gently at the man's ear and jaw.

"Kill them." Jschlatt breathed. the warmth of his breath, heating the cool of Dream's neck. It made his breathing quiver and his hand tightened around the edge of the couch cushion. Schlatt pressed his kisses against Dream's skin while parting now and then to lick and suck on a spot he felt Dream twitch whenever touched. He moved Dream's body so their shoulders were parallel and Schlatt's arms were around his torso. Thin, tan hands gripping his shoulders. He moved forward slowly, having Dream gradually lean back.

"A-and if... our deal ends...? Are we just gonna break up when all is said and done...?" Dream said while gulping down a moan, head to the side, and his eyes narrow though Schlatt couldn't see. All he could see in the dim light from the lamp in the bar was Dream's nape and ears redden as they continued.

Jschlatt stopped to sit up and meet Dream's gaze, though through a mask. "We'll see when we get there. What's the fun in knowing the story before it's told?" He said with his smirk still lasting and his gaze turning lustful. Dream's lips parted and with a small gulp, he nodded. Immediately, Schlatt's lips were against his own in a sloppy kiss. Dream's hands held the back of dry-to-the-touch hair as he felt slightly chapped lips catch his soft ones. Schlatt's mouth would open while still against Dream's lips, guiding his lips to part and allow his tongue in. Immediately, whisky and too sweet pastries were smothered into Dream's tongue, saliva slipping through his lips and down his jaw. The smell of alcohol and earth, the uncomfortable feeling of armor pressing against his body as the other man lay on top, and inexperienced kisses forced quickly onto his unknowing self.

Dream was not a virgin, but one thing he never did was kiss his fuck buddies/one-night stands/bootie calls. That was off-limits. Schlatt kept a hand on Dream's mask, slightly altering it to hopefully start undoing the clasp. Though Dream immediately stopped when feeling the item move barely an inch. He pulled away from the kiss, pushing Schlatt by his shoulder and letting go to hold his mask against his face. Under it, his eyes were wide and his breathing became panicked. Schlatt stared in slight annoyance and shock, but quickly got the message and chuckled while smoothing the blonde hair back and off of Dream's forehead.

He suddenly gripped harshly on his hair and pulled to force Dream to look up at him. "Instead of letting me take off that fucking mask, how about you give me a different reward?" Schlatt said

with a malicious smirk and tone.

Dream slowly nodded, voice caught in his throat though his breaths came in small gasps and his mouth stayed agape.

"You aren't allowed to disobey me during sex. And you can not... deny me of sex at any time that I want it. Whether you're sleeping or we're out in public. You can NOT say no." Jschlatt said while watching the slightest shifts and twitches in Dream's throat, jaw, and lips. There was a shock, then concern, then finally contemplation. After a moment of silence, Dream nodded and mentally shrugged. Can't be that bad right? It's just sex. That is what he thought as he started thinking of scenarios he might say no in and one's he might want to try...

"Good mutt." Jschlatt grinned as he latched onto Dream's neck again and bit as hard as he needed to make the man squeal. "So we have a deal, right? I need a verbal agreement, Mutt. You call me Master from here on out."

Dream nodded and twitched in pain as he panted a response. "Yes... M-master...", he whimpered, making Schlatt grin and a feeling of overwhelming power flow through his veins.

"Good fucking mutt. Now strip." He ordered, the words like needles on his tongue and the sound like ice piercing Dream's heart, numbing his brain, senses restricted to only what Jschlatt was doing. Such malicious eyes watched as Dream meekly unhooked each part of his armor and let it fall to the ground. His hoodie came next, the warm cloth which kept all his body heat in now let the cold touch his smooth, scarred skin. Under the hoodie was a sleeveless, skin-tight, black turtleneck made of thin, flexible material. Dream's jeans were next, though because the L'manberg president wouldn't move from above him, he had to twist his torso to the side. The way his hips curved and dipped as he slightly arched his back to help remove his pants made Jschlatt lick his lips, wanting to devour the being beneath him, squirming like precious prey for its predator.

His heartbeat quickened, his cock hardened, his eyes became more animalistic. Dream hesitantly put a hand on his boxers, biting his lip, looking to the side, embarrassed beyond belief. The silence was suffocating but enticing, his breathing could be heard as it became heavier. But Schlatt wasn't willing to wait for him to be comfortable. He grabbed the middle of Dream's shirt with both hands and ripped it in half. The sound of the fabric tearing was far louder than it looks like it would've been, making Dream flinch and immediately want to cover himself. Though the moment he crossed his hands over his chest, Schlatt grabbed his wrists and forcefully pinned them down. "Who do you think you're hiding from? A mutt doesn't hide from its master. You lay on your back, expose your belly like a good little mutt and listen to my every command. Understood??"

Dream nods quickly, panic filling his veins, adrenaline kicking in, his heart beating in his ears and his fingertips as he could feel his hands going numb from how hard Jschlatt was gripping them. "I-I understand I understand..." He panted and quickly nodded. "I understand..."

Jschlatt eased up on his grip and instead tore Dream's boxers from his hips and exposed his round ass and firm yet squishy thighs. He didn't even take the time to admire, just devoured. Orgasm after orgasm denied, squeals and moans turning to pleads and begs. Schlatt's tongue was harsh against Dream's rims, movements frantic and half-assed. Torturing movements make each wanted orgasm cut off right before coming. Hands pulling on the ram horns on Jschlatt's head, legs on broad shoulders, back arched, and hand-shaped bruises already showing. Dream wasn't sleeping tonight.

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The morning was frigid, gray skies casting fog over the nation's rooftops, frost covering grass and

breath turning to mist. Dream stood at a cliff that perimeters the land, giving a perfect view of the land for all its entirety. Without his black turtleneck to keep his neck and warmth against his skin, he was much colder than usual. His hoodie was never enough. But the cold soothed the burning abrasions and hickies his new lover left behind. He was contemplating last night's occurrence. Why did he give in? Why did he sound like such a bitch, letting that bastard have his way? Dream sighed through his nose and took a deep breath of cold, fresh air.

In the distance, a half-winged crow hybrid was out hunting. He was talking kindly to his crows. His eye caught a green figure in the distance, and upon further inspection, he recognized it as the SMP leader himself. He would have avoided him or gone to speak to him just to give his crows some entertainment. But when he saw his disheveled hair and auspicious markings on his neck, he figured he'd keep his distance and dismiss the crows first. Once the crows were gone, he walked slowly towards the man and was surprised that he didn't move a single inch when it was obvious another person was present. Philza's footsteps were very well heard, and he didn't try hiding his presence. Yet he still managed to make the man flinch and look haphazardly at Philza. "Just me, mate. How's uh... how's it goin'?"

Dream scanned his appearance before dismissing his presence and looking away, back to the view of the nation below the cliff. Philza shrugged but didn't back off, stepping closer and nodding in approval of the view. "Nice spot you got here. Come here often?"

Again. He was ignored. "Oooohh...kay...?" Philza said and just stood there in silence for a few seconds. He observed the way Dream looked a lot closer than before, seeing a bruise around Dream's neck and many dark red blotches covering the area which was exposed. He put a hand out to the slightly shorter man, cold fingers grazing the heat of Dream's neck where he saw the marks. "Hey, you-"

His hand was slapped away and Dream quickly pulled his hoodie to cover his neck and looked down. His mask was slipping, his heart was racing, his breathing was hard. He side-eyed Philza, his eye visible to the man. Philza was at a loss for breath and words. Like emeralds shimmering from morning glow in the darkness of a cave, Dream's eyes were beautiful. At least the one he could see. "I-I'm sorry I didn't mean to hurt you. Or to pry. Those marks just... concern me."

Not a word came from Dream as he quickly turned on his heel and walked away, breaking into a run as he vanished from sight behind the tree-line. Philza scratched his temple, sighed, a hand on his hip, and watched as the man left him alone. "Can never see what he's thinking." Philza sighed again. He heard the man's name being called from below the cliff, a recognizable voice boasting tiredly as it echoed through the forest. Philza looked down at the man whose voice called Dream's name.

"Dream, there you are! My perfect little mutt." Jschlatt grinned as he put a hand out to the running SMP Leader. Dream took his hand as he approached, and was immediately pulled into the president's chest. An arm held his waist against his own, a hand pushing the mask above the mouth but keeping it on. Dream could barely be heard saying a quick "no" before his lips were covered by Schlatt's. Each time Schlatt pulled away for a second, Dream would speak a word or two. The broken sentence came out to be, "we're outside."

"Stop fighting me mutt, you remember what our little deal was, yes? And I seem to have some morning wood. It's dying to be inside you my precious mutt." He breathed against Dream's neck, pushing his head back and licking over still aching bruises.

Dream looked up to allow the man what he wanted but met eye contact with Philza who was on the cliff right above them. Just within hearing distance. He bit the inside of his cheek, embarrassment

welling inside him, and grabbed Schlatt's hand while looking into his eyes. "Just... please in a little more isolated spot..."

Immediately, his grin pulled at thin lips. "That's my mutt." He said as he let go of Dream's waist and allowed him to lead him to the desired area.

Meanwhile, Phil was still shaking his head trying to figure out how the hell the two of them were in that sort of relationship. But it seemed... off. The way Dream said words like "no" and "stop" to the mention of a deal, to the way Jschlatt called him "mutt". It felt... unsettling.

"It's none of my business. I shouldn't get involved." Philza said, trying to convince himself to leave the matter alone. He walked into the forest to continue his hunt, but that scene kept replaying in his head. It kept replaying and replaying. Like a broken record just playing the same tune. Dream's eyes, his voice as he spoke between kisses, the way he would meekly turn his head to the side. But those things were ruined the moment that he envisioned Schlatt holding him in such a way, making sound so shameful. By the time Philza snapped back to reality, he was at his shared home in the tundra. Blood covered his clothes and some of his face and dead animal bodies were tied together and heaved on his back. Drops of blood left a path in the snow as he stopped right behind the home, and dropped the bodies. The weight shift made him sigh, head up and face cooling down thanks to the light snow falling overhead.

"I shouldn't get involved." He repeated, closing his eyes and seeing Dream's portion of a face lying behind them. His fists clenched, jaw taught and a sigh leaving mist in the cold air. "I can't leave him alone."

The day came, the election was a success with Jschlatt as president and Quackity as his right-hand man. Dream watched with a smirk as the election was completed and Jschlatt announced his first declarations and demands. "What a dictator." He chuckled as he watched that grin on Jschlatt's face grow. Amid the destruction, he noticed Schlatt and Quackity's eyes meet, their grins grew, eyes narrowed, and a hint of lust sparked between them. Dream's brows creased and his smirk faded. "What the fuck...?" He whispered as the two got closer until their hands grazed and Quackity looked meekly to the side. Schlatt smirked, and that's what set Dream off.

The day was coming to an end, night had fallen and Dream lay on his and Schlatt's bed impatiently. The clock ticked, his hands fidgeted with the hem of his black sleeveless turtleneck which Schlatt replaced. He got up, mind racing, wondering where his "lover" was at such a time. Quackity came up in his mind and immediately, he was pissed. The front door opened, he heard giggling and laughing followed by heavy steps staggering into the house. He ran down the stairs to meet whoever walked in and stood at the last step frozen in place.

His distraught expression was hidden by his mask, but his stance said it all. Fists clenched, shoulders tense, and head tipped forward slightly as if ready to fight. His lips were visible, parted to bare his teeth which were taught and his jaw locked. Jschlatt had his arm around a tipsy Quackity, both of them whispering into each other's ears as their disheveled clothes exposed small red hickies on their necks. Dream stomped forward, grabbing Quackity's arm and pulling him away from Schlatt, out the door, and pushing him back so he fell on his ass. "Dream what the fuck?!" Jschlatt yelled angrily, grabbing Dream's bicep and shoving him back inside the house. He kneeled to Quackity's side and lifted the shorter man to his feet. As soon as Quackity found his bearings, Schlatt approached Dream angrily and slapped him across the face. So hard that it sent Dream to the ground, his mask flying across the room and hitting the wall. It cracked right across the face, and Dream's eyes widened. He kept his head down, medium-length hair covering his face as he

kept his back to the two and reached out to his fallen mask.

"You think you can just shove the people I trust the most?! Think again." Jschlatt said as he stepped down harshly on Dream's back, making him lay flat but his knees kept his waist up. He tried moving, but Schlatt pressed down harder onto his spine with the heel of his loafers. Quackity looked down at Dream with disappointment and shock, surprised to see the usually formidable man being pushed down so easily. "Quackity my love, I'm sorry but you should go home tonight," Jschlatt said gently, though his tone snapped at the end of his sentence, directed towards Dream.

"O-okay, I'll see you tomorrow then." The brunette said while quickly leaving, shutting the door behind him, leaving the two alone.

Dream's arm remained extended, trying desperately to reach his mask which was just a few inches away. But Schlatt only kept digging his heel further into the blonde's back, enjoying the cry of pain that emitted from him. "You dare to disobey me, to get in my way."

"No! I-i didn't mean to! I just-"

"Just WHAT, Dream??" Schlatt yelled while kneeling to put his weight on his spine and make Dream groan from the pain, his body trembling. He then grabbed the back of his hair and pulled his upper torso up to make his back arch. Though forcing it this way made him cry out even more.

"Why... I-I'm supposed to be... your lover...!" Dream yelled while gasping for breath, teeth clenched and tears in his eyes.

"I thought it was just a deal to you. We don't act like a couple, we don't love like a couple, for fucks sake we're keeping it a fucking secret!!" Schlatt yelled while letting go of his hair and removing his foot from his back. Dream lurched forward to grab his mask, whimpering and crying softly as he held it close to his chest and slowly put it back on. "Look at you. Crawling like the mutt you are." Schlatt tsked while shaking his head, grabbing Dream's shoulder and forcing him onto his back, making him cry out and try to get away.

Schlatt grabbed his wrists, pinned them above his head, and squeezed until Dream's hands trembled and he froze from the pain. "Aah!! Please don't don't don't don't don't don't!! PLEASE!! I'm sorry!!" Dream cried and begged as he sobbed harder. Schlatt smirked and let go, satisfied by the way he went to rub his wrists and his trembling only got worse.

"Look at you, so beautiful as you cry beneath me," Schlatt said gently, rubbing Dream's wrists with his thumb and cooing softly. "I'm sorry baby, sometimes I gotta hurt you to make you listen. But every good mutt gets a treat when they do as told, right?"

Dream nodded, flinching when Jschlatt grabbed his chin and forced him to look up. "Mm, so fucking pretty when you cry." He said, then let go and walked to the nearest chair, sitting down and patting his inner calf, whistling as if beckoning to a dog.

Dream slowly got onto his knees, lifted himself from the ground, and began to crawl. Every time he put weight on his hand, his wrist would beg to give in from the pain, but he kept going until his head rested against Schlatt's knee. "Be a good boy and treat your Master. He's had a long day at work." Schlatt said while stroking Dream's chin and watching as the blonde went to undo his zipper. Schlatt grabbed his hand by the fingers and squeezed until he heard a soft whimper. "Ah ah ah, no hands. Mutts don't use their paws." He said gently, letting go so Dream could try again.

The blonde slowly nodded, sniffing as he used his teeth to undo the zipper and pull down the hem of his boxers. Jschlatt's cock plopped onto Dream's cheek, hot and partially stiff. "Get it nice and

hard for me." He heard the president demand, and as a response. Dream licked along the underside of his cock, taking the tip into his mouth and hollowing his cheeks to create a tight space. He started slowly, feeling the hard cock expand to its full mast in his mouth. Then it became harder to take him all the way. "So slow." Jschlatt hissed. He grabbed Dream by his hair and forced his cock into his throat, sighing and leaning his head back as he heard Dream trying not to choke. The moans Dream let out cause vibrations around his length, making him shiver and grip the edge of the chair.

He proceeded to face fuck Dream harshly, ignoring the taps to his leg and the constant crying. "So noisy! Just shut up already and take it." He yelled while moving Dream's head faster and fuckin his mouth harder. "You better not bite." He said with a low groan, his cock throbbing as he came into the blonde's throat. "Better swallow everything." He demanded as he slowly pulled out and let go of Dream's hair. The blonde coughed harshly. His chest heaved, his stomach curled, vile pushed past his lips, and hit the ground in a wet plop, mixing with semen. Jschlatt shook his head and grabbed Dream's jaw, forcing him to look up. Mouth open, spit and vile on his lips with semen splattered onto his hair and mask.

"Look at the mess you made. You truly are a fucking mutt. Nothing more than an animal. Made for nothing but to be bred and used." He got up, kicking the chair away and sitting on the sofa while lighting a cigar and throwing a towel at the floor. "Clean that shit up. Make it quick."

Dream did it as fast as he could, tears rolling down his face and his throat burning. After a few hits, Schlatt was getting impatient. "Enough, just get your ass over here." He said while tapping the ashes onto the ground. "Dogs don't wear clothes."

Dream nodded and stripped, circular burn scars, whip scars, and many bruises still showed in his skin. Gained from the past few months he and Schlatt have been together. Dream crawled to Schlatt's side, looking down and sitting like a dog would with his knees apart and hands on the ground. "You know what to do."

Hesitantly, Dream turned his back to Schlatt and lay his chest on the ground, back arched, ass up and hands pulling his ass cheeks to show a better view of his hole. Schlatt grinned, kneeling behind Dream and pressing his tip against the unprepared hole. "Punishment time~" He cooed while tapping the ash onto Dream's back.

"Wait no! No please-!" Dream yelled while looking at Schlatt over his shoulder. Before he could move away, the cherry of the cigar was pressed against his spine and dragged down against his skin, smearing burnt flesh. At the same time, Schlatt thrust into his hole dry, causing much greater pain to sear through his body. Dream screamed as he felt the hurtful intrusion burn his rim and tear skin. The cigar burn just made it worse, his back arching away from the pain the best he could. "Aagh..!! Please s-s-stop!!"

Schlatt tsked and grabbed Dream's mouth, covering it tightly to silence the desperate pleas. "Shut up and take it. It's your fault for disobeying." He started thrusting, making more tears stream down the blonde's face and muffled cries leave his throat. "For getting in my way, for scaring a good asset, you deserve to be treated this way. If you fuck this up for me you're gonna be so fuckin sorry." He snapped while speeding up and grabbed Dream's hip to steady himself as he thrust harder. After the first few minutes, the pain always fades and his body stops struggling. The pain circulating his ass, the stinging in his back, and the pang in his heart. His dick rendered useless, limp beneath him.

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It ended as quickly as it began. Dream lay on the cold hard ground with semen covering his ass and

stomach. Though none of it was his own. Muscles sore, as if on fire, and bruised from the past 2 hours of abuse. His brain felt numb, static loud in his ears though it was just in his head. He blinked himself to life, hand twitching to get something moving one step at a time. His hand, then his arm, then his other arm. Slowly, he lifted himself to his knees, grabbed his clothes and dragged them to him, and only put on his jeans. The rest didn't cross his mind as he stood up and staggered to the door. He tried his best to open it quietly, so the sleeping president wouldn't catch him and possibly issue another punishment.

As soon as he got the door closed, without a sound, he ran as fast as his sore legs could. He didn't know where he was running, nor what lay ahead. All he knew was that he wanted to get away. He wanted to stay as far as he could from Schlatt, he wanted all of this to be over. But the one thing keeping him there was that fucking Revive Book. Hot tears made his vision blurry, bare feet touching the cold, rough ground as he bounded through the nation until he hit the tree line. What felt like muscle memory was leading him to a place where he found solitude. Where he felt at peace, where he could scream and the whole world could hear but he could speak and no one could judge. He reached the edge of the cliff, eyes peering at the nation's dim light, but looked like orbs in his blurry vision. Teeth clenched and fists balled up in the mild warmth of his clothes, his breathing became heavier and more panicked. Though it wasn't panic that was welling inside of him. It was rage. Rage which had settled and had been shoved down his throat. Rage that has been growing but suppressed tenfold the more and more he stayed by that man's side.

All was lost by the time his jaw unclenched and his ears rang. The world was silent as his ear-piercing scream shrilled through the nation's expanse. Jaw taught, eyes shut tightly as tears still streamed through them. His throat ached enough as it was and this surely would make his voice whisper for a while. But he didn't care. Nor about the pain or the volume which his voice slowly rose. All was not significant. By the time he had stopped, the world seemed more serene. His scream echoed but faded as quickly as it had begun. Now lay the silence, drenched in a weariness that hooded his previous anger. Exhaustion awoke in his tired body, and as much as he wished to sleep, all he could do was kneel. Kneel before the stars, eyes watching the moon as it shone down on him tranquilly. Unlike the sun, one could stare at it and feel its presence, see it for who it is, and bask in the minimal light which it offered.

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A scream reached the very edge of the woods, meeting Philza's ears. It concerned him, especially once he depicted whose voice it belonged to. "Dream...?" He whispered to the forest's shadows, looking up at the sky and turning on his heel towards the direction he heard the scream. A run turned to a sprint, puffs of mist translating the invisible breaths which Philza panted as he made his way towards the screams location. Which he found to be in the same direction as L'manberg. Rain began to pour, the clouds cascading across the sky, blinding the moon's light. "Perfect," Philza muttered while pulling out his elytra and lunging himself into the skies. He landed atop the trees and continued, landing and flying with ease.

He met with the forest's edge, then ran the rest of the way to the nation's entrance. There, he saw a shadow atop the cliff he knew Dream liked most. Immediately, he headed towards the cliff's foot. As soon as he reached the top, he was out of breath. Gathering his breathing, his eyes widened and his heart sank at the sight of the man he previously had seen standing so strongly that day many months ago. Dreams back was towards him, his senses so blinded by sorrow and exhaustion that he was not able to detect the other man's presence. His back held new and old whip marks, burns, and bruises. One particular, fresh, wound stood out the most. The way his hair was tangled as if grabbed and pulled into knots, the way bites, cuts, and hand marks tainted fair skin. Philza felt a sudden rage fill his gut and make him want to grab the bastard responsible by the throat. But violence aside, he needed to tend to the man before him.

A few steps forward and Dream could finally hear it. He jumped to his feet, clothes left on the muddied ground. His instincts kicked in and he got into a position ready to fight. But his condition had made him stagger and his legs gave out. The slippery ground gave away and his foot slid forward. His body leaned back, eyes wide, and breathing halted as he felt himself falling. Fuck, this is it. He said in his mind as time slowly pulled him further down. A hand grabbed his wrist, an arm around his waist, and a pull so strong he felt the wind leave his lungs had saved him from the fall. He fell harshly onto the ground, though it felt strange. It had a motion as if breathing, and it felt uneven as if he were laying on top of somebody...

On top of somebody...?

He opened his eyes and looked down at a pained smile which belonged to none other than Philza. Legs on either side of his waist, arms secure around his back, Dream's savior and cushion was Philza Minecraft himself. He quickly pulled away. Feet slipping and sliding against the ground as the rain continued to ruin the once even surface. "Calm down, Dream," Phil said softly, sitting up to pull Dream gently further away from the cliff's edge. "You don't wanna fall again."

Dream shook his head quickly, his wrists already sore and spiking with undistinguishable pain. "No, let go let go let go, I'm sorry! Please let go!" He yelled in a panic, scattering to try and get away but Philza's hand remained around his wrist.

"Dream calm down! What's wrong?" Philza said as gently as he could while still raising his voice over Dream's rambles.

"It hurts!" Dream sobbed while holding his forearm and crying as he tried pulling away. "It hurts please! Schlatt stop!" He blurted out in the midst of panic. The realization didn't hit until Philza let go and looked at him with an enraged expression. Though it wasn't directed to Dream.

"So he did this," Philza said softly, softening his expression when noticing how afraid Dream was of him. Phil slowly kneeled, reaching a hand out to Dream's face. The blonde flinched and covered his head down. His eyes remained shut until he felt his mask move so it sat comfortably on his face, unlike where it felt lopsided and loose. He slowly looked up, mouth open as if to speak but the words didn't come. Philza merely smiled at him, putting his hand back down. "I could see your eye. You have very beautiful eyes."

A breath left him once again. No one had ever said that to him before. They have only ever mentioned his strengths, his physical abilities, his seductive actions, his voice, or actions as he was used for pleasure. But his eyes? Barely anyone has ever seen. And those who did never mentioned his eyes. His shoulders relaxed a little more, his breath came more calmly. "Dream, I wanna help you. Will you let me help you?"

"H-how so...?" Dream mumbled.

Philza stood up and walked to the pile of clothes on the edge of the cliff, picking them up without caring how drenched or dirty they were. He then turned to Dream and put his hand out as if offering it to him. His smile never faltered. "First, I'll treat your wounds and feed you. What happens after I'll leave it up to you."

The offer was more than enough. Dream hadn't eaten well for three reasons. He didn't have time to enjoy a full meal, and Schlatt never bothered giving him that much freedom, and neither of them could cook. But Dream did know how to treat his own wounds. Though with how exhausted he is, and how much pain he is in. It would be a struggle. After a few moments of thinking, Dream slowly nodded his head and placed his hand in Phil's, keeping the injured wrist against his chest. This made him smile more, relieved to see Dream trust him even just a little bit. "Good... good."

He sighed and gently pulled Dream up. For a second, he was confident the man could stand on his own. Until he felt the slightest wobble and Dream's legs folded under him. Phil was quick to place an arm around his waist, keeping their bodies against each other, his own as leverage for Dream to stabilize himself.

"Take it easy okay?" Phil reminded him. As Dream looked down in frustration, Phil noticed his shivering. Is he cold? He asked himself. As if answering that question, Dream sneezed and trembled. Phil gave a side-smile, and let go of Dream just a little bit, which made the blonde cling to him more as if saying "don't go". "Hold yourself up for a moment?" He asked, and Dream nodded while doing his best to stay up.

Phil quickly removed his cloak, draping it over Dream's shoulders and bending his knees so he was below Dream's shoulder height. "Hold onto my shoulders okay?" Dream nodded and did as told, wrapping his arms around the man's shoulders tightly. Philza then placed one arm under his knees, and the other around his waist, hoisting him up into a bridal position. He felt arms tighten around his neck, and Dreams' masked face pressed into his shoulder as he yelped from being startled. "You're okay you're okay. This is just until we get to my place."

Philza spent no leisure time standing and waiting for a nod or an "okay". He took off in a light jog towards home. He needed to get Dream out of the rain and into a warm environment as soon as possible. He looked down for a moment to see how Dream was doing and noticed a very worried and concerned expression. He chuckled and put his eyes back onto the path ahead. "If it's your weight you're worried about, don't worry. You're light as a feather. And if it's the rain, don't worry about that either. I may be older but I can withstand a lot."

Dream slowly nodded, watching in awe as Philza steadily and determinedly made his way through the trees and forest's heavy brush. The rain gradually stopped falling, and the moon peered out to wink yet another hello at the nightly scenery. The moon's gentle light cast the perfect shadow on Philza, one which made him look manlier or braver. Whatever it was, Dream found warmth in it, and lay his head against the man's chest. He could hear the soft, controlled breathing as his heart sped at a decent pace. Every footstep was a welcoming thud in the man's chest, as they made their way further from the negativity of the nation.

"Ah! It stings...! P-please take it easy...!" Tears welled in Dream's eyes as he gripped the sheets, pulling on the soft material until his knuckles turned white.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. We both know you want this done quickly" Phil muttered with a husky undertone, pursuing his actions while sitting up straighter.

"I- aah! I didn't think it'd... hurt...! Fuck, please!" Dream cried as he arched away from the other man.

"Alright alright. I'll give it a break." Philza sighed as he moved the cotton swab away from Dream's cuts, placing the used swab with the other bloodied bandages. Dream lay on his stomach. His shirt was still off and a blanket covered him from his hips down to his thighs. Philza had taken his pants and other clothes to wash them when they first arrived. He tried reasoning with the blonde, but simply cleaning his wounds was made ten times harder with how much Dream was being stubborn. "At least let me wrap it so it doesn't get blood everywhere."

He pouted, frowned, then whined. His expressions were hidden behind a smiling mask, much to Philza's dismay. "Fine..." He muttered, sitting up and facing Phil so he could bandage the large burn mark going down his spine. "Why are you doing this anyways...?"

Phil stayed silent as he pondered what should say. He knew what he wanted to say, but the words stayed nailed to the roof of his mouth. They stayed in silence for another few seconds as Phil wrapped the bandage around Dreams' waist. Just as Phil was finishing up, Dream started to speak again. "Hello-"

"There are some healing potions in the chest near you. Take some gapples for your journey. I'll bring you your clothes and some food as soon as they're done." Philza interrupted, grabbing the supplies and picking them up, placing them in a cabinet on the other side of the room. He left before Dream could say another word, closing the door behind him.

This left Dream silent and confused, staring at the closed door as if expecting Phil to walk back in. "What the hell..." He sighed as he slowly got up, the sheet slipping off his waist as he looked around the room for something to wear for now. After some scavenging through chests and Philza's closet, he picked up a plain black, slightly oversized shirt, and his own boxers which were cleaned first and left on the bed. The light struggle to put on the clothes over the bandages took longer than he had expected, but he got it all figured out in the end. By the time he had opened the door silently and limped down the stairs with the help of the rail, Philza had been halfway through cooking their meal.

"Are you sure you can walk fine?" Phil asked without turning around and continuing to stir the pan of vegetables on the stove.

Dream flinched slightly, not expecting him to have heard his feathery footsteps "Y-yeah. I'll be fine," he responded whilst walking, without any help, towards the kitchen. Philza placed down the spatula and turned around, seeing Dream's legs trembling as he took each step.

"You don't look fi-"

One leg buckled, then the other. Dream's legs gave away just 6 feet from Philza, his arms out to catch himself even if he knew landing on them would be just as painful. In a shadowy flash, Philza's arms wrapped around Dreams' chest and held him up before he could fall. The younger man's hands gripped onto his shoulders, panting from the scare. Black feathers glided to the ground, having fallen from Phils' wings. Which had opened from how quickly he ran to Dream's side. A pot had been knocked over from one of the wings, but luckily it was sturdy enough, and the fall wasn't high enough, for it to break. "Fucking hell, mate... you could've hurt yourself more than you already are..." He sighed as he lifted Dream into a bridal position, and placed him back down on one of the dining tables chairs. "You're definitely too weak to even walk. You didn't take any healing pots.?"

Dream pursed his lip like a red-handed teenager. Eyes aimed away from Philza, fingers twiddling with the hem of his borrowed shirt. "No..." he muttered.

Phil sighed again and shook his head, a hand rubbing the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. "And you chose to wear one of my shirts... why?"

"Because... mine is still being washed aaaannndddd... yours is comfy..." Dream meekly whispered the last part, a small blush rising on his cheeks and his ears. Seeing the blush made Philza smile and lightly pinch the man's ear, making him squeal and turn his head quickly to look up at Phil.

"Dinner will be ready in a few, okay? For now, just take it easy." The older man smiled kindly, making his way back to the kitchen and resuming his previous duty of making dinner for the both of them.

Bastard... Dream thought to himself, his face was a deep shade of red, eyes angled down in an

The thin wisp of moonlight which outlined Dream's face and glistening blonde hair cast white streams of light circling his green eyes, awake and nowhere near exhaustion as he watched his older companions' resting expression. Long platinum lashes blanketed the high crest of pale cheeks, the slightest wrinkle or two creasings just below the eye and near his cherried lips. His lips... Dream dug his face into the pillow before he could even let the developing thought grow and become fantasies, his mask making this action uncomfortable. "How long are you going to be staring at my face?" Philza asked with an amused tone to his voice, both tired and concerned.

"I was already awake." Phil sighed, voice straining as he stretched his spine and lay on his back with his arms over and behind his head. "Ask what you want."

"Ask. We both know you're not gonna sleep until you ask." Philza's voice boasted over Dream's, though without a harsh tone. His eyes closed again, but his attention was on Dream as he began to speak.


"Nothing, you're just an interesting guy," Philza responded, with a hefty finish to his laughter, leaving Dream to be confused. Did he say something funny? "I don't know the answer either honestly. I've been battling myself inside my own mind. Trying to figure out why exactly I want so dearly to help you... or to hold you... heal you. Tend to your wounds mentally and physically. It's a want... no- a need. Though I'm not sure where it roots from or why it's even there."

That's when Philza opened his eyes and turned to look at Dream, one arm beneath his head and the other rested between them on the pillow. Dream's masked eyes glanced from his hand back to his

face, the sudden want to hold it confusing him. "Maybe I am. And even I don't know it."

He seemed so confident in those unsure words. Both of them were equally confused, equally hopeful, and equally suffocating on the pace of their hearts beating rapidly. "Phil I-" A warm hand caressed the side of his face, making Dreams' sentence fall short of its full length, and silence to enter his open mouth.

"Sleep... you need it for tomorrow." That was all Phil said before drawing his hand back and turning so he was looking in the opposite direction. Dream closed his mouth, a sigh breathing through his nose with a soft huff of disappointment. He wasn't tired yet but listened nonetheless. He shimmied his shoulder under the wool blanket and shut his eyes. He kept telling himself he wasn't tired until his kind was overcome with a blank sheet of black and then came a dreamless sleep.



Dream woke up just as the day began to break. A habit he always had for no exact reason or origin. The sun barely poked over the horizon, the skies still hues of purple and black, and even the chilly winds of the night still had yet to calm. Though because of this habit, he has gotten used to the cold and sound of monsters having not yet died to the sun's burning rays. He could hear skeletons in the distance, and zombies wandering the grounds close by. With a soft sigh, he sat up soundlessly, and the unfamiliar feeling of warmth almost pulled him right back into the bed alongside the sleeping man. The early morning was abnormally cold, the sound of monsters unusually unpleasant. He did not want to leave.

But that didn't stop him from forcing his legs from the wool blanket and onto the cold wooden floorboards, reaching to the chair nearby for his hoodie and usual clothing. He still had Philza's shirt on, and a part of him did not want to take it off. Or even return it to him... Why does he have to? He shrugged, settling on the last, impulsive thought and pulling the shirt from his warm skin, inviting it to the blistering cold air. The sudden temperature change made his spine tremble with a chill and the curious notion of his nipples perking up. It happens to everyone, but maybe because of the presence of a man he felt even the slightest affection towards, he was too conscious of it. Without a sound, he rose from the bed and slipped on his jeans, then his hoodie, and guided himself through the room's lack of light to the chest holding the healing potions and a gapple. He then folded the thin shirt which belonged to the sleeping man and stuffed it into the pocket of his hoodie. He thanked Philza in his thoughts, then went down the stairs with as little sound as he could make on the creak of the floorboards. Without realizing it he was taking note of where the creaks were for the next time he'd ever have to silently make his way down those steps.

A hand around the knob of the front door, no one to witness his leave, he stopped before he could even turn the knob. But why? A heaviness in his chest told him to feel somewhat bad just leaving Philza there to wake up on his own. He was even kind enough to offer to escort Dream safely home- or... well... back to Jschlatt's home. But Dream knew the man's schedule enough by now. Especially since that sour excuse for a president would be awakening from a hangover... even more of a headache for Dream to deal with and the last thing he wanted was to put Philza in the middle of that situation. Or even worse, for Jschlatt to try and hurt him... the thought made him cringe with uncertainty. And fear. He looked around for anything he could leave behind either as a thank you or as a goodbye. His frantically wandering eyes landed on an open notebook and a quill, resting on the coffee table waiting to be used. As if it had a mind of its own and presented itself to Dream in his need. He rushed to the couch and sat down while picking up the quill, turning to the first empty page without bothering to peek at the already written-in pages. He wrote his message with handwriting intelligible enough, by Dreams standards, and quickly left this time without hesitation and clear of guilt.

He left just as the sun had started to burn the monsters stalking the woods and dreary areas of the forests, the smell of rotting and burning flesh filling the air. Another scent he was used to since he was up at this time very often. Though after he had passed the disturbing scent of burning flesh, the fresh smell of morning dew and clean air filled his lungs, and a smile pulled at his usually blatant lips. This morning started with a new hope for the future, one which he hoped would continue with Philza by his side... though there was still that underlying question of why it had to be Phil. As he ran, he popped open the cork of the healing potion he took and tossed his head back to swallow the bittersweet fluid, a warm feeling overtaking his nerves as he could feel rejuvenance fueling his veins. He could now run at his normal, humanly abnormal, speed.

By the time he reached Jschlatt's home, he could already hear the frustrating man groaning in irritation from the bedroom. Quickly, he silently sped walked to the bathroom and made his hair look messed up, splashing water into his eyes to make them look discolored and pudgy from a lack of sleep and crying. He removed his jeans and folded them, pulling on some tight short Schlatt loved seeing him in the most from the basket of already worn clothes, then took his already removed shoes and planted both items behind the door, rushing back out to the kitchen right before Schlatt could make his way into the bathroom, head down and hand over his eyes, luck in Dreams favor. The blonde quickly began to brew a cup of coffee, fetching a gapple from a cabinet and cutting it up onto a plate, doing so as quickly as he could without messing any of it up. "Dream...!" Jschlatt called tiredly from the bathroom, muffled since his face was in a towel after splashing it with cold water. "Dream!!" He called again not even a few seconds later when impatiently having not heard a response.

"Yes...!" Dream poured the coffee into a mug and added 5 spoonfuls of sugar, carrying that and the plate of apple slices to the hallway with short and steady yet quick steps. Jschlatt stumbled his way back to the bedroom and plopped himself down on messy sheets and a blanket half thrown onto the floor.

"Would'ja get me a cup of coffee an-" Schlatt looked up when hearing the steps into the room and a wide grin replaced the pained frown on his face. "Oh! Dear Dream, would you look at that, already serving me so nicely and I didn't even have to ask." The condescending tone of his voice was enough to tick Dream off, though he hid it well behind the mask and in his actions. Especially in his tone. He nodded as he approached the man and placed both pleasantries on the nightstand, pushing aside an ashtray with a half-smoked cigar pushed into it, bits of flesh still stuck to its end... "Baby, wonderful! I love you so much Dreamie- come, sit down on Master's lap yeah? Make yourself comfortable honey." The overuse of nicknames had him somewhat scared, wondering if Schlatt knew if he left... The paranoia made him nauseous. He obeyed as Jschlatts hand on his hip guided him to sit on the lap of his crossed legs, a couple of Schlatt's fingers poking under the fabric of his shorts, touching the bare, soft skin of his ass and thigh. The hungover man sipped at his coffee loudly and then ate a whole slice of his apple in one bite. Once he chewed it down and washed it over with another sip of coffee, he cleared his throat. "So."

The little-too-cheery tone of his voice made Dream flinch. The blonde nervously turned to look at Schlatt, awaiting a continuation of his words. "Where were you last night? I fell asleep after your little lesson and when I woke up you were gone. What's up with that?" He was being a bit too kind, the gentle tap of his index finger and the gold ring around it unsettled Dream even more.

"I didn't go far... I was just borrowing Fundy's first aid kit... since we ran out of ointment..." Dream lied through his teeth, each word had his heart trembling with every beat.

"Uhuuh..." He took another bite of his apple slices. "And did Fundy ask you why you had such an angry burn on your back?"

Saliva built under his tongue, beads of sweat dampening his temple, and the frequent tap to his thigh made his senses buzz. Anxiety settled in, heart beating faster and breathing becoming short, though stayed tame since he couldn't let these symptoms be known. "I was cleaning a-and knocked over a candle..."

"Mhmm... very good. Making up for your little fuck up last night huh?" Jschlatts grin only grew, giving Dream's ass a light squeeze as he took a bigger gulp of his coffee and straightened himself out so he leaned on the headboard and his legs were uncrossed. "I only ask for one more favor, Dreamie..."

"Yes...?"

He tapped Dream's ass, Dream lifting himself to get up, though with Schlatt's hand on his hip he didn't move very far. He guided the blonde back onto his lap, now straddling his waist and facing him with their crotches pressed together. "Solve this little problem for me, yeah?" Jschlatt beckoned to the tent pitched up in his pants, a hand stroking himself while the other reached for the half-smoke cigar and lighter on the nightstand. Dream eyed it as if eyeing a plate of rotten flesh being served to him as a meal. Disgusted and fearful, he watched as Schlatt lit the cigar with a smirk, eyes on Dreams as he breathed in the fire to light the cherry, and breathed out the sickening fumes in Dreams' direction. "I'm waiting."

Dream quickly snapped out of it, bile burning in his gut and simmering as he smelt his own flesh burning on the end of the cigar... "Y-yes..." He muttered while backing himself to sit on Jschlatts thighs so he could undo the man's belt and pull his boxers and trousers down enough to let his dick spring out. He was about to lean down and settle it with a blow job but was stopped by a hand grasping his hair, making him groan in pain.

"Ride me, Dreamie," Jschlatt demanded, breathing out another drag and letting Dream suffocate in the cloud of smoke.

Dream's lip quivered, a sob wanting to leave him but he kept it suppressed in his burning throat, dread making that simmering burn in his liver want to burst through his mouth. He sat back up, the hand on his hair loosening and groping his thigh as Dream slipped the shorts off of his legs and cast them aside, revealing the separate plasters he had covering the whip marks and deep scratches on his ass. Schlatt scowled at the sight of the bandages, forcing a finger between his skin and the bandaging and ripping it off, doing the same with the plasters on Dreams' ass. "Hurry up, Dream. I'm getting impatient."

Dream nodded again, reaching for the nightstand drawer with a shaking hand. "No lube," Schlatt said sternly. This made Dream halt and the fear settle deeper into him. His rim was scabbing from the tearing he endured last night... and this would definitely reopen the sensitive and unhealed skin. Though he couldn't say anything against it. He reached back and slipped two fingers into himself, reluctantly scissoring his fingers until he felt the scabs that open and his body flinched, a small cry leaving him as the burn made tears fall from his face. The pain made it so much worse, his breathing quickened to a point it could be heard, and his mind started to repeat the same words over and over again until it sounded like static. "It hurts. It hurts."

"It hurts. It hurts." "Let go. Let go. Let go. Let go." Played like broken records in the back of his mind. Loud, and fogging over everything else. He was moving in muscle memory. Tears fell, warm against cold, sweating skin. Before Schlatt could get mad again, he prodded himself open with the man's cock, his own member flaccid and unalive...

He let out another pained cry as he forced himself down on the president's cock, keeping himself still to take a deep, shuddering breath before he started riding the impatient man. "Look at that,

you're crying. Why are you so sad Dreamie? Is it because of our little dispute yesterday?" Jsclatt asked in a sarcastic tone, faking sympathy. "Well, shit like that wouldn't happen if you just stayed a quiet little whore and let me work in peace. Now would it?" Dream nodded his head as more cries left his frowning lips, sobs leaving his throat uncontrollably as his failed words turned to quicker breaths and he began to tune out the outer world. All pain, all sound. He couldn't process any of it as his mind began to succumb to the constant repetition of those four words. "It must've hurt huh, Dream? To see another little whore on the man you enslaved yourself to." A rough grip tightened around Dream's jaw, pulling him forward until Dream had to place his weak hands on the man's chest to keep himself up. His hips stopped, earning him a slap to the ass. "Don't stop now! I'm only talking to you and talking doesn't stop you from moving now does it??" Dream yelped and cried harder, hands gripping the loose and wrinkled button-up shirt on Schlatt's chest, his hips began moving again, the pain making the bile deep within him want to rise even more. "You see I hate having to do this to you Dreamie but you just don't listen sometimes! It hurts my feelings y'know?!"

Dream only nodded, sobbing as his breathing choked the gasps from coming out. "And about this going-to-others-houses-for-medicine bullshit, no more of that! What if somebody suspects something! Then it ruins my reputation and I'm done for! Think. About. Your. Actions. Dream!" He jabbed a finger into Dream's temple, punctuating the last five words of his sentence as he grabbed Dream's hips and forced him to move faster, pulling cry after cry from the trembling man. "NOW LOOK AT YOU! A FUCKING WHORE CRYING ON MY COCK!" Jschlatt began to laugh hysterically, mixed with the occasional groan as he finally released his seed into Dream, and pushed the blonde off his lap, and onto the ground. "Learn your lesson now, or it'll be like this for a long time. You understand?"

Dream only nodded, his breathing getting worse as he weakly stood, knees begging to give out under him as semen leaked down his thighs. "Good. Now get yourself cleaned up. You look like shit."

Dream didn't waste a second, walking half-naked to the bathroom and slamming the door shut, turning the water on until the water ran hot and steam emitted from the faucet. He pressed his forehead to the tub's edge, panting and sobbing uncontrollably as his breathing made nausea worse. His stomach convulsed, chest heaving as he grabbed onto the seat of the toilet and spewed bile from the depths of his intestines, the substance burning his tongue and throat with a disgusting taste. His body heaves more of this yellowish liquid from his stomach, the contents of his meal with Philza emptying into the toilet and leaving his body heavier than it had ever felt. Once the heaving finally stopped, he collapsed onto the ground with tired arms unable to support his body, a hand clamped over his mouth to suppress the loud cries that pleaded to come out. But if he cried he was afraid Schlatt would hear and make up another reason to call him weak. He was not weak. He refused to be called weak. He refused to be made weak. Then what was he right now? He fought with himself internally, silently weeping as the water rushed and silenced the sound of his whimpers. His pitiful being lay waste on the ground as he envisioned the only hand he wished to hold. Philza's smile played back in his memory, and the tears only streamed heavier.

Philza woke up to nothing in particular. Tired eyes opened slowly to look up at the thin ray of light piercing his retinas with its fierce glow, making him turn to the other side of the bed, expecting his hand to fall on the body of another sleeping blonde. But when his hand met with his sheets, his eyes reopened and a frown fell upon his expression, that and worry. He sat up slowly, his arms supporting his weight while he lifted off the bed and wandered down the steps. "Dream?" He called while looking around in search of the spoken man, misfortune and a settling disappointment filled his heart as his search was in vain. Dream had left, when? Phil couldn't say. He just left

whether it was in the dead of night or early morning. He was hoping to wake up to that beautiful being, perhaps even make breakfast for him. With a heavy sigh through his nostrils, Philza turned to his couch and sat down, elbows on his knees and a hand swiping over the bridge of his nose as he thought about what to do from here. Should he check Schlatt's house? Perhaps wait for him at the cliff so he can make sure Dream hasn't gained any new injuries on his journey. His eyes wandered, without a purpose, to the floor, then slowly up to the book and quill he noticed where moved from their original spots. The quill was previously dipped in ink, the book was on a different page, now turned to a simple note in the middle of the thin, beige paper.

I have to be at Schlatt's before he wakes up,

I don't wanna have to endure more "punishment".

Thank you for the healing pot. and gapple,

they'll help me reach L'manberg safely.

For the next week please don't come to see me.

I wanna give Jschlatt time to relax after what

I did last night, and during that time I think it's best

I stay by his side and away from other men.

Please understand, I promise I'll make it up to

you the next time we meet.

Love, Dream :]

Love... he signed it with love. One measly word had Philza covering his face from his cheeks down, a light blush tinting pale skin a pale pink while he smiled giddily at the single word, Love. He felt like an adolescent boy, grinning after receiving a letter of confession. How was he supposed to take this? How was he NOT supposed to take this? It beat his mentality... a simple word waging a war between his two selves. This is what Dream was capable of doing to him. So easily was he molded by Dream to a state where he questioned himself. His hand fell to his chin, stroking the pricks of blonde stubble before shaking his head while a gentle smile formed on his lips. "I like Dream." He confirmed, believing every word that left his lips with pure confidence.

He liked Dream. And he couldn't wait to see him again.

Philza didn't spend a single thought assuming Dream was in any sort of danger for the next seven days. Instead, he had brightened his mood with the dreams he had of meeting the blonde beauty atop of that cliff, where he would confess his love for the man, and they could see each other happily. Though the more realistic part of himself grounded Philza, declining his ability of going too far into the clouds. Even if the two came to love each other, Jschlatt still posed a certain predicament in this Dream's livelihood, containing him from the freedoms he wished to have. A man like that... Philza couldn't wrap his head around it. The existence of such a man who thrived off of the inability of others. True scum is what Schlatt is...

Phil would have to rid the president from Dream's life... or find a way to hinder Jschlatt from seeing Dream any further without resorting to violence. Though plans like that were not of

Dream lay on the hard marble counter of the island in the kitchen with Schlatt between his legs, arms bound by a tie that Schlatt removed from his disheveled suit. A cigar between his teeth, eyes narrow and bored as he hummed a half-assedly improvised and off-tune song, Jschlatt stepped away from his restrained slave to retrieve a small barrel of potions from one of the lower cupboards. Many small pops of Schlatts spine had made him groan in pain and relief, the man who wasn't even of old age chuckled to the pain in his back as he pulled the barrel from its resting spot and stood until he was leaned back a little to relieve the soreness of his spine. The cupboard shut loudly when Schlatt pushed the door closed with the side of his scuffed loafers. The goat hybrid placed the barrel beside Dream's side, the blonde helplessly observed the container knowing what was in it. Confusion and a bit of knowing muddled his brows to a worried crease, lips parted to speak a question but nothing came out but a stifled air.

Each word bit a piece of Dreams' heart from its vessel, strings breaking and snapping against his ribs so hard it felt like nails and whips from the inside. There was the urge to cry, the want to sob into the shoulder of someone who can protect him. But there was no hope for those things. Not with Schlatt above him and his once powerful body now malnourished. Withered to a scrawny figure of little strength and just a tinge of its previous durability. Degraded to such a state, Dream now lay like a fragile butterfly in the clutches of a carnivorous plant. Sweet nectar guided the graceful insect to its palms, then betrayed it. Snapping shut and breaking its wings, slowly eating it alive as its legs kicked from between the plants' sharp teeth. A gruesome thought. Dream could envision it vividly.

Jschlatt grabbed the hem of Dreams short shorts, the ones he was always forced to wear, and pushed them up even further until the binds of Dreams bandages were seen. Forcefully and without remorse, Schlatt ripped the bandages from every part of Dreams body until the man's bleeding wounds were exposed to the infectious air. The blonde couldn't make a singular whimper as this

was done, afraid of another slap to the face or added time to whatever punishment was waiting for him. Schlatts expression remained unamused while he pulled the cork from the first bottle, tipping it slowly until the liquid seeped out and splattered harmfully onto the open and bleeding wound on Dreams' thigh. The man ground his teeth together, forcing a squeal down his throat as his back forced itself from the counter. The pain burned through his leg, followed by relief while he could feel the bubbling of skin renewing itself. But it didn't last even a second. Schlatt dug his thumb into the remaining open skin, pushing until the blunt nail pierced the meat, and watched as blood slowly pooled around his digit. Another squeal was blanketed by a loud gasp, Dreams eyes shot open, and he involuntarily squirmed only to make the pain worse. A slap to an open wound on Dreams' side, Schlatt glared at the now crying blonde man, a silent command to be still. The president continued to pour bottle after bottle of regeneration onto the blonde's body only to force the wounds back open and watch with mild curiosity as the wounds fought to close after being forcefully reopened.

Dream couldn't think of anything to subside the pain, all he could come up with was Philza's kind face and the warmth the man gave. Tears fell at a faster rate, he could hear his voice in his ears. He could feel another string snap against his heart and pull a whimper from his burning throat. Another slap to the cheek, a harsher jab to an open wound. Dream stifled the cries as open and hazy eyes stared helplessly at the ceiling. He saw past it. As if gazing at the stars he wished for there to be an end. Any end. Any way out.

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Hastily, Philza bound through the forests with a giddy smile on his thin and cold lips, trident in hand while he occasionally flew himself from pond to pond until the ponds stopped appearing and he sped through the maze of trees. The invisible path he embedded into his memory was all he needed as he followed the faint glow of lanterns and mutter of civilians to L'manberg's edge. Away from sight and blended into the shadows, he ran along L'manberg's edge until he met with the inclining ground towards the cliff overlooking the country. He could finally see Dream. Finally, after this long week, he could see and confess his love to Dream. The love he developed a little too easily to be confirmed as definite love. But he will not deny the romantic affection he felt for the younger man. With a hopeful leap past the thick brush and line of trees, Philza finally removed himself from the shadows and peered out at the tip of the cliff where for just a second, thought he saw Dream's beautiful essence standing there looking peacefully at the night light of the unstable country. His open-mouthed smile, ready to speak the man's name, faded to a worried looseness, jaw hanging and once bright eyes narrowing as he scanned the area. Maybe Dream was a bit late? He stepped slowly forward, hands out as if feeling the wind pass through his fingers, searching for a shift in the gentle wind. The shift of another person blocking it. But there was none, and the silence spoke of solitude. Philza was alone. No Dream to be seen, not a single soul within the diameter of the cliff. The rustle of leaves pushed by the gradually developing wind was all that Philza heard. That and the snap of a branch. Dream! He turned but the speck of hope was crushed by the sight of a rabbit hopping into the clearing.

Maybe Jschlatt was giving him trouble? Trouble. Anything but that. Philzas worry grew so much with that one thought that it hindered his breathing, a breath was held and slowly let out after a moment of fear rushed through his spine to his fingertips. Fuck, Dream could be in trouble. But he could also just be waiting for a good time to leave? But this... feeling... this pull... it must be intuition. Philza turned back to the cliff and ran towards the edge, stopping with the flat of his shoe against the very edge of the cliff's sudden end. He looked towards the home where he had last seen Dream go into, when Jschlatt had indirectly forced him to follow and Philza watched as the man he, at the time, hardly knew, was led unwillingly away. That must be Schlatts' house. His eyes followed the road leading from the country's edge towards the home, mapping out his path beforehand so he could make it to the abode faster. He prayed to whatever force of nature was out

Dreams' battered legs, bruised from colorful arrays of gray purples and piss yellows, could not hold up his malnourished body. So the man is left to crawl on scratched and reddened knees, splinters dug into the irritated skin, and palms rough from calluses developing under the open bits of skin. "I was wondering how long until I'd finally have some peace and quiet. My work ethic has degraded, Dream! All because of you!" A pile of papers that were once neatly stacked, by dream, on the coffee table had been slapped onto the ground. Declarations, documents, history. These papers, some tattered and some new, were now gliding to the ground, undoing Dreams' patient work of gathering and stacking them in the first place. "Clean this shit up! In numerical order again like you did the last few fucking times." The president took a heavy drag of his cigar, letting the smoke back out through his nose and savoring the disgustingly sweet taste. The smoke was blown in Dreams' downward direction, making the blonde's nose twitch and his expression contorted to that of disgust. "And make sure those page numbers are right. Cause if they aren't you're getting a new burn for each misplaced page."

Sweat beaded upon his brow, eyes darting between the numbers on each page while every individual sound and white noise made itself too apparent. But he must continue... He took a

soundless deep breath, placing page after page. Another harsh slam of the glass cup hitting the counter. His vision blurred and he could barely see what page he was touching. But the sounds... the sounds! They distracted him too much. The thunder of his heart and the racing of his mind. The fear, oh, the fear. He placed a page whose number he could not see down upon the neat stack to the right of him and turned his torso to retrieve another. Heavy footsteps behind him, closer. Closer. Closer. A snuffle, a heavy breath. Jschlatt cleared his throat and then gulped down the whisky in his cup. Dreams' eyes widened and his skin went cold. The man was right behind him, watching him, taunting him. He could feel the penetrating gaze just begging for Dream to fuck up in any sort of way. Create a reason to inflict pain. Jschlatt watched with an amused grin as the blonde man held his breath and focused entirely on doing his assigned task correctly. He was doing it too well. He was doing too well for too long. The hybrid had gotten bored, frowning upon Dreams' successful sorting and stacking. This wasn't entertaining enough. He looked around the room for something to do. One glance at the window and a further look at the branches moving on a nearby tree sparked an idea. A grin curled sinisterly onto his lips. "Wow, what a wonderful breeze outside!" Schlatt exclaimed with false excitement. Glass of half-melted ice in one hand, a bottle of whiskey in the other, Schlatt slammed both items down on the wooden table in front of Dream, grinning wider when the paper towers trembled and Dream stammered forward to stop them from falling. "Let's enjoy it, yeah?"

Dream shook his head, as if Schlatt paid any mind to it, eyes already tearing up and watching the abuser walk to the window, grabbing the edge and lifting it. A loud squeak from the old window pane joined the soft rushing sound of the wind. The cool breeze flipped the curtains forward, a leaf flying its way onto the ground, and the stack of papers with it... Dreams' jaw dropped and his tear-filled eyes widened with panic. That goddamn grin widened and Schlatts mouth opened with it. "Goddammit Dream!" The powerless man immediately fell forward, hands grabbing tangled blonde locks and scratched-up elbows meeting the harsh ground, knees against his chest, and breathing shallow and unstable. "Can't I just enjoy some fucking wind without you fucking up something so fucking simple!?"

The heavy footsteps shook the ground, and a quiet whine slowly leaked from Dream's throat, soundless until his hair was grabbed and his head was forced to rise. The whine grew in volume and length, a sound similar to a child desperately shaking their head and crying. Jschlatt watched the man's crying face melt to desperation, hiding his amusement with an enraged frown. He gave a couple of shakes to his grip on Dream's blonde hair, the stinging pain making Dream whine louder and his tears flood his closed eyes. "One fucking task! One! Fuckin! Task!" He punctuated each word with another shake to Dream's hair, the man's mouth now open and sobbing apologies almost incoherently. "Simple fucking job, Dream!!" Jschlatt stood with his back straight, bringing Dream up to a half-kneel with his fist still in his hair and Dream's stinging hands holding Schlatts wrist in hopes for less pain. "This is your fault, Dream! Every time I have to hurt you is all because you're worthless!"

"I'm sorry! S-sorr-yy please please no! I'm s-sorry!!" Dream wailed, refusing to open his eyes and see the face of the devil's minion angrily scolding him.

"It isn't enough, your apologies don't mean jack-shit!!" Another pull and push of Dreams hair, and the blonde could have sworn some was pulled out. He opened his eyes only once, just in time to see a hand being slowly raised. He dare not open them ever again. "This is what you deserve, Dream! You worthless... Slut!" Dream jerked back, expecting the slap to burn his face.

He heard the front door slam open, and footsteps bound towards him so fast he felt another draft coming from whatever had approached them. He expected the hit, but all he got was the tingling sensation of nothing. Then a soft, silk-like touch brushed against the tears on his cheek. Slowly, Dream opened his eyes. His blurry vision cleared to see a black blade against Jschlatts throat, and

the pissed-off president glaring at his attacker. Dream dare not to turn around, body frozen and breathing heavy. Until he heard that voice... soft, gruff voice with a kind undertone and a clear accent. "Release him, now." Dream heard, his heart warming with so much relief it made the tears flow faster. The stinging sensation began to dissipate, and Dream could fall to the ground with his hands clenched into fists and head hung low. He watched the tears fall, hit the wooden floor, and create dark splotches where they soaked in. "Touch him again and I will remove your hand from its vessel."

Jschlatt raised his arms in a surrendering stance. "Oh, so scary. Philza." He said in a sarcastic tone, only to have the blade pressed harder into his jugular. The man gulped.

"You are to never interfere with the likes of Dreams life anymore. Do so and I will not hold back." Philza demanded, a cold, stern glare embedded into his eyes and unwavering from Schlatts. He kept the blade angled at Jschlatts neck while he slowly kneeled, gently pulling Dream's arm so it wrapped around his neck. "Dream, Dream I need you to climb onto my back."

The blonde, broken man remained unresponsive. A trembling mess that could barely function in its current state. Philza couldn't believe the man he was seeing, how much his bold demeanor had fallen from grace. Phil shot another blood-boiling glare at the president, only to be given a stifled scoff in return. Jschlatt still found it amusing. Phil refused to waste more time around this man. He pulled Dream's other arm around his neck, where the man was able to clasp his hands together hard enough to be of use as a grapple. Philza curled his arm around the man's back, to his lower body, and finally under his thighs. Dreams sobs quieted as soon as he was embraced in the safety of Phils' arms, now with just breathless whimpers leaving his sore throat. Slowly, Philza stood and met Jschlatts eyes again, the blade still held firmly in its place. Blood tainted the very edge of it, the result of his sharp it is against the light graze to Jschlatts thick skin. Without another word, Phil turned his back on his opponent and held the sword close to his side while he walked out the door. As soon as he reached the doorframe, he heard a laugh bellow from the ram hybrid, making the anger rise. "What's wrong, Phil?! Not man enough to kill me?! Kill me! Kill me now! Make me pay for my crimes against your beloved!"

Philza stopped, one foot out the door and one still on the wooden floorboard. He turned his head barely to glance over his shoulder, not bothering to give Schlatt a full gaze. "I am not you." He said, then resumed his steady steps out the door. He waited until he reached the forest's edge to put his sword away and hold Dream properly, one arm supporting his back, the other under his knees. Philza's heart ached with each heartbroken sound Dream wept, his fingers pressed firmly onto Dream's body. As if gripping a box of the world's treasures. As he walked a path he knew too well, Phil pressed gentle, soothing kisses atop Dream's head and forehead. Until the younger man lifted his head enough to be given kisses to his tear-stained cheeks.

"You're safe with me... everything will be okay with me."

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A month later...

The skies, thrown between the dark of night and the fiery pallet of sunset, pursue the falling sun as it slowly hides behind the distant horizon. Below a cloudless seam of colliding colors, a man awakens from a deep, 4-hour-long nap. His hair curled from constant pressure against a pillow, red streaks on peach skin from the creases of the blankets, he arises disheveled and disoriented. At first, he sees a wooden wall and a nightstand with an oddly familiar beige lamp. An ashtray with a fresh cigar, and a plate of an uneaten tart. Fear struck his freshly awakened mind, and he felt nausea interrupt the blissful state he was previously in. A hand appeared from the shadows, wide

was its fingers spread, and closer it came until his eyes shut to cower away from it. It brought no harm, gently shaking the messy blonde hair back to partial neatness. Wild in its natural fluff, the hair popped back up once the hand retreated, and rested kindly upon the warm cheek of Dream's face. "Enjoy your nap?" He heard a kind voice mutter from the bed's edge.

One blink, two. Dreams' eyes focused on the lamp, seeing it was grey and not beige, and the ashtray and cigar were actually a journal and pen. The tart was replaced with a lemon cake Dream told Phil he had eaten prior to the nap. He then looked up to his lover, and his open-mouth scare was replaced with a smile. "Yeah, I did." He said almost dreamily. As if at the end of a long journey or at the conclusion of a story. He received a smile matching his own, and another ruffle to his untamable hair.

"How do you feel?" Phil asked while taking a seat beside Dream's legs, leaning back slightly and supporting his weight on one arm across the younger man's limbs.

Dream took a moment to ponder the question. He felt peaceful, relaxed, and happy. "Good."

The older man chuckled and gave an angled smile. "Good? Well, I can't complain about that." Dream mirrored his smile, which was brightened and hued by the cascade of colors coming from outside. Dream admired Philza's expression, taking his time to break down every individual formation of his facial musculature. His soft jawline bordering mid-level cheeks, pinkish in its tone and accompanied by a kind smile. Light blue eyes washed over with the orange reflection of the sun, and blonde lashes protecting their wonderful shine. Scruff along his chin, and a tint of red along his lips; naturally colored.

"I love you, Phil." Dream said in a voice so soft it sounded like a calm wind.

The older man blinked, brows raised and his smile growing unknowingly. His chest puffed with a small laugh. "Wow. I... I never would have thought those words would sound so... so right. Coming from your lips." This is the first time Dream had proclaimed his affection to be that of love. The two had been dating throughout this month. But to call it love... Phil wasn't sure the other felt the same. But the realness of Dreams' tone... the breathy three words flowing so righteously from those pink lips... Philza almost felt tears warm his bright eyes. He moved to kneel on the bed, one leg after the other, he pulled himself towards Dream, one hand raising to hold the man's chin ever-so-gently, the other holding his waist. Dream smiled as he leaned his head forward to accept the golden-flavored kiss. "I love you so much..." Philza said with a breaking voice, a kiss muffling the last syllable of his sentence. Dreams' smile widened until he could barely close his lips around it, unable to contain the pure smile he and Philza bore.

"I love you, Philza." Dream said slightly louder, and with that, he received a nod and another soft laugh from the other.

"I love you too, Dream. I love you too." The words fell like water from a river's edge, down a cliff and becoming a stream of loving words. "And I'll love you until the day I pass on, and even then I'll search for you in the stars."

"Yes, Yes! I'll wait for you in every dimension possible." Dream responded with his hands encasing the scruff-covered jawline of the older man.

"Yes... Dream. You're so much more... so much more than I deserve. You are more than enough... my lover. My beautiful menace of a lover."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for baring with me for the finale of this story! I know I promised smut for Philza and Dream but to involve it in such a heartwarming ending I figured I'll leave it separate for those who wish for it :]

Please continue to show your support, I highly appreciate the comments I have been doing my best to read as often as I can. Look forward to more chapters soon!

Gradually I'm regaining my want for writing. It's hard to explain but it's nearly impossible for me to write while having writers block or a lack of inspiration/motivation. I've been healing a lot of myself and doing a lot of reflection on my current and past occasions.

To write while unsure of myself is forcing myself to produce work I am not proud of, and I refuse to read or have others read work that I cannot acknowledge as good work. Especially from myself. So again, please have patience with me and the chapters will start rolling in soon :]

Thank you so much for supporting me thus far and for continuing to enjoy my work ♥

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16,139 words

End Notes

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Hope you enjoyed

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